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THE DOCTRINE OF THE TONGUE.

The tongue is the organ of society—the condition of friendship. Let us consider its use in each of these relations.

As I open my eyes upon the world around me, a great variety of objects meets my sense, and solicits my attention. Each has its several message, and imparts it according to its peculiar power. The soul within me receives the impression, and interprets to itself every symbol, and penetrates to the meaning, which lies hidden under them all. First of all am I struck with the general frame of the external world, which we call nature. I observe the vastness of its amplitude, the manifoldness of its forms, its order and stability; huge mountains, endless prairies, the encompassing ocean, the changes of the rising and setting sun, the unvarying recurrence of seasons, the harmonious interchanges of the stars. All these things are out of me: foreign to me. They surprise, delight, overawe me, fill my sense with aching wonder, agitate my mind with perplexing questions, move me with emotions of sublimity; but they are yet no part of me, and have

no direct relation to my own being.—They are a lifeless product, or it may be living their own life, in a mode diverse from mine, and which it pains me to attempt to understand. They are a beautiful apparition, more permanent perhaps than I, yet to me only an apparition, which I contemplate with pleasure, and which may yet pass away and leave my own life unimpaired, and from which I shall pass almost without regret. I find no fellowship here, no sympathy, no response to my most earnest questionings, nor even a middle term which may serve to unite us. In all this magnificence, I feel solitary, and a stranger. And, however, we were made for each other, I can not but feel that it is not of me, nor I of it.

Nor is the case altered, when I withdraw myself from this dwelling on the whole, and come, as it befits so small a creature as man to do, to the consideration of details. I walk in the green forest hardly more at home, than on the barren moor. The trees are beautiful around me, rich in the odours of their fresh life, nobly arrayed in trailing vines, uplifting their branches proud-

ly, as if human arms, and their spreading tops, as if they too would look into the heavens; yet there they stand, immoveable, mute, unquestionable, and give no token of a likeness to that which is within me, beyond what my fancy has first given them. They have power indeed, but not will; life indeed, but not conscious life; growth, but no thought. I have no more than an image of companionship with them.—Among their spreading boughs rests a flock of birds, or beneath their ample shade sports the wild deer. In their free and frolicsome motions, I may hope to find what I seek, some second self, something that can tell me what I am, and meet me half-way, as my shadow in a fountain. But they will not allow the claim of kindred. My approach scares the pigeon from his perch, the trout from his sunny shallow, the deer from his leafy covert. They treat me as an alien. And I speedily consent to their aversion: for I find them too dumb, unmeaning, wild rovers whom food and drink suffice, whose eyes betray no reason, or conscious soul.

But if in this living wilderness, a human form is seen, at once I recognize a counterpart of myself. Instantly I feel that I am not alone: all—one. There is at least another who thinks, feels, enjoys, acts, as I do. We are aware, instinctively, of our common nature, and with no ceremonial of introduction, feel that we have an interest in each other, and begin without delay or reserve that commerce of thought and feeling which can go on through the eyes, and rude signs, in which we need no teacher, and which are at once evidence of the community of our being, and are made in-

telligible only by the fact of that community. He becomes to me, what I had vainly sought elsewhere, a fellow; a reflection of myself, one in whom I am mirrored to myself, conscious of all that I am conscious of, and having the same relations to all other things. We fain turn our backs upon the forest, and all its voices of life and gladness, and walk forth lovingly together, and build one hut, share one meal, lie on the same couch of grass, go out to the same labour, and the same sport, and feel, all the while, that in our hearts is the same thought, the same affection, even as in our eyes is limned the same prospect, which we gaze upon together. And because we feel ourselves thus to be of one nature, we shall abide together, forsaking all other companionship, in this close union, till death summon one of us away; and the survivor shall shed tears, and build a monument, and carry ever a green memory of him in the sadness of a grieved heart. And this society shall exist, and be thus continued, even if there be between the two no other intercourse than that of looks, and inarticulate signs; and they shall never dream of finding the like in any other than a human form, and every other however fair, every hope however attractive, every enjoyment however rich, gathered from other sources, shall only send the heart unsatisfied, and with a sense of widowed solitariness, back, with a deeper longing to the sympathies of its human mate. Such is human society acting at every disadvantage, so instructive, of so free a choice, so permanent. And of this society, the bond and organ is the *tongue*. By it are satisfied the leading wants of our

nature, which especially urge men to social intercourse, and which, without it, must perpetually agitate and waste the soul of man—the desire of self-knowledge, and the desire of self-communication.

The disclosures which the forms of external nature make to us of our own individual and separate being are slight and imperfect. We come soon from the first actings of our sense to learn the essential antagonism there is between us; that it is not ourself, but only somewhat beside ourself, and which may be a help, or a hindrance—we cannot tell. Beside this, our intercourse with the material world is a little more than a taking back of what we have already given it. The forms of beauty we find there, the graceful and delicate sentiments which we gather up from communion with it, are but a gazing on our own image—an echo of our own voice, another, and yet the same. They are of us, not of it. They had already sprung up in our own souls, and had no existence without us: though we think we see them out of us, very much as we think we see ourselves in a mirror.

But when we converse with a man, witness his actions, observe his gait, his air, his gestures, the play of passionate excitement in his face, the expressions of his desire, disgust, love, hate, fear, sorrow, it is all and only a disclosure to us of what we are. The swinging of a bough in the wind conveys no such meaning as the hasty step of an angry man. The soothing peacefulness of a mountain lake makes no such revelation, as does the calmness of an innocent old age, or the slumbers of a child.

The tones of a human voice, in joy or sadness, touch us more deeply, and awaken more tender emotions, than the music of falling waters, or the song of birds. And this, because it is our own humanity that speaks in him—our common nature, uttering its wants or gratulations in him, as it might do in us. We have a thorough sympathy with him. We may some day feel the like, and we shall then speak as he does: and so we learn from him what has not yet come to pass in our own experience, as children, watching their elders, learn the sense of care and weariness, long before the like, in the reality, overlays them. Thus have we a sound, though anticipative, knowledge of what we are and what we can do. And much, in this regard, as mere observation can inform us—for every man's thoughts utter themselves in smiles and tears, blushes, and frowns, and his character may be seen as well in the convulsive twitchings of his fingers, or a shambling gait, as words can tell it—still the tongue reveals more than they all, enters into nicer distinctions, tells more exactly our shifting impulses, and imparts to us innumerable thoughts and purposes, which no other organ can convey, opens concealed policies, unfolds intentions which the face is trained to hide, and lets us into the recesses of hypocrisy, and carries us through every cavern, cleft, and crevice of the human heart. And as one after another is unfolded to us, of the principles and passions, that sway our neighbor's life, do we learn more surely than any self-inspection can inform us, the secret tendencies that are within us, and know that thing we are, or shall be.

This process of self-instruction goes on always. Whenever two men meet, each is a teacher, each is taught, all words that pass between them, all looks and acts, all unconscious and evanescent utterances of the workings of the soul within, are understood, and registered: and the two shall never part without some increase of knowledge, some change of character, some influence completely reciprocal. As each learns of the other, each communicates himself: and it matters not for this purpose where may be the meeting, in the lecture room, the court-house, the market, the gateway, the roadside. No more it matters who are the parties. The wise may learn from the fool, and the fool has ears likewise. Each has his own knowledge, his own experience, which every other man may profit by. Doubtless the hard handed man in homespun, who jogs beside you on your journey, has had his trials and successes, which it may be worth your while to hear, loves his wife and children as well as you do, understands as much of the operation of the tariff, is better skilled in the weather, and certainly knows more of corn and turpentine. Perchance too, he is, in some things, at least, a better man than you are: can lie harder, fare coarser, face biting winds and frost with less shrinking, has a brawnier muscle, can do more work. Perhaps he is contented withal, and prays God to bless him as he girds himself to his daily labour, and utters, all day long, the thanks of a cheerful spirit, for the sunlight, and a quiet home. A fit companion for the journey of a prince, were such a man.

And if he does not know more things,

or other things than you do, he knows them otherwise, and his statement of them becomes, therefore, a new knowledge to you. The thoughts which men have are never pure judgements. We cannot, if we would, behold the objects which our daily life presents to us, in the dry light of reason. What we see in them is, never their own simple nature, not their mere actual relations, but a projection of our own being upon them. We transfer our own character, in some of its manifold phases to them, and receive again an impression made up of them and of us. A flower is not, nor can be, the same thing to a botanist, and to a child. Laws of morals are one thing to him who obeys, and a very different one to him who has disobeyed them. Henry Clay is not the same man in the eye of whig and democrat. Every act, event, object, has so many aspects as there are men who contemplate it: is capable of as many dissections as a polypus, reflects the light, under some new refraction, from every face of an infinitely varied crystallization. Therefore, is it, that the commonest incident in our streets, at the corner of the market, becomes a new story in the college campus, and still diverse at the Eagle Hotel. Therefore, is it, also, that as you pass from house to house, you hear a neighbor praised here, and condemned there, one calling his charity extravagance, and another ostentation. If you speak your mind in the hearing of two men, you shall be as variously reported of before sunset, as if you had contradicted your own speech. They will not lie, indeed, nor wilfully misrepresent you, but your thought passes into minds of unlike

training, and takes new form in each, and undergoes a several distillation as complete, with results as little resembling, as the must and vinegar which come of the same grape. All this, every body takes for granted in hearing, and unconsciously acts upon, and deliberately adds to his neighbor's statement, or subtracts from it, according as he knows his neighbor's bias to be; and so every man speaks not only the meaning of his words, but much more, much of his own habits of thought and feeling, his principles of morals, his sentiments of taste, his views of human life, all which the hearer marks and treasures up, as certainly as he does the expressed judgment. Out of this fact, arises much of the charm of that most familiar use of the tongue in *conversation*: and from it also, come the laws, limits, and uses of the same.

A large part of the intercourse of men is of a mere touch-and-go character. Every man is engrossed by his separate interest, painting or chasing his own bubble, and has but little leisure for the needs, much less for the whims of others. Our life is very much a scramble, in which he is the lucky one, who has a quick eye, a swift foot, and a ready hand: in which no one may defer to the claims, or stand aside for the convenience of his fellow, but to his own hindrance. Hence it comes, that beyond the reciprocal communications which this jostling race demands, men have little inclination for any interchange of thoughts. They can speak of the weather as they meet, report the news of the day, talk of health and sickness, throw out a morsel of scandal, discuss the fall of stocks, the price of

corn, the elections; but can seldom pass into sustained and deliberate discourse. Yet, even in those transient talks, where conversation seems to have no higher end, than the statement of some fact, the giving of an opinion, or a greeting of courtesy, more passes between the parties than they may imagine. It is no easy matter to state a fact accurately and he who gives his opinion on one point, opens his whole character to the light, and the manner of salutation, be it graceful or clownish, tells at once the whole story of his birth and breeding. Mine host who stands behind his bar, can tell by his first address, the weight of each new comer, and whether he has money in his purse, as well as he can good coin by ringing it on the counter. A shrewd observer of men will go through the groups that gather on the muster field, or at a mass meeting, and by the hearing of their casual remarks, will judge nearly as fairly of them as you and I who have known them for years. We are commonly unconscious of this process, and but half aware of the result, because we are familiar with each other, though herein less more than half the value of all our chance meetings; but let a stranger come up, and put in a word, and we take the gauge of him at once. Who are you? What right have you to counsel us? What are your words worth? Are questions which we answer in the hearing, just as all the boys in a school leave their own tasks and listen with open ears, when a new boy says his first lesson. There is no such thing as an exact definition of the words of our colloquial language. If you measure the proposition, your friend

has just uttered, by Johnson and Walker, it is not true. That is not what we meant. You need a further interpreter. Rather you can interpret his words only because you know the man. When the boor and the astronomer say the sun rises and sets, they do not mean the same thing, though they use the same words. The doctrine that 'virtue is its own reward,' has a certain abstract significance, definite enough to make it pass current among men: but, from the lips of the moralist, the politician, the swindler, the voluptuary, it comes in unlike sense, as gold from the crucible and from the mine.

Beside the knowledge then one gets from conversation, the direct answer to his question, the solution of his doubts, he gains also a further insight into our common nature, and becomes allied to it under a new point of contact. These two gains do perpetually blend together, and can not be disjoined; and only as one or the other is the larger element, does our conversation seem to be of a diverse kind, and, as we say, practical or intellectual. And of the two, which were of higher worth, one can hardly doubt who has a true sense of what our humanity is, and how much more that which concerns all men, concerns every man, than do his present, partial, and seeming interests. There would seem then to be a two-fold law of conversation:

1st. *That the thing said be worth saying; and,*

2d, *That it be said in a sincere spirit.*

Where both these laws are observed, there conversation is perfect in kind, and the end of that intercourse is fully attained. And when either chiefly, we

are yet instructed, or interested in the one case, as we may be profited by a sensible though dull sermon, and as John Bunyan shrunk with dread under the rebuke of a kindred blasphemer; and in the other, as we are always moved by his words, who honestly speaks out the indignation or the sorrow of his heart.

It is worthy of remark, how very much of our conversation is about persons. And this not only because the actions of men are more easily apprehended, than ideas, and abstractions; nor chiefly from the malicious pleasure most men have in hearing others spoken ill of; but mainly because they are men, of passions, pursuits, and a destiny like our own. In the least (and the most) cultivated portions of society this tendency is most conspicuous. In the kitchen they tell only what such an one has said or done, who is dead, who is to be married, and the like. In the parlor where too the same propensity has its share of influence, we hear literary topics broached, questions of taste argued, books criticised, "measures not men," canvassed. In deliberative assemblies the discussions lose still more of this personality, and touch on masses of men, states, generations; and at the highest reach, in the discussions of the schools, entities, and quiddities, and pure idealisms are alone within the scope of argument.

This personal character of our thoughts gives a peculiar aspect to those meetings for social recreation, which we love so much to indulge in: and in soirees, and the like, "I and you, he and she," are painfully prominent. We ask who is engaged, who has failed, who

is henpecked, how such an one sings or waltzes, what is the newest fashion, what is the latest scandal: and when we have exhausted one source of this most edifying information, pass on with content ed eagerness to another. All this were not to be complained of, were it not that too often the matters spoken of are trivial. For surely to be engaged is no light thing, even to a spectator, when we judge rightly of it, but frivolous enough as it is commonly spoken of.—To speak of personal topics argues no weakness, yet one may wonder why we hear, in such places, so seldom, the inquiry who has done a good deed, given way to a generous sentiment, and achieved a noble action.

We often hear social intercourse, where many are assembled, spoken of as insipid, and relief is sought from its dullness, in music, and dancing and wine. One reason doubtless of all this is that we have not made ourselves ready to converse; and therefore have no knowledge of the pleasure which a true conversation can impart.

The art of conversing is not studied, as an art. We trust altogether to the impulse of the occasion, and find too often that the occasion brings no impulse. I would not that any man should get up his conversation beforehand, arrange his topics, anecdotes, smart sayings, studying out his impromptus, or, worst of all preparing a wilful harangue.—Then all becomes constrained. The easy flow of remark is interrupted, and he forsooth, must guide it, if he would not lose his foregone labour. Conversation is a game of give and take: a feast to which every one brings his scrap: and of which the dice must or-

dain the master. I come to tell you my thought, and to hear yours. I may suggest the subject as well as you. I will not be defrauded of my right; and if one claims to dictate the current in which our words shall move, we will withdraw from his circle, even with the loss of a button. My thought is as good as yours, if it be less eloquently said, less pertinent, less profound, yet because it is mine, and not yours till I have spoken it. Our bargain is of an equal exchange, and if either of us gets boot, it is a condescension, and not in the bond. The law of discourse is different. There many agree to hear one. They consent to be listeners. Yet how irksome this is in any mixed company, the changing audience of the most attractive discourses can best tell. I have, not seldom heard such men, and more often those who would be thought such, and who had much reputation for colloquial powers, and I find in the most no other power than a bare fluency of words. They are, commonly, only manufactures of sentences, glib talkers, "tonguey men," as the Yankees call them: men who will utter a half hour's words, on any subject, at a moment's warning, with much pomp of phrase, and some vehemence of gesture, and all without so much as "by your leave." And this passes for eloquent conversation. Discourse it certainly is: eloquent, it may be, but conversation it certainly is not. The secret of colloquial power does not lie here. Else we must listen, in patient admiration, to the voluble poet, whom Horace tells of; who could pour forth two hundred verses, standing on one foot.

We never care to have our admira-

tion extorted from us, much less do we yield it to plausible pretension. We do not go into society to show ourselves, nor will we consent that our neighbor shall be the spectacle. We would entertain each other, have our feelings moved, our wits sharpened, by a mutual excitation. What most moves and amuses us, is shrewd remark, keen sense, wit, insight, above all the genial play of sentiment and emotion, which springs from a genuine sympathy with man in his commonest, and therefore deepest, relations. To please in this communion, one needs not so much a mind full, as active, an eye ever open, and a warm heart. We can spare remote learning, brilliant sallies of fancy. We would not care for speculations, and thoughts or images out of the common course. We would speak of things which have an interest for us all, the event of yesterday, the prospect of to-morrow. We may not obtrude our private grief, our favorite theme of meditation. Let them rest in their own corner in our heart. I care very little whether you have computed the orbit of the last comet. You might not be pleased if I should quote Microbius, or Dion Cassius. We have common ground enough in the actions, principles, duties, which concern our daily life; in the ideas which pervade the community in which we live; in the pursuits which cultivated minds are every where familiar with. To speak wisely of these is no slight matter; and demands, not a special preparation for this or that occasion—for true conversation defies all occasion, and is made up of accidents—but that large and thorough training, which enables one to speak a true thought, whenever a fit opportunity shall call for it.

And, therefore, of more use than knowledge in conversation, is sincerity. Not that one should in every company exhaust his mind, or lay his heart bare. All must have some thoughts in reserve, some unsunned feelings, which it were sacrilege to expose. But that whatever he says be his honest thought touching the matter of which he speaks. One has said, with abundance of satire, that "the tongue was given to conceal thoughts." I care not how much one may choose to leave unspoken. But I may insist that what he says shall be his sincere conviction. Much of the profit of conversation, is in the comparison of my judgment with yours. The subject comes up to me in a new aspect, and there is a disclosure within of your mind. I have, thereby, a new element of rectification, and go away, it may be a wiser and a better man. To express thus an honest thought is no every-day adventure. We judge very much by halves, as our fancy prompts, as our whim inclines, as our interest leads us, or as some rule of mere judgment, or some wilful half-principle compels us. Our thought should be the utterance of our entire being, an out going of the total force that is in us: no mere opinion, or partial conclusion, but a true generation, in which fancy, reason, heart, soul, experience, all combine. A man, therefore, who converses well, will sometimes not be able to converse at all. And because he is not a mere flippant talker, or retailer of current opinions: but one who would say somewhat of himself, and must speak freely, if at all. The salient impulse may be wanting, he needs to brood longer over the germ that is growing into life within him, or

the time has not come, when his thought will fall in with the conditions that are around him.

I have sometimes imagined how like a Quaker meeting our assemblies for conversation would be, if we did not force ourselves to talk in spite of the hints and resistances of our own nature; how we too should wait in silent expectation, and how many a gay laugh would be hushed, and how many speeches of premeditated brilliancy would be cut short, how our masquerade would become mum, and as a group of fantastic statues, should we all wait till the spirit of a free and true thought should urge us to speak: and how our affected merriment, which every one sees through, our forced conceits, our grave speeches, do in fact, and to every man's apprehension too, convict us of a social hypocrisy. And I have thought that we might find a pattern of what our intercourse should be, in the chat of children. They speak of what they understand, tell freely what they think, and feel. They do not put on airs of superiority, use no disguises, have no artful concealments. They have their own world, of fact and fable, reality and romance, in which they have a common interest, and open it all to each other in credulous trustfulness, and hearty conviction. And if their babble is not always wisdom, it is perchance as wise as ours is, less often stained with malicious satire, or darkened with scandalous insinuation, and be it grave or playful, uttered always in the freedom of a sincere and fearless spirit.

There is a wide difference between the use of the tongue in the intercourse of miscellaneous society, and in that

when two only, of choice, commune together. We go into society to gain relief from cares, and the weariness of oppressive occupations. Too often, indeed, we flee from the solitude of our own thoughts, and strive to lose all consciousness of our separate being, in the distractions of a crowd. He is no lover of wisdom, a stranger is he to the light of a true inward life, who has not learned the priceless discipline of self-communing, nor found a perpetual satisfaction in the meditations of his own heart. And hardly other than a fool is he who hopes, in any tumult of this world's affairs, to be ever unhaunted of himself. The foul thought, the evil purpose, which made his loneliness hard to bear, shall go with him into the giddiest whirl of human occupations, and cling to him as his shadow. In the hurrying press of business, and by the throng of human forms, that are flitting around, that shadow may be interposed for a moment, but the great sun is always in the heavens, and our darkened image must follow us evermore. He who would converse with himself, is the common saying, should see to it, that he converse with a good man. And because our own companionship is distasteful, we judge ourselves forced to take refuge, in the chance fellowship of others, from the sad infliction of ourselves upon ourselves.

The heathen wisdom of Pythagoras penetrated to the secret efficacy of silence, and enjoined it as the initiation for him who would behold the truth. The christian wisdom of the Ascetics of Egypt and Palestine, superadded to their penitence of vigils and fastings, an absolute seclusion and a voiceless

solitude. Would that in our day, men had not foresworn the experience of the past, and come to imagine a better knowledge, and surer satisfaction—rather a Lethe of all knowledge, a brief and uncertain drowning of all restless tears—in a confused babblement of tongues. But, even to those who delight in retired contemplations, it is most heathful sometimes to quit their cells, and expose their thoughts to the rude contact or cheerful sympathy of other minds. We are not eagles, to soar ever above. We gather dust and cobwebs in our solitary apartments. If we could keep our meditations always active, our hearts would contract harshness and rust. The fountain of our feelings will break forth to the day, or become vapid and dead. If intellect be the eye of the soul, it cannot well bear the bright shimmer of a constant light, and the gentle sway of the affections is its repose. And, if knowledge alone, and not true manliness were our right aim, we find much of its better sorts only in intercourse with our fellows. The sight even of one will sometimes stir in us a better impulse towards a lofty learning, than many days poring over our books, and education of our individual fancies.

There is withal in the wisest and best of us, an instinctive yearning for a companionship out of ourselves. We would have some other to confide in. Whether it be, that we have some consciousness of our own weakness, and look for a support; or that mysterious law of nature, which some philosophers have discoursed of, which is continually prompting every human being to seek out its duplicate; or a strong sense of that, which every man feels in some

degree, a disposition to communicate himself, to share his joys and griefs, hopes and aspirations, and a feeling that whatever remains solitarily in us is a burthen. This desire urges men, of necessity, to some forms of society, is one of the inward promptings, out of which society arises, and is gratified in a degree, by all the modes and conditions, under which men impart their thoughts to each other, even the most accidental. It is a pleasant thing, and indulges our social propensity, to chat an hour, on indifferent matters, with a neighbor, 'or whom even we have no regard beyond the pleasure he thus affords us; to exchange the salutations of the morning with him who trudges by our door, to utter courteous greetings or make nods, which mean as much, to the traveler who passes us on the highway: in all these ways, as in the forum, the debating club, the mass-meeting, and the market, does the tongue become the organ and the token, of each to each, of fellow feeling and a common nature.

Yet these relations are contingent and evanescent. They gratify our instinct: they do not satisfy it. We need something more permanent. We need even a firmer assurance. We ask perpetually not only for identity of nature, but likeness in character, in some at least, whom we may converse with. There is a natural modesty, which leads men to keep their thoughts in reserve, and a distrust which comes of much mingling with the world, and which operates the same way, both of which have overdrawn our simple feelings with a kind of incrustation, which we do not suffer, one of whom we know

nothing, to look through. Stand beside two, who are strangers, and watch their first efforts at conversation. How cautiously they approach each other! Measuring each other's circumference as they go on, speaking at first of what men never dispute about, the weather, the crops, the news; and as they approach politics or things ecclesiastical, throwing out feelers, rounding in their own sentiments, and using the lead always, lest they touch on some hidden shoal. The first moments of every such intercourse are passed in finding each other out: in ascertaining their points of contact: and they do not speak freely till there comes this mutual understanding. So it is among children: when a new boy comes on the playground, he stands aloof at first: the other boys are shy of choosing him in. They will wait for some chance word that will show how much he knows of the game, or he comes in last, and may pick up the ball. He wants to see what they can do. To-morrow, when they have tried him, he shall go in according to his merits. We demand all this mutual knowledge, and the confidence which proceeds thereupon, for which we use these acts and delays, before we can open ourselves unreservedly, as oftentimes we long to do, to our fellows. We are constantly putting forth efforts in this direction, trying one, then another, refusing this, disappointed in that, and though often repulsed, never giving up the quest till we find that great want of every human heart, a *friend*.

In an interview of two who are thus sure of each other, how merrily the tongue wags! No tentative, and mu-

tual questioning: no circumspect forecasting, if this or that will suit: no taking back of opinions, no measured deliberateness in the expression of sentiments; but frank, hearty talk, an honest recounting of adventure, experience, judgment, feeling, a pouring of each into each, without stint, and in all the simplicity and fulness of an undoubting affection. It is no mere relation of teacher and pupil, no mere asking and answering of questions, as is most of the conversation among us. It is something far higher than this, a spiritual coalescence, a union of souls, a blending of two natures in one, in such refined sympathy and subtlest affinity of being, that any divisibleness of true interests shall be as treason against it. It is the noblest form of human society. And when in ancient story, or poetic fable, or in the experience of our life, we find an approach even to a realization of this ideal, we feel proud of our humanity. For it springs from no selfish impulses, excludes all by-ends, denies all jealous competitions, has no "mine and thine" in its vocabulary, and in its pureness, singleness, intenseness, has the similitude of a more than mortal tenderness. And yet it shuts out no peculiarity of character, abates no roughness, leaves untouched the faculty of rude speech and severe thoughts, and binds together the strong and feeble, polished and rude, in a closer than fraternal union. Rather it is the genuine brotherhood, of which that community is only a type, founded on no physical resemblances, and which is nourished by a celestial ichor.

Everywhere two talk and the third man listens. There can be no conversation in

a circle. Conversation is a reciprocity, and essentially dual. In your evening party, the wit and the wall-flower alike receive an undivided homage, and when a second admirer comes up, the first fee's himself one too many, and moves away. So is it in the intercourse of friendship. The law is even more imperative here. For here is no affectation, or study of display. The words are spoken for that ear only that appreciates them, and would be changed to suit any other. We cannot, except in some general relation, esteem all men alike, and for the simple reason, they are not all alike. We have our antipathies, preferences, affections, as men actually seem to deserve them: and their deserts are various as their persons. Nor do we know all alike.—Another may be more worthy than my friend, yet he is not my friend. We have not yet met, or in our folly we still wear our faces veiled, or the time of our union has not come, as many have known each other boy and girl, youth and maiden, and never dreamed of love, till in after years, in some sudden inspiration of regard they find out that they were made for each other. If no better reason can be given, for this pairing of friends throughout the world, one may perhaps be found, in that infirmity of our nature, which mingle with the purity of this relation, some feeling of jealous exclusiveness, and that the third is trespassing on our domain.

The conditions which determine which two shall be friends, seem to be as inscrutable as those which make it always impossible to tell whether John will make Joan his wife. Men will commonly tell you, that a community of

interest, taste, pursuits, unites them.—True, doubtless, in its degree. Yet such friendships, are in the main only temporary combinations, which have no more resemblance to the true, than marriages of convenience have to love matches, which men say, are made in heaven.—It is not generally seen that like professions, however they may bring men often together, and beget a certain commonness of feeling, make them friends. I am yet to hear that a blacksmith has chosen his confidant in other matters than those of his trade, because he was a blacksmith also. The scholar may select his among scholars, and it may be unnatural that he should do otherwise, and yet he does not thus select him as such; else, he must include all men of learning in that category, or he must pick out the most learned of them all. The whole truth here is that for such reasons, we admit one to that portion of our mind, which belongs to our joint profession; and never to an entire intimacy, but for other qualities in him, and other reasons operating on us. We may be pleased with his taste, and instructed by his stores of learning and delight to converse with him on these things, while we stubbornly refuse to disclose to him one secret of our heart. The resemblance which this demands, lies deeper than any scholastic or artificial attainments. It is more an aptness of nature, which may lead to kindred pursuits, and is best developed in them, but which has ten thousand other ways of attracting its like to itself: an aptness which has never been defined, but which he who has a correspondence to it in himself, will alone and will instantly recognise, just as he

only whose eye is in the right angle can see the rainbow. Yet this aptness certainly implies a resemblance, as all the world-famous examples of this virtue, Theseus and Pirithous, Pylades and Orestes, Scipio and Laelius, most abundantly teach.

It seems to me, no less to imply diversity. I would not have my friend to be altogether such as I am. I would not disown him for a weakness, and perchance should love him more, that I find him in one point less than I, or at least, reduced to my sympathies; but I would fain imagine in him, a profounder sensibility, a more heroic fortitude, a wiser self mastery, than mine. For this very reason, because I have a weakness, do I demand in him strength; because I am conscious of folly, I would have him wise. Women are said to look with most favour on brave men.—Being feeble, they look to another for defence. Grave men who never stir a jest have often a keen relish for the ludicrous, and take delight in the company of the witty.

Were all men perfect, could friendship exist? Could there be any preference? We should be rather as so many spheres, "*totus teres et rotundus*," as Ausonius hath it, having only one point common with any other, and the same for all. So then this human virtue comes of human imperfection, implies inequalities, and is designed to rectify them. It is not easy to make two plane surfaces steadily cohere; but let there be a depression on one side and a bulge on the other, and they can not slide one on the other; let either overlap, and they hang firmly together. So the prudent and the prodigal may unite in the closest alliance,

and fool and knave often jingle together otherwise than in sound.

Likeness brings men more frequently into transient relations, of conversation, visiting, dinner parties, and the like. But some essential and wide diversity there must be, or two can not live on quietly in the permanent intimacies of friendship: no more than there can be mountains without vallies between, or than two like substances can by their union make a third. Yet as the likeness must not be complete, and yet must exist, so also the unlikeness must exist, and still not be too large. Oil and water cannot blend, nor the thoroughly selfish with the generous. Our moral antipathies are stronger than the repellancies of of nature. There must be then in all unions of man with man in the affinities of friendship, a general resemblance with particular diversities. Perhaps no more precise rule than this can be given. Not Plato, nor Cicero, nor Montaigne, have been able to draw a straiter line. In all matters which touch the region of the will and the affections, the intuitions of a true feeling are the system of subtle fluxions, by which right and propriety are measured.

One thing we may demand in our friend, that in our relation shall be a perfect equality of fellowship. He shall not be a Mentor, and I only a Telemachus. I will not submit to any airs of superiority; nor would any one of the temper that true friends are made of claim to be looked up to as the better of the two. I will consent to be guided, controuled, held back by him, always by the sense of his goodness, by his virtuous presence, by the unspoken influence of an attractive sympathy, and when need be, by

sage counsel and kind remonstrance; but, in all this there must be a complete reciprocation, and I must feel, or the bond that united us is broken, that I have some power to shape his life also, and may speak freely when my words can serve him. But for such mutual uses, nature would have implanted no sentiment, ordained no law of friendship. In this commerce lies all its value, almost its life. Yet the chief services which men give and take in this relation are indirect and almost always unconscious on his part who gives as well as on his who receives them. Angry words, harsh reproofs, attempts to overawe and constrain, all thought of guiding by authority, or of restraining another's course and forming his character by dictation, are out of place here. They are not worthy of him who would bear so high a name; no more than are that tameness which will submit to arrogant censure, or that soft yielding-

ness of character which only receives, and never imparts an impression.

One whom the world thinks wise has said that he would have a friend to tell him his faults. But the spirit of a true friend works and shows itself in other and better ways. This may be a difficult service, but often his eloquent silence is far more impressive. He shall guide me by unspoken energies, by the worth of his own character. His heroism shall lift me to regions of lofty thought and ennobling action, to which, alone, I had never aspired: his meek endurance teach me lessons of loveliness and passive virtue, which had else been beyond my scope. He shall, by his excellence, draw me out of myself, and as I walk onward by his side, I shall tread a greener earth and look up to brighter heavens, for by my sympathies with him I am becoming transfigured into a wiser and better man.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE REIGNS OF ANNE AND ELIZABETH.

Literature is progressive. It keeps pace with the social and political condition of man. In its widest sense, it embraces the entire results of knowledge and fancy preserved in writing.—In the more distinctive and usual sense of the term, literature excludes the positive sciences, and embraces history, grammar, rhetoric, logic, criticism, lan-

guages, &c. In a still narrower sense, it is sometimes used as synonymous with the belles lettres, or polite literature. To trace its progress through its many fluctuations is, indeed, a different task. In one period, we see it springing up and advancing rapidly towards excellence; in another, languishing and verging to decay. Granting us the

progressive theory, we conclude that the emporium of the world's literature is richer now than it ever was, especially when we consider the present condition of man. Perhaps, no period of the world can boast such general diffusion of knowledge as the present. Is it unreasonable then to conclude that literature, which is written knowledge, is proportionally advancing? If we were told that in civilization and enlightenment, we are just where the most enlightened of the ancients were, methinks, even "Young America" would be slow to believe it, and yet we deny advancement in literature, which is attendant on these. True, there are contradictory opinions: one reads the past, and that alone, and places all literary excellence there; another reads the present, and with an eastern devotion, bows at its literary shrine. He believes that our forefathers were a race of semi-savages, any thing but literary.

From the very nature of the case, the present age must have more literature than any of the past ages, and I think we might add, more literary men, and even a higher grade of literature. This follows from our first, second, and third definitions of the term, and from the present condition of the world. Having premised these general principles, we proceed to apply them to two periods of English literature, those of Queen Elizabeth and Ann. In considering these periods it is not our desire nor interest to lean partially to either. A judicious writer has remarked, that we are very uncorrupt, and tolerably enlightened judges of the transactions of past ages; where no passions deceive, and where the whole train of circum-

stances, from the trifling cause to the tragical event, is set in an orderly series before us. We give honor, then to whom honor is due, and give the devil himself his desert. We referred to the fluctuations of literature as seen from a general history of the world. In tracing its progress through one kingdom or government we can readily perceive that they are not so great. Here we see the progressive theory more clearly verified: and further, the progress of the English nation sets it beyond a doubt. In the intervening period there seems to be a little falling off, owing to political disturbances; but the effect on the progress of literature is scarcely deserving of notice. Weightier causes are necessary for this, such as the decline or overthrow of a country. The Augustan age of Rome was the golden era of letters; an age when she might be said to be in the zenith of her glory. What constitutes literary excellence? Is another consideration essential to our present inquiry. Is it proportional to the number of writers or thinkers produced in any period? There are no less than fifty-four poets, thirty-eight dramatic writers, fifty-seven prose writers, whose names have come down to us from the period of Elizabeth; while that of Queen Anne only furnishes fourteen poets, six dramatists, four essayists, eight miscellaneous writers, two metaphysicians; historians, critics, theologians, to the number of fourteen; making an aggregate for the former of one hundred and forty-nine, for the latter, forty-eight. We should also take into account that the former period is nearly three times as long as the latter, and therefore, comparatively speaking

does not exceed it much in the number of writers. But we are far from granting this, and, we think with good reason. A profusion of what is called literature does not imply a higher grade. The Chinese have a vast number of books, and yet, no one will say, that their literature is superior to ours. We have more newspapers, perhaps, than any country in the world, and yet England is a grade higher in literary excellence in that department. The age of Elizabeth is aptly described by Spencer one of its poets. "A rich strand, where treasures of all kinds lay scattered in inexhaustible confusion, but unregarded.—Rich as the oozy bottom of the deep in sunken wrack and sunless treasures." Another author compares it to a vast garden, in which every species of vegetation sprung up and grew in rank luxuriance; and Dr. Johnson said of these writers generally, that "they were sought after because they were scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed." A late lecturer condemns this decision; but we think it just in reference to that period. On the other hand, we find the literature of Anne's time, more polished and systematic. The greater number of the authors of that period is read at the present day with delight. Who is not acquainted with the writings of Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Atterbury, &c. It was such men as these that raised literature to a standard, which it might be proud to maintain, even in our own day. Purged it from the dross which before had almost concealed its beauties, set it forth in simple splendor to the gaze of an enraptured age. But one will say, your decision in favor of the latter period is owing to ignorance of

the former, "you are shy of looking into its writings." We confess the last charge, owing to a very natural and (we think) just propensity, which leads us to take what affords us delight, and instruction. What perverted taste would prefer Spencer to Pope, or any prose writer of the preceding time to Addison. We follow the judgment of an enlightened public, and they seem to be unanimous on this point.

But says another, subtract all that is useless from the literature of the former period, and you will have more that is excellent than the subsequent one affords. Any one can readily see the unreasonableness of such a demand.—Let them consider that we are comparing periods not as to what they might be, but what in reality they were. We cannot change the past, we cannot elevate the literature thereof. We cannot beautify that mighty garden. If we could it would be doing injustice to the one in comparison.

In order to show that we are not alone in the very first position assumed we make the following extract from an author of well known merit, one who has made history the study of his life, and deduced large and philosophical views from it. "Literature, (says he,) like society, advances step by step. Every treatise and book of value contains some particular part that is of more value than the rest. Something by which it has added to the general stock of human knowledge or entertainment.—Something on account of which it was more particularly read and admired while a new book, and on account of which it continues to be read and admired while an old one. Now it is these different portions of every different vol-

ume, that united form the effective literature or knowledge of every civilized nation, and, when collected from the different languages of Europe, the literature and knowledge of the most civilized portion of mankind. It is by these parts of more peculiar and original merit that these volumes are known.

It is these to which every man of matured talents and finished education alone adverts. It is these which he endeavors chiefly to remember. It is these that make up the treasures, and constitute the capital, as it were of his mind. The remainder of each volume is but that subordinate portion which has no value but as connected with the other, and is often made up of those errors and imperfections, which are, in fact the inseparable attendants of every human production, which are observed and avoided by every writer or reasoner who follows, and which gradually become in one age only the exploded characteristics of another. It is thus that human knowledge becomes progressive, and that the general intelligence of society gains a new station in advance from the reiterated impulses of each succeeding mind." It is not our present purpose to discuss the merits of any of the writers of those periods. This we decline from a want of ability, and time. It would require a lifetime to do it. Nor shall we define the political and social causes which operated in each. Suffice it to say on this point that the period of Queen Ann was as favorable to the advancement of literature as that of Elizabeth. The history of the English nation on the whole clearly shows they are progressive. The presumption then is in favor of the lat-

ter period, and it is strengthened by public opinion, which styles it the Augustan era of literature.

We are apt to be dazzled by the array of names that the age of Queen Elizabeth marshals before us. While reading and contemplating the master minds of that age we forget to make any comparison at all. The names of Bacon and Shakspeare have become identified in our minds with excellence unsurpassable. The learned and unlearned, the wise, and the fools, all bow to these great names. I have never heard that the age in which Homer lived was a very literary one, and yet its claim to be such on Homer's merit is just as valid as that of the one we are now considering. There must be something else besides a few great names to constitute an age a literary one. There must be something besides a confused mass of writing. An author partial to that period dolefully remarks: Their works and their names "poor, poor dumb names," are all that remain of such men as Webster, Decker, Marston, Marlowe, Chapman, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley! "How loved, how honour'd once avails them not!"—Though they were the friends and fellow labourers of Shakspeare, sharing his fame and fortunes, the rivals of Jonson, and the masters of Beaumont and Fletcher's well sung woes! They went out one by one unnoticed like evening lights. And why we ask? We think Dr. Johnson, whom the same author condemns, answers satisfactorily. The subsequent ages had a better literature to delight them. Their more elevated taste could not relish the coarse food of the past.

Thus have we endeavored to show, from various causes that the literature of the English nation is progressive.— That one or two great names does not imply a higher grade. That, moreover, it is not to be found in the written quantity. A few general principles correct in themselves, and true inferences from these must be our guide. To compare separately authors, and decide on their merits would lead us to an almost

endless task. We are proud to give each period great credit, we love to reflect on them as shining eras in English literature. The first not so bright, indeed, but still affording a striking contrast to the darkness which preceeded it.

It is such periods as these that shed a lustre on our own. Let us imitate their virtues and shun their faults.

THE WALDENSES.

The country lying along the foot of the Alps, on the Italian side is, from its situation, called Peidmont. It has for its capital the beautiful city of Turin. South west of this city, about thirty miles, there is a small territory, almost enclosed by mountains, some eighteen miles long, by fourteen broad. Cooped up in this secluded retreat, the Waldenses live, an ancient and peculiar people. I delight to dwell upon their memory, to think of their piety, which is sincere, their love of liberty, which is ardent, and their spirit of endurance, which is indomitable. Their past history and present condition is a subject of deep interest to all; but especially are they objects of regard to all protestants, in that they have maintained a faithful and a suffering testimony against the errors and tyranny of Rome, from the time of Claudius, bishop of Turin, in the beginning of the ninth century.

Some say that the history of these churches is to be traced back to the second and third centuries, when the primitive Italian christians, took refuge in these mountains to avert the persecutions of the Roman emperors.

Be this as it may, Claudius has by some means received the appellation of "Father of Waldenses." He certainly was a preacher of the pure doctrines of the gospel, and aided materially, if he did not found these churches, whose light shone on through a long and gloomy night.

From this date till the time of Waldo, in 1160, none appear to have been able to record events, and so this period is involved in much obscurity. We know this clearly, that these churches existed as a class separate and distinct from the doctrine of the Catholics.

Peter Waldo, a rich merchant of Lyons, gave a new impetus to this sect

of christians, by his labors and uncommon zeal. In his youth, while enjoying the festivities of a social party, one of his companions fell suddenly dead at his side. This circumstance changed the bent of his mind, and he now labored with new hopes—with new aims. After a long and suffering ministry of twenty years, he ended his life in Bohemia. No historian has ever done justice to his piety, his labors or his endowments. He was an extraordinary man, one eminently of whom "this world was not worthy." But he was wise, and turned many to righteousness, therefore, he shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever." According to the common opinion, the present name of these christians was derived directly from Waldo; but it is quite probable that they had this name long before this period, for as inhabitants of the vallies, they were called *Vallenses* or *Valdenses*; and by an easy and natural change of the first letter, we have the name as it is known to us, Waldenses.

From this time, these people increase with great rapidity, and spread themselves into France, Germany, Poland and Flanders, carrying with them the Bible translated by Waldo.

As they would not abandon their scriptural faith for the corrupted doctrines of the Roman See, they became extremely obnoxious to the Pope, and he determined to adopt any and every means that might prove effectual in suppressing this heresy. In order to accomplish this, the Pope, aided by St. Dominic, a man of an illustrious Spanish family, but of a fierce and bloody

disposition, issued anathemas against all heretics, and called upon all his people to aid in extirpating them. Officers were appointed to inquire into the number and quality of those who did not bow in ready submission to the edicts of the papal See. Hence they were called inquisitors, and this gave birth to the formidable tribunal, called the Inquisition. This infernal mode of persecution went into active operation in 1204, Innocent III being pope of Rome. The Waldenses were the first objects upon which this institution poured forth their cruelty. They supplied work for the Inquisition, and victims for the stake. The emissaries of Rome pursued them from glen to glen, from hill to hill. In the South of France especially was this persecution carried on with relentless fury, where, in a brief period, one million of the Albigenses, a branch of the Waldenses, fell victims to the savage fury of the Catholics. At this time, those who inhabited the vallies of Piedmont enjoyed a portion of external peace, being protected by the Dukes of Savoy, who were mild and tolerant, and who refused every solicitation of the Pope to torment this pious and industrious people. Hunted down by their enemies in every other place this unhappy sect turned thither for quiet, and soon all who had escaped the fires of St. Dominic, and the sword of Simon De Montfort, were embraced in these mountain retreats. But even here they enjoyed only a temporary home. In the year 1400, the Piedmontes suffered their first persecution. The Catholics turned upon them with fury. War followed war—battle followed battle—village after village was

burned, till this fair but rugged heritage was converted into a howling wilderness, and the pious people made to bite the very dust. From first to last, we enumerate over thirty distinct wars which they endured, twelve of which were waged with the avowed purpose of exterminating them.

One of the worst of these wars took place in 1655; on which occasion Cromwell, to his honor be it said, interfered in their behalf with much energy, and success. He sent Sir Samuel Marland to Turin, to remonstrate with the Duke for his inhuman barbarities. This high-minded envoy addressed the Duke in an eloquent and touching manner, from the conclusion of which speech, I make the following extract: "What need I mention more, though I could reckon up very many cruelties of the same kind, if I were not astonished at the very thought of them. If all the tyrants of all times and ages were alive again, they would be ashamed when they should find that they had contrived nothing in comparison with these things that might be counted barbarous and inhuman. Angels are seized with horror! Men are amazed! Heaven itself is astonished with the cries of dying men, and the very earth blushes, being discolored with the gore-blood of so many innocent persons."

It was on this occasion that Milton, who was then acting as Cromwell's Secretary, wrote the following ode, which is every way worthy of its most excellent author:

"Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints,
whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountain cold!
Even them, who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and
stones,

Forget not! In thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother and infant down the rocks! The moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes

sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth
sway

The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Cromwell went further. He set apart a day for prayer, and ordered services to be held, and a collection made in every church for the benefit of these christians. £38,000 was the result of this contribution, Cromwell himself making the liberal donation of £2,000, from his private purse. £16,000 of this was invested in the funds of the English government, and the interest consecrated to the support of the Waldensean *barbes* or pastors. The course which the Protector took in this affair will always be counted as one of the redeeming acts of his life, and it is a stigma upon the character of the worthless Charles, who withheld this fund, and lavished it upon his favorites and mistresses. It was restored in some of the succeeding reigns, and even now the British government, with commendable liberality, gives a pension of some £300 annually.

In 1688, Louis XIV, aided by Victor Amadens, Duke of Savoy, attacked the inhabitants of the vallies, avowing that he would never stop till he had utterly exterminated them. And well nigh did he accomplish his aim. Fourteen thousand were seized and crammed into three prisons, when they soon all died. One simple, yet truthful anecdote will serve to show something of the spirit with which this war, happily last, was carried on.

A youth named Sampson, was carried to the top of a tower and promised his life if he would only salute a crucifix which was presented to him. The noble boy replied, that he had rather die than commit idolatry, and that he had rather his body were dashed in pieces on the earth than that his soul be cast into hell for denying Christ and his Truth. He was immediately cast headlong. The next day, the inquisitor passing by the tower, saw the unhappy youth still languishing in torment with nearly all his bones broken. This monster kicked the boy on the head, saying "is the dog still alive." But why recount deeds which outrage human nature; why give more acts of this saddest tragedy ever enacted? "If hell had been emptied of all its inhabitants, and they were let loose upon the valleys of Piedmont, greater enormities could not have been expected or committed."

From this persecution only three thousand survived. These were allowed to retire into Switzerland, where they met a most hearty reception. The inhabitants of Geneva, receiving them into their houses, entertained them with all hospitality for the first winter. The next three years they spent in the Canton of Vaud; but they were not entirely content. They looked with longing eyes to the rugged retreats from which they had been driven. At length the celebrated Henry Arnaud, who had been educated for a minister, undertook to lead these exiles back to their valleys. Being materially aided by William and Mary, he was enabled to raise a force of about a thousand men. With this small defence, he was able to conduct this people to their long lost homes.

At the bridge of Salabertrau, he, by skill and bravery, defeated two thousand five hundred French, under the Marquis de Larry. Since that time they have never been called to endure the horrors of war, yet still they suffered injustice from the Sardinian Government. For instance, they could own no lands beyond the limits assigned them; their taxes were one-third greater than their neighbors; they could not practice either law or medicine; for them to attempt to proselyte a Roman Catholic, death was the penalty; no one of them could rise higher in the army than Sergeant, although forty of their young men were compelled to enter it yearly. Under all this injustice they were comparatively happy, and increased in number very rapidly.

In 1848, the Sardinian King changed his policy towards this people. He granted them a constitution, took off their burdensome taxes, and gave them the privilege of living any where in his domains. They may now have printing presses, and schools, and promote education without restraint; and at present, hardly a boy can be found among them who cannot give you an intelligent account of the faith of his fathers.

They have always been very poor, but industrious, temperate, and frugal. They raise some wheat, rye, potatoes, and turnips; and the fruit of the chestnut tree furnishes no inconsiderable item of food. Their cattle, sheep, and goats are driven high up the sides of their stupendous mountains, and kept there during three months of summer, on account of the pasturage, which is found amid the rocks. They have comparatively little money, bartering at the

fairs for such articles of foreign merchandise as they need. They are for the most part a healthy people, but are affected by the *cutin*, a disease prevalent in all Alpine regions, and to which Juvenal refers,—‘*Quis tumidum gutter miratur in Alpibus*’? Some suppose this disease to be occasioned by drinking snow-water.

Their houses are of rock, small and uncomfortable. They dress plainly, and live in great simplicity, are pleasant in their intercourse with each other, and are ever polite and hospitable to strangers.

Thus, reader, I have endeavored to set before you some points in the history of a people whose sufferings have been too little appreciated. I have wish-

ed to enlist your sympathies in behalf of those who led the way in the cause of truth, and stood in the front ranks, while the iron-handed despotism of Rome sported with the lives and fortunes of mankind. Cannot the Waldenses, of all others, exclaim in the tender and pathetic language of Virgil’s hero,

“*Quis jam locus,
Quæ regio in terris, nostri non plena laboris?*”

May I not then ask you to reflect whether they are not worthy of sympathy? “Render unto Cæsar the things that Cæsar’s.”

ALMON.

ORATORS AND ORATORY.

It is a popular opinion, and (I was about to add, therefore,) an erroneous one, that ancient orators owe their fame rather to the remoteness of their age than actual merit. It is true, that time has a tendency to hallow every thing, and that the mistiness of the past is conducive to exaggeration; but to deny desert for these considerations, when there are incontestible evidences of it, betrays as much stupidity as irreverence. The accounts which we have of Rome and Greece, describe the manner of their eminent orators as having been such—that every intelligent and ingenious

mind must admit their eminence to have been not undeserved. And then their triumphs—such glorious triumphs!—tell adequately of the ponderous thought—the lightning glance—the go-like action which achieved them. Those seven hundred years of Rome’s existence, which preceded the time in which Cicero flourished, had done much, very much, towards polishing a language originally sonorous and energetic. There being no newspapers, the art of printing having not been yet invented, oratory was of necessity practised. From the forum, the masses were addressed

upon every matter that affected them : there every question was discussed.—Oratory rose to be an art and a science; men, who were themselves no mean proficient in it, taught it; and every ambitious youth released from a slavery to his back and belly, studied it, as the only means by which he could hope to attain a distinguished position. Foremost among the youth, noted for industry and perseverance in the study of oratory was Cicero; with the zeal of a devotee, he neglected nothing, and the most skilful and learned rhetoricians of Rome and Greece, directed and assisted him in his labors—labors which never ceased till he had acquired an almost unrivalled felicity and facility in his art. Nor did they stop there; they ended only with his life. Such training would make an orator, as far as training can make one, of the veriest clodpole who cumbers the earth. But Cicero was anything else than a clodpole; early in life his brilliant qualities had attracted attention; and it requires too great a degree of skepticism to doubt that he would become, as far as the *man* was concerned, the orator of his time. And were there not *subjects* and *occasions* for all his powers? Unfortunately, for virtue, for patriotism, and for Rome, there were, and all the energies of his grant intellect—all the sympathies of his soul, were elicited. If any intelligent and reflecting person were to read of that system of education, that industry, that perseverance, and of those times, and saw no mention of mighty eloquence, he would not, he could not think it was because there were no orators, but he would logically and justly conclude that time or vandalism had destroyed its record. Cicero was a necessity.

As would Demosthenes, so do his advocates scorn, that he should hold his position by other tenure than that of right. He earned it by toiling up the mountain side to gain a robust frame; by grinding, as it were, with pebbles, the flaws and roughness from a naturally unpleasant voice; in daily practice in cavernous solitudes, and where “loud surges lash the sounding shore”—in short, he earned it by a persevering assiduity as unexampled as his eminence as an orator is unrivalled. The testimony to his greatness, given by historians, by friends and enemies, is familiar to every schoolboy.

“There were giants in those days.” Hermines! *These* are the days of small things, in oratory at least. Yet every one in America,—our part of it,—is an orator. From the “future Presidents” (every body, except the bachelor, has one, you know) to the old “sans eyes, sans teeth,” sans everything but tongue, it is talk, talk, talk; but by some means or other they all

“—— chance to fall below,
Demosthenes and Cicero.”

Why is it? Is it because in these days of equal rights and equal privileges, eloquence is divided among the many, so that all may be equally ineloquent? or is it because somebody, (according to the fashion which now obtains,) somehow, has constructed in oratory, a “platform upon which all can stand.” The oratory of our country is well represented in Washington. But the cackling geese in the capitol, once saved Rome, and who knows—verily who does know?

Modern times have produced orators, not, indeed, equal to Demosthenes or Cicero, but nevertheless, soul-stirring orators. The pulpit has had its Masillon, its Bascom; England her Burke, her Sheridan, and her Brougham; and America has produced a Henry, and a Webster. Yet, while everything else is seemingly progressing, it cannot be denied, that at present, there is a dearth of eloquence. Macauley and Brougham are passing away—Clay and the "God-like Daniel" are gone; but where are those that are to fill *their* places? Doubtless there are many who can write as good a speech as Demosthenes could; but it is not in that, all will agree, that the moderns have failed to rival the ancients. The fault is elsewhere. It is, and can only be in an almost total negligence of that which constitutes the orator, while that which makes the mere writer or author is diligently studied.

Demosthenes was right when he said that "action" was the first, second, and third requisite in oratory. A man may be learned and wise, yet he is not an orator; his speeches may abound in learning and wisdom—they may be clear, witty, and sublime—still, still he is not an orator. "Action, action, action," is yet wanting—"action" from the thunder-charged brow to the spurning, crushing, foot. Short of this, a man is but a reader, or a talker. It was a due conviction of the power and importance of gesticulation that urged Demosthenes and Cicero to attain excellence in it, and that excellence has invested their names with an immortality. It is vain to ascribe their superiority to anything else. They excelled in that which can-

not be preserved on paper; in that which perished with its authors, and of which but a weak and defective remembrance can exist.

In those ancient times there were no steamships, railroads, or telegraphs—they were "slow" times in fact. Imbued with a little common-sense, every youth who wished to become a general, a philosopher, or an orator, first inquired what was to be done, and then did it. This "fast" age eschews all such "slow-coach" systems. The essentials of the orator's art require an earnest and a long-continued application, that is but little practiced, and much less liked; and by natural consequence there are but a few tolerable speakers. True, there are a few, and it were indeed a wonder if, in so great a number of aspirants, there were not.

In England, "action" has fallen into almost total disuse. The speakers in Parliament assume every diversity of undignified positions. There we see them with their hands deeply thrust into their pockets; their thumbs firmly hooked in the armholes of their waistcoats; or with their arms crossed, *a la Napoleon*, upon the breast. And extremely ridiculous are the gestures into which their excitement sometimes betrays them. Lord Dudley Stuart expends his electricity in very energetic and telegraphic raps upon his table, while Palmerston keeps time, most appositely, by swaying his body to and fro, not unlike a pendulum. In America it is quite as bad, but in a different way—the dancing or limber-jack, seems to be the model most assiduously copied. The neglect of "action" in the former country, arises mostly, I sus-

pect, from a lack of persevering industry, and partly from the disgust created by awkward or affected gesticulation. But such neglect, by whatsoever caused, is most certainly unbecoming so great a people, and so enlightened an age; as it is possible to avoid both the uncouth and the affected, if it be an Herculean task, the ends to be attained are certainly worthy of an Herculean energy. It betrays puerility in them, if they suppose, that, by evading, they have surmounted the difficulty.

Indolence has also greatly contributed to the making of American oratory what it is; but in addition to this it has a disguised enemy in a plausible theory advocated by men of ability. It is contended that all proper and effective action is natural—i. e. instinctive, and that when a person is speaking earnestly the proper actions will be naturally, i. e.; instinctively made. Many things tend to make this theory plausible: mistaken analogies, accidental circumstances, the ambiguity of the word *natural*, and the bad results of the stupid systems of oratory, and the still more stupid systems of teaching, followed in our schools. All proper and effective action is certainly natural in one sense of the word, for the very reasons that it is proper and effective; but I deny that it is natural in the other sense—that is, instinctive, original. Man is not a creature of instinct; he has a mind, an intellect, which guides him, which discovers what is proper and therefore natural. Nearly everything that man does, while it may be natural, still has to be learned. God has certainly not left us only in oratory, the noblest of all human arts, to the guidance of instinct. He has, perhaps, so made us that we instinc-

tively make *some* outward manifestations of the different dispositions of our minds, but these manifestations, as we daily see in the pulpit and in the legislative hall, untrained, are more frequently ridiculous than otherwise. Certain things make us indignant, sorrowful, joyous, and the like; yet the most poignant grief has been expressed in such a manner, by those too who were not victims to the so much deprecated *artificial* systems, as to excite visible merriment in the most decorous.

Our eloquent Patrick Henry:

“———the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Phillip of the seas,”

and *id genus omne*, have been exultingly pointed to as proofs of this theory. His manner may be, with more justice, called accidental; but if he were indeed a “born orator,” let us place him in the same category with that wonderful youth, who, by seeming intuition, could instantly give an answer to the most difficult sums with unerring accuracy; and while we show Henry to our youth as an exemplar in oratory, let us also leave them to become naturally mathematicians.

But “all systems for teaching the art of oratory have signally failed!”—*Mirabile Dictu!* And why have they failed? The reasons clearly are that the majority of them are ill-conceived and worthless, while those which do possess some merit have failed through the stupidity of the school-teacher, and the negligence of the scholar. But certainly the ill-success of bad systems badly taught, does not show that good ones well taught will meet with a similar fate. We know that ancient orators

pursued some system successfully; and are we less intelligent? If they devised good plans, are we incapable of doing it? We certainly will not confess it—we certainly ought not to be.

Demosthenes and Cicero, both give emphatic testimony to the importance of gesticulation; and, therefore, when I see a book, (Whately's for instance,) pretending to teach the orator's art, yet giving no directions in regard to gesture, I think that its author has committed as great a fault as he who, in attempting to give a history of the French empire, should leave out Napoleon. Both might do very well as far as they went, but as to obtaining a correct idea of either subject, we might as well read Gulliver's Travels. But the difficulty is not altogether in the systems—it lies chiefly in the school-master and scholar. Go into our schools and you see the scholar taught to declaim a select speech with certain gestures, while he neither understands their meaning, nor why he makes use of them; or if he is taught their meaning, he is yet allowed to use them with disgusting affectation. All our speakers are from these causes, more or less unmeaning, or affected gestures:

"As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Were there no other refuge from such training we should, most assuredly, embrace the *natural* theory. But there is plenty sea-room between the rock, Scylla, and the whirl-pool, Charybdis.

In teaching our language to children, we learn them the meaning of the words, their just pronunciation, and their proper arrangement. If fully taught they say what they mean, and

say it properly, without effort: there is no stopping to *think* for words—the thought brings them unfailingly. Why not follow the same plan in gesticulation? Teach the gestures thoroughly: so, that they may be made with as much ease and skill as the practiced dancer can use his nether limbs—so, that their signification may be as familiar as that of words—and then the thought will bring its associated gesture as certainly, as it does its words. It is certainly a rational plan; and it seems to me to be the only one that can succeed. This is followed in teaching every successfully taught department of education, every mechanical, or other art. The tyro must be taught the use of the tools, i. e., their meaning, and then practised until he can use them with the greatest dexterity and ease. Some system based upon this principle must be adopted in oratory, and indefatigably pursued, or else ere long that noblest of arts will have become a myth—Demosthenes and Cicero will be regarded but as metamorphoses of Parthenope, Lygea, and Leucosia.

There is one thing, however, which must be carefully avoided in the use of gesture—it is affectation. Nothing sooner disgusts; nor is there anything more quickly detected. It trifles with the feelings of an audience, presents itself to its possessor as a bar to all excellence, and is fitly rewarded by pity or contempt. It is best guarded against by never premeditating a gesture. A *word* or *sentence* may be premeditated without impropriety, but a premeditated gesture is inevitably, essentially, the height of affectation.

It is deplorable that it is our nature

to neglect what is of greater consequence to us, and attend diligently to that which is of less or none.

"What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!"

It is analagous to the case of a man who is too lazy to attend to his own business, yet quite industrious enough to intermeddle with that of others. Oratory is of too much importance to be thus neglected, or thus indolently pursued; he who wishes to become a great orator must make it the business of his life—all his efforts must converge upon it, and these efforts must be characterized by "the indomitable energy of a Hannibal." "No excellence without great labor," is of divine origin, and as one of nature's laws admits of no exceptions. Let us not be deceived by seeming ones—for there are, and can be, none that are real. Patrick Henry was not a laborious student, and all testimonies concur in representing him to have been lamentably deficient in the knowledge of languages, of history, of the sciences, and of law—his own profession. But he was an orator. Yes: and there are labors beside those which are seen in school and college. His long, solitary rambles were made whilst he was secret-

ly, perhaps silently laboring—that silent meditation, that secret labor, evolved the future orator. Any other explanation could be easily shown, to my satisfaction, to be absurd—to be impugning the unchangeable character of the Deity. There are those, however, who believe in exceptions to this law—who fondly hope that they are excepted. Those who wish to be great, if they will still cling to the belief, must at least discard the vain, deceptive hope. Believe it, there are no geniuses but those created by labor: too true, vain men will sometimes hide every evidence of labor except the result—but the result is only equal to the labor remote or immediate. If a youth would be a Demosthenes he must remember that Demosthenean industry only, is repaid with Demosthenean eloquence and fame.

This article pretends not to originality—everything in it is "as old as the hills." So very old are they, indeed—so long is it since they were first promulged, that all except the very few seem to have forgotten them. The world acts in reference to them as did honest Curio, the antiquary, to the Roman medal when found,

"'Tis found! and oh! his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot!"

LAURA WOODVILLE.

I have often heard it said, that to be tired of life is a sin ; but there are times. I think, when the "weary, world-worn soul" may guiltlessly long for the quiet of the grave. When a young and tender being, just stepping into life, has her sensitive heart-strings rudely struck by sorrow's hand ; when for some unavoidable misfortune, she sees herself bereft of friends and pointed at as a thing of shame ; when, in a word, she finds life robbed of all that makes it dear, and the future, which once seemed so bright and beautiful, turned into darkness and gloom, then I think she may exclaim with the Prophet of old "it is better for me to die than to live."

These reflections are suggested by the melancholy fate of one whose grave is still fresh, and whom I never think of without deprecating that stern law of society, which, instead of inducing one to bind up the "bruised and broken spirit" of a young and inexperienced female, who has fallen from the high paths of virtue, casts her forth beyond the pale of sympathy, and leaves her to drag out a miserable life in seclusion, or to go down to the lowest depths of degradation. Thus, those who are really innocent, frequently suffer equally with the most abandoned. Such was the case with Laura Woodville.

She was the only daughter of wealthy, intelligent parents, who lived among

the mountains of one of our western States, and being a near neighbor, I knew her from childhood up. A friendship formed between us while at school together, grew firmer as we grew older, and we came to regard each other almost as brother and sister. Her parents bestowed upon her all the advantages which wealth could afford, and her highly cultivated mind and accomplished manners, indicated that she had not permitted those advantages to pass unimproved. But above all, they had been careful to instill into her young mind the pure principles of religion, which took deep root, imparted a softness and kindness to her manners, which were sure to win the hearts of all who knew her. In the social circle, she was the gayest of the gay ; and her glad-some spirit, sparkling in the liquid depths of her dark eyes, and breaking forth in a joyous, ringing laugh, would send a gleam of sunshine to the hearts of all around her, and make even the coldest misanthrope forget, for a time, his gloom, and acknowledge a feeling of kindness for his fellow creatures.— Added to the charms of her mind and manners, was a faultless beauty, which Raphael, in his happiest moments of inspiration, never excelled.

Thus grew Laura in the innocence of youth, when, to complete my education, I left our quiet village and came to the

University. Two years and a half of my college course passed pleasantly away, and vacation again came to gladden the hearts of wearied students. The gloom and desolation which reigned here after the departure of the students, and the desire for the enjoyments of home, which so long an absence had greatly heightened, determined me to revisit the scenes of my early youth.— After a short and pleasant journey, I arrived at my native village, just as night was closing in and hushing to silence the busy world. I was joyfully welcomed by “the loved ones of home,” and soon filled my accustomed place in the family circle round the old parlor fire. The pleasant associations which clustered around the place, and the recollections which it called to mind, I shall not stop to describe. Two years and a half, I knew, must have wrought many changes in the neighborhood, and of these I began to ask. Of Laura, the beautiful Laura Woodville, my old friend and schoolmate, I made the first enquiry; but as her name was mentioned, the voice of mirth was hushed and the look of happiness, which before had brightened the countenances of all present, gave place to one of sadness.

“Ah,” remarked my father, “a sad, sad change has come over the spirit of her life since you saw her last. She is not the same lighthearted, happy Laura you used to know, but a wretched, sorrowing creature whom it would be charity in death to release from the burdens of life. Report says that dishonor has stamped its seal upon her name, but I believe that she was ruined while under the influence of some foul potion, administered by a heartless villain. There are many in the neighborhood, however, who think otherwise; and the knowledge of this so harrows her sensitive feelings that she is gradually wasting away and dying. But go to the court house to-morrow and you can learn all the circumstances far better than I can tell you; for her father has prosecuted the villain who perpetrated the wrong, and the trial takes place to-morrow.”

Had a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky fallen upon me, I could not have been more astonished than at this startling intelligence. I waited impatiently until morning came, and at an early hour repaired to the Court-house. The case had excited an unusual interest throughout the whole neighborhood, and multitudes came thronging in from all directions and filled the room to overflowing. The hour of trial finally rolled around, and Laura attended by her sorrowing parents walked up the aisle to the bar of justice. What a change there was from the merry, joyous girl of former days! Her once full, round form, had wasted away; her nimble, elastic step had become slow and languid; her health blooming cheeks were pale and emaciated; and her once rich, luxuriant hair had through grief become intermingled with grey. A silence so deathlike reigned throughout that dense multitude that their suppressed breathings were distinctly audible. Laura was asked to recite the story of her wrongs, and she did it with a voice so sweet and so sad, in a manner so artless and so winning, that many a stern heart was moved to tears. I shall not attempt to relate the story in her language, but will only give the circumstances.

She was on a visit to her grand father, in a remote part of the county; and while there, an aunt of hers, who lived in the neighborhood was taken sick.— Laura walked over one evening to see her, and as it began to grow late rose to go; but the family insisted so hard upon her remaining until morning, that she finally consented. She sat up until quite a late hour; and just before retiring her aunt's husband brought her a glass of toddy and insisted upon her tasting it. "No," said she, "I never taste spirituous liquors of any kind."

"But," insisted her uncle, "you have been sitting up late and it will do you good; besides I have made it very weak." The unsuspecting girl took the goblet, and drank a few swallows. Alas! for her! the toddy, besides being very strong, was drugged. It immediately flew into her head, she felt giddy, and a strange, indefinable sensation spread over her. A few moments after she tripped away to her chamber, gayly remarking to her uncle, "you have made me tight." A few more hours passed away, and the fiend incarnate, who had plotted her ruin, accomplished his damnable designs. The golden light of memory streamed in at her window and feathered choristers merrily carolled amid the surrounding groves; but they brought no joy to the heart of Laura. The effects of the potion had worn away, and she woke to a consciousness of her ruin. Life was no longer dear to her. The future seemed but a gloomy night; for though she knew that no guilt attached to her, she knew also that this is a cold and selfish world, and that without direct evidence, many would look upon her as one of those frail creatures, who, too weak to

withstand temptation, had been enticed into sin. With this thought preying upon her mind, for a long time she paced the room in agony, praying that the grave might open and receive her. Such is an outline of her touching story.

The counsel of her destroyer made an able and ingenious defence; but he was to his opponent as a child in the hands of a giant. Mr. Woodville had employed one of the ablest advocates in the whole west; and I never heard such a torrent of eloquence roll from the lips of man, as did from his on that occasion. He seemed to exercise some mesmeric influence over the minds of the jury, so perfectly did they appear to think as he thought, to feel as he felt. The pleading finally ended. The jury retired to consult, but were gone only a few moments before they returned, with a verdict in favor of Laura, by which she would receive ten thousand dollars from her seducer. A sad, sweet smile played around her lips as she heard the issue, not that she cared for the filthy lucre, but her heart was gladdened by the thought that there were some, at least, who believed her innocent, and were willing to do her justice. She went home, but all hopes of earthly happiness had left her forever. The kind attentions of tender parents, softened as much as possible, the pangs of grief; but they could not heal the festering wound implanted in her bosom. She lingered on in hopeless misery, gradually growing thinner and more weak, until at last her feeble limbs refused to support her frame. She knew that she was dying, but death had no terrors for her. She longed for her

soul to be released from its earthly tenement, that it might soar away to realms of eternal beauty, and rejoice around the throne of its maker.

Spring came, and strewed the lap of earth with flowers; the little birds, wooed forth by the genial season, trilled their gentle lays in the surrounding groves; and the great heart of nature throbbed with joy at the coming of the season of beauty. One evening Laura called her mother to her bedside. "Mother," said she, "I feel that the tide of life is ebbing away, but before I go, I want you to promise me that not a farthing of my seducer's shall be touched. To take it, mother, would be vengeance, and there is one who hath said, 'vengeance is mine.' Besides, he has a wife and children dependant upon his care, it would be cruel to deprive them of it. If there is one spark of humanity within his bosom, the consciousness that he is my murderer will be punishment enough on this side the grave; and tell him that with my latest breath I forgave him, and prayed for him.—Will you promise, as I ask, mother?"

"I promise."

"Weep not mother," continued Laura, "because I am so soon to leave you, for surely you would not lengthen my stormy pilgrimage through this dark and dreary world. Rejoice with me that my weary soul will, at last be at rest, in the peaceful grave, and re-

member that there is a bright and happy land beyond the blue skies, where the pure in heart shall meet again.—Place me in the old arm chair by the window, mother, and let me look once more upon my little flower garden, and the green lawn beyond where I have passed so many happy hours."

A sweet smile irradiated her sickly countenance as she sat there listening to the music of the singing birds, and looking down upon the garden where bloomed the beautiful flowers which she had planted, and which, as she gazed upon them, seemed to smile a friendly greeting, and to send up an offering of fragrance from their nectared bosoms to regale her wearied senses. While seated thus the long courted

"Death came and pressed her wearied lids
And brought the sick heart rest."

She died so calmly and gently that the attendants did not perceive the change. Her soul seemed wooed forth from its earthly tenement by the myriad beauties around her, and winged its flight to a home not made by mortal hands, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."—The next day, what remained of Laura Woodville, was buried in the village grave-yard, and a neat tombstone erected on the spot.

MINDEN.

"A TALE WITHOUT A NAME."

"Thy first look was a fever spell,
Thy first word was an oracle,
That sealed my fate."

Gentle reader—fear not any resemblance or analogy between our motto and what you may find under it. Conceive them as ideas that float on the ocean of reverie, and in their wandering course present themselves to the imagination, causing some feeling you would in vain endeavor to know. Undoubtedly you expect a description of a mental fever, caused forsooth, by a look, or you would list to hear a voice from the inner shrine, whose very sweetness sealed a mortal's fate. We are not of those who delight in parading themselves before the gaze of humanity, in a style not only foreign, but ill adapted to our situation here. We would unfold an influence, which one who knows it not, hath shed on our heart.

What mysterious affinities pervade the material and spiritual worlds; and how beneficently are they ordained to increase our happiness. They come—unseen messengers of good, when the ills of life seem about to overwhelm us, rejoicing the saddened heart, and shielding the unconscious sender from the

effects of the evil part of our nature.—
Is it then true that,

"Many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Far be thy sweet influences from such a fate, inspirer of these feeble, but heart felt sentiments. Should a cruel and heartless world reject them, they will find a thrice welcome reception in my heart, and inspire noble thoughts, the preludes to noble deeds. With thy image before me and thy gentle words still ringing in my ears I pen these thoughts.

The village of — contains the noblest, the purest, the gentlest of her sex. I pass by her childhood; for I was then far away, dreaming of sunny climes and happy children; and even now when I recur to the day dreams of youthful fancy, I see her, individualized, the brightest, the loveliest in the train.—Cold worldlings, despise not the intense, fairy imaginings of youth; they sometimes return to melt even your hard hearts, and restore those redeeming qualities that shield from the approbrium of unfeeling natures. In the

depths of degradation, in the awful moments of retribution they come, bright heralds of the past, to win you back to childhood once more, to give you a short respite from self inflicted ills.

Reader—have you ever considered whether there be any resemblance between the imaginings and anticipations of youth, and the realities of the after scene, whether your course through life be in some degree shaped by influences from early years; whether you pursue phantoms, once the objects of childhood's faith and hope. Be that as it may, the reality which I have found was long ere now idealized, and towards it as a beacon star, my course has been directed.

There is a higher and holier ideal than physical beauty. This alone can never satisfy a soul yearning for the manifestations of the spiritual. I see nothing therein but a cold and the more I abstract, it seems to gaze on me,—“with calm—eternal eyes.” Surely the artist must contemplate beauty elsewhere, if he would find the charm that wins the heart. “Truth and beauty are one”—says a celebrated author, and we may resolve them farther into goodness. Then again these three are unity and perfect, and they are lost in the infinite. But I have wandered where the vulgar and coarse natured cannot follow. They are satisfied with the gross and sensual, and hence as some one has beautifully expressed it. “Beauty and virtue walk hand in hand the downward road to death.

I have often wondered why a being gifted with intellect of a high order, imagination vivid, chaste and beautiful, powers of communicating the rich treasures of the soul equal to their value,

could attract so few. She walks the earth like a stranger from a brighter clime, and awes the herd to a distance. Oh! if the grovelling natures of earth knew how little such sou's as hers are affected by their neglect, they would be apt to enquire—“in wonder lost,” where the secret of her happiness lay. Strangers in the world of beauty and true enjoyment, it is not to be found on the face or in the form of a modern beau or belle; nor yet more in their served up “bon mots” or acquired airs; 'tis not found in halls of gayety and pleasure, falsely so called. Ah! can you believe that in her soul cheering society I can treat them all with indifference, pity, almost contempt. Had I a thousand lives to enjoy there, and you, deluded devotee of pleasure as many in your giddy whirls, I would not exchange a single day nor night with you:

“A thing of beauty is a joy forever.”

To meet with such a being on the journey to an unknown land, is like coming to the “isles of the blest” in a stormy sea and landing there for a season to drown in happy forgetfulness; or like the scenes in eastern allegory where angels and good spirits were said to meet with men and point out the way to happiness. “Here, in this lovely little haven, among weeds and palms,” I would draw up my pinnace forever.

Who does not love the author of the Opium Eater for the candor with which he acknowledges favours received from an outcast in the hour of adversity. How pathetically he dwells on these angel traits of her character.—How sincerely he mourns her loss, in his despair apostrophizing the very

streets which swallowed up the *unfortunate* forever.

What then must be his feelings upon whom in the hours of solitude the noblest of her sex smiled and bestowed her favors. Surely such conduct, and from such a source would melt a heart of stone, and awaken humanity even in a Nero's breast.

Reader, I shall weary you no longer. Perhaps you have felt the same sweet influences; perhaps some gentle being hath sown the seeds of noble resolve in your heart. Cherish them and bless the giver, as I now do. Let her be a star in thy diadem of earthly glory, and a guide to immortal happiness.

EXTRACTS FROM THE WAVELETS OF MEMORY.

BY A. P. SPERRY.

MINNA SLEEPETH.

Lightly lie the golden tresses on Minna's brow, and softly now swim her blue eyes in their liquid heaven. Her rich red-lips are but parted enough to show the tiny pearls beneath them. Deep lie the roses on her cheek, but all is not well there, for the rose of her cheek is a hectic flush and the little white brow is hot with fever.

Be still Minna. Though the golden sun's rays play merrily on the lattice, and the morning breezes steal to kiss the dew-drops from the flowers. Though the little birds sing cheerily and all is bright, yet be still for thou art going to a fairer land. Thy little soul has already spread its tiny wings and ere the evening sun shall tinge the West with gold, it shall be nestled close to Him who has said "Suffer little children

to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Soon a crown of life will rest upon thy little brow. Sweet as the flowers, and pure as thy own fair self, and bright as dew drops will its gems glisten, for its gems are life eternal.

Be still Minna, for soon thy fever will cease, thy life will soon be done.—The golden bowl that holds thy tiny spirit will be broken, and life's silver cord will be softly loosened, and thine eyes closed forever.

O! death, lay thy white cold fingers gently on that little brow, and let thy dark shadow fall lightly on her. She needs no heavy stroke, for she is like the bubble on the stream of life, brightened by the sun of righteousness as it flows from the "Great white throne"

but broke by the gentlest Zepher from an angel's wing.

The finger has fallen softly on that little brow, and it is white and cold.— The golden tresses lie there yet, and the breeze as it murmurs by, touches them softly as it passes, fearful of waking that holy slumber. Closed is the little blue eye forever and the lips are still but a smile is dimpled on her cheek as if the angels whispered sweetly to her when they stole her soul away.

Farewell Minna. Soon the grass will spring green and fresh above thy little grave. Soon the flowers will

doop their sweet heads and shed their fragrance over thee. And the sunlight will fall brightly on the earth that hides thee, and the birds too shall still their wings and chant a requiem over thee softly and slowly, but thou wilt hear it not for, deep, dark and silent is thy tomb.

Minna has gone and the tears that fall, fall not because she has gone but because we are left and the sigh that gushes from the depth of the heart is mingled with as much of sadness, that we are here as of sorrow for the little freed soul that has gone to heaven.

[SELECTED FROM WOOD NOTES.]

BALLAD.

BY THE HON. ROBERT STRANGE.

TUNE.—“Oh, carry me back to Old Virginia's shore.”

Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
Unto those early years,
When life was all a happy dream,
And kindness dried my tears:
No sadness then came o'er my soul,
But every thing was gay,—
Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
To some bright early day.

Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
To that sweet dream of youth,
When earth was all a sunny spot,
And every heart was truth;
For clouds and darkness gather now,
And sighs and tears are rife,—
Oh, carry me back, oh, carry me back,
To the bright morn of life.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

It has so happened, in the history of our Magazine, that each corps has had two opportunities for congratulating with their patrons on the success of the past, and expressing hopes for the future. Our Salutatory brought us before the public in that attitude, and the beginning of our fourth vol. offers us the same privilege.

Surely, enough has been already said as to the objects of this Magazine: that it was and is intended to be an exponent of College thought especially, an escutcheon of North Carolina literature particularly, and, the encouragement of competent judges has led us even to hope, that we are to be no inconsiderable drop in the bucket of American Journalism.

Of course it is expected of the illiberal critic who tolerates only whatever bears the *imprimatur* of some New York publisher and which is heralded forth, often falsely, as the production of some eminent author, that he should regard us as wholly unable to cope with the popular periodicals of the day, and our aspirations to that position which are intended to be modestly expressed for the purpose of touching a cord of sympathy for our success, are by him perverted into braken boastings of our individual abilities.

Now this does really seem to be a fact easily understood, which our predecessors have heretofore attempted to impress upon the minds of all, and which we here again repeat, that we are only instruments through which this Magazine is published; and, while we are responsible for any article which may appear in its pages, we have not, nor will we ever pretend to claim the honor which the excellence of

many of its articles has brought upon it.

Its true, we have exerted ourselves in building it up. We feel the responsibility of representatives; and, that too, of a constituency sometimes more exacting, we have feared, than co-operative, but we shall not falter in the discharge of our duties and shall continue to solicit from the Alumni, as well as from the present members of the University, not only a hearty concurrence but an active pulling together for the interest of our Magazine.

As we have before intimated, competent judges have not hesitated to recommend us to the patronage of all; and, since we have come into the field to run a tilt for the "Mag." some of North Carolina's best writers have not only wished that ours might be the Golden Lance of the poet which should overthrow all opposition, but have manifested sufficient interest in making this the accoucheur to usher into day the conceptions of North Carolina's sons, as to send us their own and to promise them for the future.

And believe us, this is the proper manner, after all, of building up the Southern press to that height of excellence to which we have long aspired, and which some Northern publications have nearer attained than ourselves. Individuals of the mightiest literary influence may issue their anathemas against Northern publications, because forsooth, they contain articles in every number, directly opposed to the interest of the Southern man, but that influence can never avail, to any considerable extent, as long as the literary merit of

these publications so far exceeds that of our own clime.

Talent, however perverted, will find its votaries, and, if we, the Southern people, would sustain ourselves, it must be done by the exercise of this talent, and that too, through our own Southern press. It will never do to patronise any Yankee who sets up his claims upon the Southern community, because he has been so bold as to declare himself a Northern man with Southern principles. We may venture the assertion, that nine out of ten of such characters are smothering within their bosoms those sentiments which have been taught them in their youth, and which are so inimicable to our interest. As soon as they begin to grow fat upon Southern patronage, they begin to assume their independence, and are soon found asserting their true sentiments, and catering to the taste of old associates.

None are more loath to appeal to the local prejudices of a community for any purpose than we are, and, in fact, we do not wish to do so now. We can say nought against any man for favoring that magazine which best satisfies his literary cravings, provided, his taste be not vitiated by the idea that what is done north is superior, and the southern journal is judged of according to its intrinsic worth.

All we wish to say is that North Carolina, as well as other Southern States, can boast of as much ability as any Northern State; and, on all occasions in which her interest was clearly shown to require it, she has evinced the intellectual power of which we are proud, and which we would have show itself through our North Carolina Magazine.

Every body concedes that Old Rip is raking up; and, in fact, an artist has immortalized his waking on canvass. It cannot be that he is stirring thus in other departments, while the literature of the State is dormant.

We conclude, therefore, that we are progressing, though slowly, yet, surely, in literary pursuits, and that our little barometer will show the rise accordingly.—In a word, we believe the patronage of the University Magazine will continue to increase; that our contributors will continue to favor us, and many be constrained to assist in a work as truly their own as that North Carolina is their native State.

And we shall finally express the hope, with bright prospects ahead, that if, after having "toiled all night and taken nothing," we cast our net on the right side of the ship, it will not come in empty.

LONGEVITY—NATURAL AND OFFICIAL.—Our readers will recollect some very remarkable instances of long life, and long and faithful discharge of duties, in places of public trust, in the State and the University, recorded in our last Editorial Table. The Report of Governor MANLY, Treasurer of the Trustees, to the Board, at the last annual meeting, supplies us with another example which we take pleasure in presenting and preserving as an interesting incident in our history. The Governor is himself, however *appearances* may indicate the contrary, no novice in his position. He was appointed Treasurer as the successor of the late Gen. Robert Williams in 1821, nearly 34 years ago.

EXTRACT,

From the Report of the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the University, at their late annual meeting.

"The Treasurer would here repeat a statement made to the last annual meeting of the Board, for the information of new members, and of such as have not turned their attention to the subject, that the account Books, of this Treasury Department commence in the year 1789, and were opened by Walter Alves, of Orange county, a former Treasurer of the Board, and an accomplished Book-keeper.

The same Journal and Leger have been kept to the present day; and for the last 44 years all the entries in these Books, are the exclusive

work of Daniel DuPre, a Clerk in the Bank of the State.

Gen. Robert Williams, the successor of Mr. Alves, employed Mr. DuPre for this service in the year 1809, and he has been retained as Book-keeper, by the present incumbent, since he came into the office, without cost to the Trustees.

In these Books a separate account is opened, with each branch of Revenue and general head of expense; and also with each individual debtor; wherein is distinctly charged the debt of whatever nature, and all payments on whatever account are duly credited.

The various items of the Treasurer's annual accounts of Receipts and Disbursements, as audited and passed upon by Committees of the Board, from year to year, are herein posted in detail, after the final adjournment of each annual meeting; and these items are then transferred, by Double entry to their appropriate heads in the Leger; thus exhibiting at a glance in an intelligible and lucid order the whole Fiscal Operations of the Institution from its original Incorporation in 1789, to the close of the year 1853, a period of sixty-four years."

I ask, nae be ye Whig or Tory,

For Commonwealth or Right Divine;

Say—dear to you is England's glory,

Then gie's a hand o' thine.—OLD SONG.

On the bridal eve of Peleus and Thetes, when the world was yet young, "all went merry as a marriage bell." The Celestials were there, welcome, joyous guests.—While wine and converse flowed and sparkled around the festive board, suddenly, a golden apple was thrown among them, on which was written, "let the beauty take me." Juno, Pallas and Venus, respectively laid claim to the prize. The Celestials met in secret conclave, and Jove willing to do them all a pleasure referred the decision to the Shepherd on Mount Ida. His decision was the cause of many woes to Greece and Ilium, and to the fair CEnone.

The allegory of the golden apple is unclassically metamorphosed into the "bone of contention;" but the meaning remains still the same, and descriptive of an evil present too prevalent among us. To

expose and eradicate this evil is desirable and incumbent on all lovers of order. The evil consists in mistaking the true objects of pursuit here, and substituting in their place those of secondary importance.

It is perhaps unnecessary to remark that the cultivation of the intellectual and moral faculties is the legitimate occupation of every true collegian, and that every other consideration is of a subordinate character.

"The abstract ends necessarily proposed by a University may be stated, as in all, three: 1st, to supply competent instruction; 2d, to excite the requisite exertion; and 3d, to *grant a true certificate of proficiency*." The proper business of the student, then, is to receive this "competent instruction," with all its advantages and honors. All other honors compared with these are accidental, transient; these cast their shadows over the whole of our future life; those perish in a day, and are heard of no more.

The distinctions incidental to College are all good and honorable in themselves. They are sanctioned by wise and good men. We are far from disparaging any of them; but we would look at each in its proper light, and estimate them accordingly. Let the struggle for each be proportioned to its greatness; if we would avoid lowering all distinctions, and transforming them into disgraces.

Some of the evils apparent from a wrong judgment on these subjects are misdirected exertion, the exertion itself is not of that nature which College regimen requires. These evils are prolific of many others, envy, hatred, faction, confusion, and finally shame and remorse. The unwary youth, on entering College, instead of becoming a candidate for intellectual honors devotes himself to some popular object.

"Fallitur et fallit, vulgi qui pendet ab ore."

Friends gather around his standard, parties and factions are formed, College b

comes a political arena, and wo to Pallas and the muses. Instead of subjects which have engaged the attention of the wise and good of every age, the chances of the candidate are discussed, and not unfrequently in a very unconciliatory manner.

It is a matter of regret, but true, notwithstanding, that dissimulation is resorted to in these canvassings. There is a smile, and a nod for all, and out of sight a sneer for some; a cordial invitation to visit, and a few hearty anathemas on exit, justified by the remark that "he is an awful bore," &c., &c. This is what we would term acting up to the maxim of that prince of politeness and dissimulators, Chesterfield—"One never losses by politeness."

Aspersions of character, (we blush to say it,) is another method. A derogatory fabrication is palmed on the opposition, and magnified a hundred fold. Revenge and vindication becomes the order of the day, and then we have literally "much ado about nothing."

The last and most powerful we shall mention is a profuse liberality. We confess the influence of this over our own sageship. All these methods, all abused by the inexperience and fervor of youth; and what are the consequences. Instead of sowing the seeds of friendship, and carrying them in our bosoms to grow and flourish and cheer through life, we carry enmity into the future to do its work of destruction. Instead of spending the hours devoted to learning in the requisite manner, we waste them in idle jargon and Bacchanalian rites.

Thus passes away our College term in idle pursuits, and when we are launched upon the world, we find ourselves unprepared. Let the objects which called us here receive our first consideration. They are sufficient to engage the most of our time. Let no man be despised because he has a preference. It is unreasonable, it is absurd, and yet such is the fact.

Why should we permit honors that last but for a day and a night, color our whole existence? Who ever heard of them beyond these groves?

We find no fault with any regulation; but we would insinuate to our fellow-students the necessity of a reform in their modes of elections. The trust, if violated may be taken out of their hands, and methods of a more unpleasant nature adopted.

We clip the following from the Louisville Journal, which tells its own story too well to require any comments from us.

We suggest, however, that as this important office will soon have to be filled again for our next Commencement, we be casting about us for a good and able man in which ever denomination that may come in course, and that he be selected with an eye single to the interest of the University and not to gratify any whimsical or sectarian affection.

To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

GENTLEMEN: Some time during the last spring, there appeared in the Tennessee Baptist a communication signed "Chapel Hill," followed by an article by the editor of that paper, purporting to give the state of affairs at the University of North Carolina. The communication and editorial remarks formed such a tissue of puerility and intolerance that I would not take any notice of them were it not that their tendency is to inflict an incalculable injury on the trustees, faculty, and students of the institution, and I avail myself of the wide circulation of your paper to correct the false impression the article alluded to must have created.

The subject which has aroused the Baptist's holy horror is the prospect that the University of North Carolina is about to become a Roman Catholic institution! Was a more foolish idea ever entertained? North Carolina, composed of the descendants of the English Reformers, the Scottish Presbyterians, and the French Huguenots, allow her University to degenerate into a Popish institution? But to the article.—The Baptist's correspondent, after premising that, but for the timely discovery and thwarting of his plans, that Roman Catholic, Ex-Bishop

Ives, would have gotten control of the University. He tells the world that at the next (last) annual commencement a Jesuit was to preach the sermon before the graduating class; that the senior class had invited John Hughes, of New York, to address them on that occasion, and then breaks out into a most piteous apostrophe on the fallen condition of the "poor, old North State," and leaves it to Brother Graves, of the Baptist, to continue the lugubrious strain, which the aforesaid Brother Graves does in a tone of wild consternation, deep sorrow, and refined sarcasm.

The communication in the main is true. As regards Bishop Ives, however, the writer has fallen into an error as palpable as it is silly.—How is it possible, we should like to know, for the University to come under the control of any particular sect—not to say individual? Is it not under the immediate control of a faculty who are as free from the charge of Popery as the writer himself or the "Baptist" either? Are not the faculty as well as the students under the direct supervision of a board of trustees, chosen by the Legislature of the State from every religious denomination, with the exception perhaps of the Romanists? The fact that the institution is a *State University*, where every one may enjoy his religious opinions without interference, precludes the idea that the University can become even a *sectarian* institution, and shows at once the absurdity of the writer's opinion. Of the three hundred students of the University, not one but would repel indignantly the assertion that he could possibly be brought under the yoke of Romanism. By what means, then, could Bishop Ives have intended to Catholicize the institution?

Men of weak or ill-regulated minds form opinions and pass judgment on any question without sufficient knowledge and a full view of the subject. Whether the editor of the Baptist deserves to be classed among these I leave the reader to determine, after I have given the facts of the case: When the senior class met to select a commencement preacher, they were much divided between several Protestant clergymen; and after many ineffectual attempts to elect one, a number of the members gave their votes for Archbishop Hughes, and thereby elected him. Now these members well knew that there was not the least probability that he would accept the appointment, and that his alternate was virtually elected commencement preacher.—When they wrote to Archbishop H., informing

him of his election, they received answer from his secretary that he was absent from home; and without receiving an answer from the Archbishop himself, they informed the alternate, Rev. Mr. Lowe, of the M. E. church, of his election, and requested his acceptance.

Such was the transaction that threw the "Baptist" into the wildest consternation, made him believe that Carolina was overrun by Popery, and advise parents to remove at once their sons from that hot bed of Romanism, the University of North Carolina. Because, forsooth, the senior class were guilty of an action, which, to say the worst, was only imprudent, the "Baptist" rises with the wrath of Jove, saddles the trustees, faculty, and students with the charge of conniving at the inroads of Popery in allowing Archbishop Hughes to be elected commencement preacher. Now, dear Bro. Graves, if you had been better informed in the case your orthodox spirit would not have been so much excited, for you would have known that neither the trustees, faculty, nor the students have a right to object to the choice of the the senior class, provided they choose a respectable christian clergyman.

The Baptist, in the fullness of its fury, goes on to ask on what subject and what kind of a sermon would the Archbishop preach? Would he endeavor, Brother Graves inquires, to inculcate the abominations and follies of the Church of Rome? Would he try to prove the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors, and defend confession, purgatory, and the various rites and ceremonies of the Mother Church at Rome? Or, if his sermon would take an educational or political turn, what would he say of the diffusion of education among the masses, and of our free institutions? Now, Mr. Baptist, to all this let me answer by asking you another question: If you were chosen to deliver the sermon before the next graduating class, would you attempt to show that Baptists should not commune with other denominations, or that baptism by immersion only is well pleasing in the sight of God? That would not be allowed, for the institution is a *STATE UNIVERSITY*, from which sectarian controversy is carefully excluded. You seem not to have borne in mind, as Archbishop H. would certainly have done, that there are a great majority of evangelical doctrines, about which all denominations of christian agree. As to education and politics, we might reasonably expect that he would take those grounds on which he attempted to plant Romanism in his

celebrated discussion with Breckinridge; more than this we do not ask. Now, Mr. Baptist, ruminate on these facts, which seem never to have entered your brain, and see if there are not many, *very many* things that Archbishop Hughes would say that should be acceptable to the sons of American Protestants.

The editor of the *Baptist* has certainly betrayed a spirit of persecution. Had the Methodists raised the hue and cry that the election of Dr. Hawks to this same position by the preceding class was a sure sign that the institution was placed under the control of the Episcopal Church, and for that reason attempted to overthrow it—had the Presbyterians, at the still more recent election of Mr. Lowe, declared that the institution and all connected with it were conniving at the usurpations of the Methodists, and therefore were unworthy of the countenance and patronage of all true Calvinists—they would not have displayed a more unreasonable and persecuting spirit than has this very “Baptist” in its assault on the University.

Many parents living in the immediate section of the *Baptist* have sons at the University of N. C. We hope there has not been created among them any greater anxiety than the truth demanded. To remove the wrong impressions created by the article alluded to, as we said before, is our only reason for noticing it. An obscure person destroyed in a few hours the magnificent temple of Diana at Ephesus; and we do not think it meet that the blind fury of an intolerant sectarian should destroy at one blow the good name of the *Alma Mater* of Polk, Benton, Dobbin, W. R. King, W. A. Graham, and scores of other illustrious names.

In conclusion we would advise the Baptist to attend to the progress of Romanism in its own region. Be not afraid that Popery can ever gain a foothold in Carolina; and above all be not so silly as to believe that the University of North Carolina can ever become a sectarian institution, while the “poor old North State” is so well able to take care of herself, her University, and her religion.

1854!—How easily those figures run off our pen, and how familiar they look! Did you not make your first letter this year just twelve months too old? Then were you reminded of what we too would recall. Did you hear the clock strike twelve and the thundering cannon an-

nounce that 1854 was no more? Then did your heart, as did ours, flutter alternately with sensations of pleasure and of pain? Some star of joy, sparkling in its original lustre, would pass leisurely across your excited memory, but soon again all was darkness and disappointed hopes threw out their signs upon your relaxed features. Have you ceased to think even now, when the “skirts of departing year” are rapidly disappearing, and the trappings of his latest wear are almost decayed, of the richness of his halcyon days as well as the depths of his gloom?

One year has fled,

And with it, but what boots the retrospection,
Alas! there is no lingering like affection.

Then suffer us to indulge in these reminiscences, and record whatever is connected with our old acquaintance, whether of good or of evil report.

It's true, he has done no more for us than for others, and what we have felt others have equally; but it is meet that all should bestow a tribute to his memory, and charge or give him credit upon the pages of hereafter, for the uneasiness or disagreeableness of his giving. The additional strata, which his sweeping flood has deposited upon the plains of our changeful lives, contains many a valuable ‘specimen’ for future reflection and many a vein of golden pleasure.

And it is a fact, no less true because so often apparently disregarded, that the seed of human action sown one year bears its fruits for the next. Either they are to bud and blossom as the rose and “flourish as the green bay tree by the river's side,” or, they must decay in the soil which covers them, or spring up to be devoured by the fowls of the air and poison them in the eating.

But, reader, whither have you been strolling? Have you not found all from “first to second childhood,” the innocent

as well as the guilty, chasing the butterfly of pleasure and grasping at the bubble of happiness?

You have been the miser, perhaps, hoarding for the ruin of an ungrateful heir, or the thoughtless spendthrift squandering what was given for enjoyment.—It may be, that we have been Ambition's votaries crawling up by pulling others down, and seldom offering a helping hand to the half-fledged tyro who would essay a bolder flight.

The "anglers for hearts" have also been abroad, wooing and being wooed—how many have "gone out for wool and come back shorn themselves?"

And all this striking for — what? — But shall we not imagine what others did? Why, others wooed and won. The cottage shelters the "Lovely May," and its fire burns brightly to-night. He's no ambitious politician nor hoarding miser, but a scientific farmer and a rational enjoyer of life's luxuries. She's no broom-stick handler nor sewing machine advocate, but an amiable disposer of domestic troubles, and an active Lucretia among her hand-maids.

We rather think the 'others' are the 'elect' of 1854, and should like to be numbered among the same for 1855.

The following was found in the pocket of one of the 'six,' and 'done up' so very neatly that if he had been among the ladies we might have suspected it as a female 'flight,' but even then it isn't probable that she should know so much about "corn," &c.

A COLLEGE INCIDENT.

Deeds, I sing, of high renown,
That roused from sleep the unconscious town
With dread affright,

When Luna clad in cha tened sheen,
Pour'd o'er the soft nocturnal scene
Her liquid light.

Then Freshman, *fresh* as dewy morn,

Refreshed with potent draughts of "corn,"
Exultant rose—
"Shake off, my lads, the classic dust!
Let's break by one magnific 'bust'
The town's repose."

In their accustom'd corner found,
Are brought the horn of grating sound,
The clattering pan,
The shrill-ton'd, piercing, squeaking file
Harsh as tones of shrieking wife,
And whiskey can.

Equipped with instruments aright,
They sally forth upon the night,
With courage high;
One seizes bold the sounding bell,
Another takes his stand to tell
Of danger nigh.

And now the tones of groaning bell,
Unite with trumpet's twang to swell,
The growing roar;
Thus Gungle's operatic band,
Pour'd floods of discord o'er the land
In days of yore.

The din barbaric rises high,
As if the broad o'er-arching sky
'Twould rend asunder;
As when from mount Olympus fair,
Jove hurls his red bolts through the air,
With rumbling thunder.

Professor snugly coil'd in bed,
Reluctant lifts his drowsy head,
To catch the sound:—
"What means this pandemonian rout?
By Hercules! the Fresh are "out,"
I'll take a round."

'Neath the moon's transparent light,
He wends his devious way by night
To College green;
As on he stalks in classic pride,
And thro' the shadows seeks to glide,
His form is seen.

To bell-man the alarm is vain,
Professor rushes up amain,
And shoots the bolt;
"Urged on by over-draught of 'corn,'
The youngster now may ring 'till morn,
A stabled colt."

Oh! thou verdant, ill-star'd swain,

That tug'st the bell with might and main,
 A luckless wight!
 In belfry "cribb'd" without a hope,
 Before thee swings the dangling rope,
Suggestive sight!

Ye Fresh! with what transcendent joy,
 Would mother see this darling boy,
 Behave so smart!
 To herself she'd sigh no doubt,
 "Oh! that John were fairly out
 With six feet start."

Professor stands a sentry bold,
 Cast in *aldermanic* mould,
 With look profound;
 Bell-man's friend just out of view,
 New arguments and *weighty* too,
 Finds on the ground.

The rascal with "a brick in his hat,"
 Hurls at sentry a brick-bat;
 Sentry struts!
 A second comes! he looks around,
 A third! and with a sudden bound
 Sentry "cuts."

Now rush the roaring blades apace,
 And rescue soon the verdant "case"
 With friendship true;
 Bell-man wildly rushing out,
 Sends aloft a joyous shout,
 And fades from view.

Where's the man that now can tell,
 Who 'twas that toll'd the iron bell
 With silver sound?
 Boast not of safety yet, my lark!
 "Lay low, youngster, and keep dark!"
 The Gov'ner's "round."

HORSE-FLY ON A
 POETIC FLIGHT.

CELTIc THEORY OF DREAMING.—It was during one of Hugh Miller's visits to the house of his "Cousin George," who lived high up in the romantic country of the Highlands, and while strolling one singularly delightful morning with that communicative friend along the shores of Lock Skin, they halted beside a "tower of hoary eld;" and among other curious Highland stories, he communicated to him a tradition illustrative of the Celtic

theory of dreaming, which we have thought would be interesting to those who have not yet had the pleasure of reading his Autobiography.

"Two young men had been spending the early portion of a warm summer day in exactly such a scene as that in which he communicated the anecdote. There was an ancient ruin beside them, separated, however, from the mossy bank on which they sat, by a slender ruinel, across which there lay, immediately over a miniature cascade, a few withered grass stalks. Overcome by the heat of the day, one of the young men fell asleep; his companion watched drowsily beside him; when all at once the watcher was aroused to attention by seeing a little indistinct form, scarce larger than an humble-bee, issue from the mouth of the sleeping man, and leaping upon the moss, move downwards to the runnel which it crossed along the withered grass stalks, and there disappeared amid the interstices of the ruin. Alarmed by what he saw the watcher hastily shook his companion by the shoulder, and awoke him; though with all his haste, the little cloud-like creature, still more rapid in its movements, issued from the interstice into which it had gone, and, flying across the runnel, instead of creeping along the grass stalks and over the sward, as before, it re-entered the mouth of the sleeper, just as he was in the act of awakening. "What is the matter with you," said the watcher, greatly alarmed. "What ails you?" "Nothing ails me," replied the other; "but you have robbed me of a most delightful dream. I dreamed I was walking through a fine rich country, and came at length to the shores of a noble river; and just where the clear water went thundering down the precipice, there was a bridge all of silver, which I crossed; and then, entering a noble palace on the opposite side, I saw great heaps of gold and jewels; and

I was just going to load myself with treasure when you rudely awoke me, and I lost all."

I know not what the assertors of the clairvoyant faculty may think of the story; but I rather believe I have occasionally seen them make use of anecdotes that did not rest on evidence a great deal more solid than the Highland legend, and that illustrated not much more clearly the philosophy of the phenomena with which they profess to deal."

SECRETS.—Is there not a secrecy observed in regard to certain transactions within our Lit. Societies, which adds nothing, if it does not detract from their success? Of course, they are and should be secret, so far as is necessary to throw around them that sanctity which the interest of each requires, and upon this we would not dare to trample; but, we think, if by a mutual understanding of each, the names of the Anniversarians and Valedictorians were divulged and published through our Magazine, the most fastidious would acknowledge the propriety of the change.

We have space only to call attention to this matter, though many reasons are present to us in its favor. We leave it to the consideration of all, and hope that we shall follow in the wake of some others whose example, in other respects, we have been proud to imitate. *Pourquoi non?*

The following was a bona fide preach whether in N. C., Va., S. C., or any other State, it matters not, nor by a member of what denomination:

Brethren—The subject to which I wish to direct your prayerful attention, is found in Luke's book, 19th chapter, 21st verse, which reads about thus: "Thou art an austere man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and taking up where thou hast not put down."

Now I shall consider this text diabolically and divide into two parts. When thus considered it may be divided into a temporal and a spiritual sense. When diabolically divided and temporally considered it should be interpreted in this wise. This austere (oyster) man goes out into the broad waters and gathers up with his tongs that which he has not put down and thus reaping where he has not sown. This, brethren, is the fair interpretation diabolically considered.

But spiritually it is explained in this wise. We ministers are the tongs which are used by God in taking up the poor sinners from the mires of sin and degradation, and pulling them into the boat of the church which is to land them upon the wharf of Heaven. And this, brethren, is the true meaning spiritually considered.

Do you not think it an abominable, or, to say the least, a tasteless fashion, which makes its votary comb her hair back as though she wished to thrust her head through some narrow opening? Certainly, a lady is made to look bold enough by setting that bonnet of hers upon the *aversam partem* of the head, if boldness is the desideratum, although the hair be combed smoothly over the temples as good taste demands, but we never thought such an air *kata skema* and becoming female loveliness.

Besides a high forehead was never desired, but rather concealed by the ancient models of female beauty; and, when Horace sings the praises of *insignem tenui fronte Lycorida*, he means to say, "Lycoris, celebrated for her low forehead."—Excuse us, ladies, it is expected that we should say more of a bonnet than a hat.—You can only return a cold shoulder, you know, which is nothing like a bullet.

WHO HAS HEARD THIS?—A common tradition attributes the black line, or cross

upon the shoulders of the ass to the blow inflicted by Balaam; in allusion to which a witling, who had been irreverently sneering at the miracles in the presence of Dr. Parr, said triumphantly, "well, Doctor, what say you to the story of Balaam's ass, and the cross upon its shoulders?" "Why, sir," replied the Doctor, "I say that if you had a little more of the cross and a great deal less of the ass, it would be much better for you."

HUNG BEFORE CAUGHT.—We never heard any general rule without an exception, and to the one "the perpetrator must be caught before he's hung," we think the following answers very well. "I had missed several shoats from my pen on the swamp," said an old farmer to us in the vacation, "and I suspected a rascal of a man who lived just across the swamp. One morning, after finding another gone, I concluded to go over and see him, thinking perhaps I might see some sign or gain some other information in regard to my hog; and, though there was quite a sleet and the logs were very difficult to be crossed, I concluded the case was urgent and I would risk it. I had advanced to almost midway when I discovered through the bushes what I could not then account for. On I scrambled till I reached the open stream, and, by the way, the most difficult part of the crossing, when lo! there *hung* 'my man' on one side of the foot log and 'my hog' on the other! He had as unwittingly as the sailor who tied the rope of his harpoon around his waist, fastened the hog to his neck and attempted to cross these logs during the night.

Although the poor fellow was suffering extremely from the cold and from his unsuccessful efforts to pull the hog over I could but smile and when I saw him "dangling," I thought of the pungency of the 'cut' which my son had told me a few nights before that the President of the Uni-

versity was accustomed to make about bell-ringing.

But few of us have the genius which the editor of the Louisville Journal ascribes to the Louisville Times, the latter having boasted that he was not deceived by the "Fall of Sevastopol."

No telegraphic falsehood him deceived,
He scented truth and it alone received,
His genius, quick as Heaven's electric fire,
Grasped truth—and left the lie upon the wire.

OBJECTIONS.—It has been urged by those of our old graduates who drop from our list that the "Mag." contains but little concerning the every-day affairs of College and is therefore wanting in what would be the most attractive feature to them.—On the other hand, we are sometimes charged by those of our friends, not so much interested in these particulars, of being too local. It requires no little skill to serve two masters, but we shall hereafter have this object more prominently before us, and show a desire at least of gratifying each, which with a generous patron, should avail much.

We hope, however, that neither will lose all interest in that department not specially his own. As for the Alumnus, we might find good reason to complain sometimes of his apparent indifference to the more important matters connected with his Alma Mater, and even judge of him as havnig used

"Young ambitions' ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face,
But when he once obtains the utmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks unto the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend."

But as a general thing they do remember the 'rock from which they were hewn,' and we shall expect as much from them in regard to the matter in hand. To our oth-

er friends we would repeat that our College world is a true miniature of that in which they are moving, and besides, much of what is going on here daily is forming the minds, and therefore the destinies of posterity—such cannot fail to be of interest to all.

LECTURES.—We would have no one to suppose that in what we are about to say, we would reflect upon the energy and fidelity of our instructors; for, though we feel at liberty to speak whatever our conscience approves, whether in praise or otherwise of them, truth compels us to bestow a well-merited compliment upon the indefatigable manner in which they continue to labor for the advancement of this Institution.—But we wish to call their attention, as well as that of all other friends of the University, to what we humbly consider a desideratum in our exercises. Lecturing is universally conceded to be an efficient mode of imparting knowledge, and it is an increase of this means of instruction that we wish. And we do not refer entirely to such lectures as pertain directly to our text-books, though they are excellent in their places, and as they are now given, but we want familiar dissertations upon the practical affairs of life as well as upon the literary topics of the day. There is a natural disposition in almost every youth to know what is going on in the world around him, and many desire such information as shall be of a practical use to him in after life. Unless this can be given him through a medium, at once reliable and expeditious, he will seek it in the perusal of different authors at the expense of much time. Thus is answered the very objection that the number of bad scholars would be increased by any means which would direct attention otherwise than wholly to text-books, for while a strict attention to text-books, is desirable and is what every instructor insists upon, it has been found that only a small proportion are

brought to that conclusion by abstract reasoning. The laboring man doesn't move with more energy after his meals and his usual holidays, because of his increased physical strength alone. Emulation, a desire to excel for the sake of excelling, we have ever considered an improper principle, and we know of no better means of correcting it than that suggested—establish a connection between the end to be attained, and the means being acquired for its accomplishment. In conclusion, we repeat the modest opinion that the supply of this mode of instruction is not now equal to the demand, and as an evidence of how much pleasure we converse with living men after pondering over the scattered ashes of the dead who have slept for hundreds of generations, we have only to refer to the general satisfaction, and indeed, we might say, enthusiasm, with which the series of lectures delivered by Dr. Baird were received. Who shall deliver these lectures and how they are to be paid for are questions yet to be answered. Members of the Faculty have, perhaps, as much as they can attend to in their several departments. We would wish there was here, as at some other colleges, a Lecture Fund, the interest of which could pay the requisite amount.—But, if not otherwise, the students are willing and anxious to contribute some of the money spent here, session after session, in those miserable humbugs—boxing and writing schools, mnemonics, &c., for the purpose of securing the services of some competent men, who would thus occasionally instruct them and vary the wearisome routine of their labors.

ADDITIONS TO THE FACULTY.—Messrs. R. H. Battle and Wm. R. Wetmore, have been appointed Mathematical Tutors, and have entered upon the discharge of their duties.

Mr. A. G. Brown was made adjunct Pro-

fessor of Languages, at a late meeting of the Board of Trustees—a promotion he has long since deserved.

In the division of the Senior class for the old and scientific courses, 17 took the 'old course,' 16 took the *three* lessons on Agricultural Chemistry; 12 the *seven* lessons on the same, and 8 will study Civil Engineering.

From the many articles we saw in different papers during vacation from 'Chapel Hill,' we should judge the 'Cacoetha' was here, and we hope to have visible signs of its raging in our sanctum during the five months to come.

MONSIEUR CECIL WYLLUM.—Your poetry is respectfully declined. The Editors are thankful for your learned strictures, and they sincerely trust they may prove eminently serviceable to your own honor.—They respectfully request of you a specimen of "Corn-bread" poetry, and some potato effusions, if you have any. They have not been able to fix the precise date of the ideas embodied in your verses, suffice it to say that they were quite familiar, and as they thought hackneyed. They recommend to your notice Alexander Smith on the Stars, and an "Essay on Poetry" by Leigh Hunt.

UNIVERSITY IN THE VACATION.—With our earthly natures, it seems that Elysium itself would fail in some of the essentials of happiness. And although Chapel Hill approaches as near that ideal as any spot on this *terrene*, there are times when its resources of pleasure seem to be exhausted. *That time*, Oh, gentle reader, is in the winter vacation. Whether it is the icy hand of the winter god that chills the pleasure-giving fount, or the subjective condition of the student, or the objective condition of the "indigines," I know not; but this I do know, that the fountain

is chilled, frozen, until it expands in its very frigidity.

As far as my own experience goes, I am willing to acknowledge that the evil lies in myself, and I suppose that this will be corroborated by my brethren in affliction. For how can it be otherwise in such a spot as this consecrated to science, poetry, beauty incomparable, hospitality, gayety, and all that. That element to which we would give prominence, as one of the constituents of happiness here, is beauty. Reader, imagine yourself in a dream, and behold with me the Houris of the classic groves. First, and therefore greatest are the resident nymphs. Those whose presence ever gladden the student's heart; whose smiles awaken in his bosom those sentiments, which he, foolish wight, would set on poetic feet. Knowest thou not, Oh tyro! that your poetic fame would soar higher on the wings of silence than of *rhyme* and *time*. Content thyself with the reflection that you are "a poet in a sense," and let the sentiments which beauty here awakens be like the halo around the magnet, invisible to blunted sensibility. Let the sentiment of beauty, I add, shine forth in thy gallantry, attention, yea, ardent devotion towards the fair inspirers: thus thou wilt win laurels as green as the highest sons of song, and envy dare not approach with poisonous breath to wither them.

We have read several attempts at the analysis of beauty; and we are ready to prove "a posteriori," that they are based upon erroneous conceptions: and "Shelley" very beautifully remarks that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

which also we affirm, by the same reasoning, to be wrong. If any one can doubt these dialectics let him come, and instead of "a posteriori" proof, he will receive conviction "a priori" which Aristotle cannot overthrow. So much for the residing divinities of the place, and for fear of being drawn into some poetical vortex, we add no more, always excepting these expressive lines of Shenstone,

"Yes, here alone did highest heaven ordain
The lasting *magazine* of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever here remain."

And now, ye tripping nymphs of St. Mary's to you, a prosaic, weak mortal would pay his "devoirs." He cannot soar into those regions where ye reign supreme in beauty; but like a good knight and true he will proclaim your charms on "terra firma;" aye, and support his proclamation with sword, lance, and shield against all the knights in Christendom from Don Quixote to Tom Thumb, "Laissez aller." Solitary would be this place, if your presence had been withheld. Many hearts of Fresh., aye, of Sen. would have lain cold in their bosoms, and awful consequences might have accrued, had

not the sunshine of your favour warmed them to life and—and—l—it must come out—*love*.

Sweet young flowrets, on whom have descended only the spring dews of life, innocence and gladness, in whose vision the present is joy, and the future without a cloud. On, on, your youthful fancy glides—let it go.

And when ye return to the shrine of the "Madonna" forget not that your presence awakened a sentiment of hope in the breast of the "disappointed." Well we have had—how many parties? 3 X 2, at 5—(1-1-1-1-1) of which we rejoiced. We are now overflowing with pleasure, and bound with joy to the contest. Welcome back, oh! ye worshippers at the shrine of science, and rejoice with me over the joys of a "Vacation at Chapel Hill."

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THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

OVER and above the ennobling love of our native country which is common to the hearts of all men of sensibility and worth, which takes rank with the affections, and is as much a part of our natures as love of home and kindred—there is, we presume, to all, some land more especially an object of curiosity and interest, some region of country where chiefly the imagination loves to resort when framing its visions of more than every-day loveliness and romance. Doubtless the dreamland of many lies among the temple-crowned hills, and haunted fountains of the Old World, where every ruin is rich in storied association, and wreathed with a thousand tender and glorious memories. The sunny plains of Italy, the mountain slopes of Greece, the wild glens of Palestine have indeed all that art or poetry or religion can give to challenge the interest and veneration of all hearts.—Nature herself is there but a secondary object of consideration in the presence of the wonderful histories, the grand dramas which her scenes recall. Other minds love rather to wander far away through southern seas to the strange

beauty and wild luxuriance of tropical lands:—

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag,
Droops the heavy blossomed bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.

But we confess that the hunting grounds of our fancy lie not in those directions. Whether from caprice, or some accident of education, some early childish vagaries strengthened and fed unconsciously, we know not, but the scenes of our day-dreams of romance and adventure, the points to which were turned all dim and longing hopes and inquiries, have ever lain among the wide and free vallies, the great mountain ranges of the Far West. We leave the lands of the olive and myrtle, the graceful myths and splendid realities of their olden time, and turn gladly, as from palace halls where the air is clouded and heavy with the fumes of incense, and haunted with music and song, to those vast untrodden wilds where the winds sweep over the fountains of the

Missouri and her tributaries, or further on—

Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound,
Save its own dashings.

It is perhaps nobody's business to know exactly how many years ago it is since we were a little child, and all the dark days of a certain December found and left us sick and sad conditioned.—Like one of the dreams of that fever it is that we remember yet the face of the good Samaritan who appeared one day at the bedside, binding up our grievances, and taking us at once to a house of entertainment by bestowing on us a beautiful christmas annual, "The Western Souvenir," gorgeous in crimson and gold. The book abounded in tales of Western life and adventure, and pictures of Western scenery. We read it through a great many times that winter, skipping only the love stories and stumbling over the poetry, and from that time forward the words West and Western possessed a strong and feverish interest for us. Washington Irving's "Tour on the Prairies," added to this interest, and his "Adventures in the Rocky Mountains," and "Astoria" completed the charm. No account of those regions ever came amiss to us, and when two years ago appeared Stansbury's Expedition to the Great Salt Lake, we eagerly retraversed that beloved and familiar ground with his company and gladly renewed our acquaintance with the windings of the Sweet Water and the Platte.

We think that no one can look over a map of the vast and almost unknown country lying between the Valley of the Mississippi and the waters of the

Great Ocean, and attentively consider its immense extent, its resources, its grand and varied features, the towering mountains, the flower-lit prairies, and the broad willow fringed rivers slowly rolling thro' the silent wildernesses—without a thrill of admiration and awe. What is to be the future of such a country? Shall it ever be tamed and peopled? Shall civilization and the unresting Anglo-Saxon make highways through those stern and awful defiles, and build churches and postoffices, and carry the fashions even under the solemn shadows of the Wind River Mountains? These questions are not difficult of solution on comparing the narrative of Captain Bonneville's adventures in the Rocky Mountains with Captain Stansbury's report of the same country some twenty years later. Where the early pioneer broke his rugged way through perilous wilds, fording the great streams, and penetrating the mountain gorges with no other guide than the traditions and reports of Indians and trappers, ignorant of the country beyond the verge of their horizon and gathering information as they wandered,—the later traveller led his well appointed military and scientific company along a broad well beaten emigration road, crossing the rivers, by ferries and finding at every turn some trace of the living tide that has poured along that route, beyond those mountain barriers, towards the setting sun and the land of gold.

The greater part of this country has been well known for many years to the trappers and traders connected with the various Fur Companies, which drew from it a rich revenue. Bands of white men and half breeds together roved

over the elevated, untimbered plateaux that stretch on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and either in league, or at war, with the numerous Indian Tribes, whose hunting grounds they were invading, led a wild and perilous life of adventure, as much for its pleasures as for the peltries they sought. Irving gives many a graphic sketch of these free hunters—a class distinct and strongly marked, and who are rapidly passing away with the times and the necessities that produced them.

“There are perhaps no men on the face of the earth who lead a life of more continued exertion, peril and excitement, and who are more enamoured of their occupations than the free trappers of the west. No toil, no danger, no privation can turn the trapper from his pursuit. Drop him in the midst of a prairie, or in the heart of the mountains, and he is never at a loss. He notices every landmark; can retrace his route through the most monotonous plains, or the most perplexed labyrinth of the mountains. His passionate excitement at times resembles a mania.—In vain may the most vigilant and cruel savages beset his path; in vain may rocks and precipices, and wintry torrents oppose his progress; let but a single track of a beaver meet his eye and, he forgets all dangers and defies all difficulties. At times he may be seen with his traps on his shoulder, buffeting his way across rapid streams, amid floating blocks of ice; at other times, he is to be found with his traps swung on his back, clambering the most rugged mountains, scaling or descending the most frightful precipices, searching, by routes inaccessible to the horse, and ne-

ver before trodden by white man, for springs and lakes unknown to his comrades, and where he may meet with his favorite game.”

For those who undertook the perils of exploration for the gratification of curiosity, or the thirst for novelty, there were ample inducements and rich rewards in the magnificent panoramas, the unparalleled scenery that surrounded them. One such view as this from a snowy peak of the Wind River mountains, infinitely overbalances the toil of attaining it, if we may take Captain Bonneville's word—

“He stood at last upon that dividing ridge which Indians regard as the crest of the world; and on each side of which the landscape may be said to decline to the two cardinal oceans of the globe. Whichever way he turned his eye it was confounded by the vastness and variety of objects. Beneath him, the Rocky Mountains seemed to open all their secret recesses; deep, solemn valleys; treasured lakes; dreary passes; rugged defiles, and foaming torrents; while beyond their savage precincts, the eye was lost in an almost immeasurable landscape; stretching on every side into dim and hazy distance, like the expanse of a summer's sea. Whichever way he looked, he beheld vast plains glimmering with reflected sunshine;—mighty streams wandering on their shining course toward either ocean, and snowy mountains, chain beyond chain, and peak beyond peak, until they melted like clouds into the horizon. For a time the Indian fable seemed realized; he had attained that height from which the Black foot warrior, after death, first catches a view of the land of souls, and

beholds the happy hunting grounds, spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of the free and generous spirits."

We confess that there is much in such descriptions and details to stir the imagination, and put to the blush a life of civilized languor and indifference.—We do not wish to be understood as exalting the art of beaver trapping above that of ship-building or of book making.

But when weary of the fevered rivalries, the tea-table conventionalities of our social life, it is pleasant to dream that where Nature exists in primeval grandeur and beauty, Man too, breathing that free wild air, would feel its invigorating, expanding influence, and casting away the dependencies and vices of civilized life, would return to the generous simplicity and innocence of earlier days. It is an old dream, however, and destined never to be realized. More than two hundred years ago an English poet sighed forth "a vehement desire to retire himself to some of the American plantations, not to seek for gold, or enrich himself with the traffic of those parts, which is the end of most men that travel thither, but to escape forever from the vanities and vexations of the world." How provokingly complete the demolition of all such hazy visions in the matter-of-fact hands of Dr. Johnson—"he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek for happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless effort, and multiply the grief which he purposes to remove."

It will not be long that the banks of the Colorado and the Platte will remain unpeopled. A new way of life has ta-

ken the place of the wild foray or solitary adventure, and that is even now come to pass which was thus beautifully foretold not twenty years since:

"The fur trade itself, which has given life to all this portraiture is essentially evanescent. The fur-bearing animals extinct, a complete change will come over the scene: the gay free trapper and his steed, decked out in wild array, and tinkling with bells and tinketry; the savage war-chief, plumed and painted, and ever on the prowl; the trader's cavalcade, winding through defiles, or over naked plains, with the stealthy war party lurking on its trail; the buffalo chase, the hunting camp, the mad carouse in the midst of danger, the night attack, the stampado, the scamper, the fierce skirmish among rocks and cliffs—all this romance of savage life which yet exists among the mountains, will then live but in frontier story, and seem like the fictions of chivalry or fairy tale."

We are sorry to feel so little sympathy as we do, for the native owners of the land, the red men, who are passing away with the wild animals that once roamed their forest with them. But we have never been able to get up any enthusiasm for these unhappy aborigines, these "natures' noblemen." Let us say here once for all that your crafty, unwashed savage in no way approaches our idea of an unsophisticated nobleman. Here and there we light upon some traits among them of generosity or of heroism, but these are the exceptions. The North American Indian has few of the elements of romance about him. The mysterious influences under which they are melting away, disap-

pearing before the pale faced invaders of their soil, is their strongest claim upon our interest and sympathy. It does indeed seem hard for them, as they retreat step by step across the continent, and entrench themselves in their mountain fastnesses in vain, for even there shall the church and the school-house be built, but not for them, and the plow be passed over the graves of their fathers. The characteristics of the various tribes are as distinct as if they were individual personalities. The Root Diggers, poor and simple and timid, contented with dried fish and roots, and seldom aspiring to be the owners of a rifle or a horse, the Crows and their cousins, the Nez Perce's, mercurial and thievish, and philosophically disposed to take the world merrily and easily, knowing varlets at a trade, withal, and not unapt to make a joke of robbing you; the Black-feet, proud and fierce and vindictive, the most untractably savage of them all, and the most dangerous, because better armed and mounted. No, we cannot find it in our hearts to admire an Indian any further than we would an eagle or a wild horse,—

"For we hold the grey barbarian lower than a Christian child."

A part of Bonneville's company, in 1833, were detailed to explore the shores and neighborhood of the strange lake of salt water just beyond the Wahsatch Mountains, and losing their way among the salt deserts on the Western side, they straggled over the California Mountains, down to the little trading post of Monterey, on the Pacific coast. It is amusing to see the entire unconsciousness, the innocence, so to speak,

with which they traversed that land of gold—the *naivete*, with which they noticed the "advantages of the soil"—the capabilities of the harbor of St. Francis, and the possible importance of the Californian country in some future age. The times were not yet ripe for the reaping that golden harvest, and so they blundered back, neither richer nor wiser, over those mountains and valleys that kept so well their splendid secret. If the subjugation of the Far West had waited upon the slow advance of the frontier posts of civilization, step by step from the valley of the Mississippi in the usual course of things several generations would have passed away without seeing much progress. But in the hurried march of Time in these later ages of the world, when great events are crowding upon our horizon, and we seem to be hastening with rapidly increasing momentum to the great consummation of all things—nations are born in a day, and cities and hamlets spring up in the wilderness with magical celerity. Bands of adventurers, and trains of emigrants however well appointed and determined would have been successively swallowed up for many years by the dangers and difficulties of the overland route to the shores of the Pacific. To break a road at once and establish a foothold and station among those wild mountains and their hostile tribes, the march of thousands at a time was needed—united and irresistible in one aim and one enthusiasm.—And this was effected in the exodus of the Mormons, when four thousand men, women and children were driven to put twelve hundred miles of wilderness between themselves and the civilized

world. Suddenly, on the shores of that great Salt Lake, in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains, has sprung up a nation; the State of Deseret, the land of the Honey Bee, has become the half way house of the Far West; and with whatever disgust we may consider the Mormons themselves, we must acknowledge the Providence that ordered them there, and has made them equally with the veins of gold that lie beyond, his instruments in shaping the destiny of this Continent.

There is great pleasure in following Stansbury's expedition to the Mormon country. The cheerful good temper and steady perseverance with which he and his party met and overcame the hardships and perils of the undertaking are inspiring, and in spite of romance there is after all, a certain comfortable assurance of mind to be derived from the presence of barometers, and chronometers on such a journey. Powder and shot are all very well in their way, and by no means to be dispised when beyond the bounds of civilization, but there is to our mind no slight stay in the presence of a theodolite, and we are not sure but that the sight of a triangulation station in a case of perplexity and distress, would be as great a "medicine" in our eyes as in those of the veriest Indian going. Irving's book may be called the poetry of the Rocky Mountains, and Stansbury's the prose. Irving alludes to the privations and perils as if they gave only zest and piquancy to the adventure, but Stansbury says plainly that a supper and breakfast of raw bacon, "dry so" is not good to take, and demonstrates moreover that if you spend the intervening

night on a desert mud flat with nothing but artemisia bushes to shelter you from snow and sleet, instead of finding the romance of your situation sufficient to stir blood, you will be very apt to find yourself frozen stiff in the morning, and be laid up unpoetically enough with the rheumatism. Stansbury's object, however, being not to make picturesque sketches but an accurate and scientific survey of the great Salt Lake, he confined himself to a report of that work. His narrative, though straightforward, is very delightful.

Arriving at the Mormon city too late in the year to commence his survey of the Lake, he spent the winter among that people and both he and his assistant officer, the lamented Gunnison, appeared to return with kindly feelings towards them. The Mormons indeed extended to the party so much generous hospitality, and gave such invaluable assistance in prosecuting their work that it would have been almost impossible to have mentioned them without gratitude and some partiality. The faith professed by the followers of the prophet Smith is such a low and gross fanaticism, such a return to old delusions and shallow mockeries of religion, that we are in danger of holding them too much in contempt and utter scorn. It is difficult to give them credit for any intelligence, or refinement, and provoking to be compelled to allow them any claim to consideration or importance. Yet reinforced as they continually are by throngs of converts from Europe, (and many thousands of proselytes it is said, are still waiting there the means to come over,) it is likely they will grow and flourish for some time to come and

become formidable by their numbers, at least. Looking at the past history of all such sects however, it is consolatory to see that the seeds of discord and disruption are early sown and germinated among them. Where woman is degraded, and where the religion of the Cross is put to open shame, there needs no prophet to foretell the future.—Meanwhile we have some curiosity to know what our government will do with them—"knocking at our doors for admission into the Union!" We think the very knocker would need cleaning after such a use. Yet Stansbury says "that their wishes in this respect will shortly be realized, may be considered certain."

That the Mormons have shown great judgment in their selection of a location and in the cultivation and expansion of its resources, cannot be denied. Turning their attention at once to agriculture and the raising of stock, as the only means of prosperity within their reach in such an inland situation, they have applied themselves with admirable industry and skill to the cultivation of the soil, the erection of mills, the importation of labor-saving machinery, and the improvement of their cattle. The portion of land reclaimed by them is small, but prodigiously productive. The strip of land susceptible of cultivation stretching along the base of the Wahsatch mountains, from about 80 miles north of Salt Lake city, to about 60 miles south of it, embracing the fertile valley of Lake Utah, is studded with flourishing farms, and all over that great Basin wherever a favorable location has been observed, and facilities for settlement, they have planted stations,

which each year sees growing into important towns. Their object is to establish a line of communication with the Pacific, to afford aid to the emigration from abroad. These stations are, of course, connected with each other, and dependent together on the head at Salt Lake, by the bond of their religion, the net-work of the priesthood, which Stansbury seems to think irresistible and indomitable to its enthusiasm and concentration. Gunnison, however, hints at discords and heresies and schisms in the church, and discontent and uneasiness in the social system, which, if human nature there is identical with human nature every where else, seems to us much more probable, and indeed inevitable, than the *couleur de rose* representations of Capt. Stansbury. After enumerating their appropriations for the cause of education—by the way, what will they teach in their University, where are their text-books and their literature?—he winds up thus, and truly we cannot disagree with him:—

"When it is remembered that within the space of four years this country was but a wild and dreary wilderness, where the howl of the wolf and the yell of the miserable Indian alone awoke the echoes of the mountains, and where the bear, the deer, and the antelope roamed securely over what is now a compact and populous city; that in defiance of physical obstacles sufficient to discourage the most sanguine imagination and to appal the stoutest heart, that they have collected a population of some twenty thousand souls, united, persevering and prosperous—the mind is filled with wonder at witnessing the immense results which have been accomplished

in so short a time, and from a beginning apparently so insignificant."

The survey of Salt Lake was commenced in April 1850, and occupied three months of most severe and unremitting toil and privation. The difficulty of procuring fresh water and provisions for so large a party of men, the inadequate means of transporting their supplies, and the barren savage inhospitality of the region they were obliged to traverse contributed to render the survey so unusually arduous and protracted. They built two boats with much difficulty, owing to the scarcity of timber, and with them navigated this solitary sea, visiting and naming all its islands, and erecting on each, triangulation stations. These islands are the resort of myriads of wild fowl, pelicans, gulls, blue herons and wild ducks and geese. Some of the islands are of considerable extent, and green and fertile enough, but most of them are mere barren crests of rock. The water of the lake has been pronounced upon analysis to be "one of the purest, most concentrated brines known in the world." Many scenes of great beauty and grandeur are described with a quiet appreciation which is more to our taste than any labored transports or stilted raptures: Captain Stansbury's eye to business did not interfere with his eye for the picturesque. On the western shore of the lake the land stretches away for many miles, a dead flat of arid sand or salt mud and marsh, to the great range of mountains forming the ancient barriers of what must have once been a vast inland sea. Many lives have been lost on this desert, and much property, by emigrants incautiously entering on it.

Not a drop of fresh water can be found in many days journey. Fremont himself, the great pioneer of that country, had nearly lost his life on one occasion, crossing it. Stansbury, too, had nearly perished, though with every precaution, his mules having been for sixty hours at one time deprived of nearly all sustenance. The whole of this vast extent of land is for human habitation entirely worthless.

On completing his surveys, Stansbury's company left the city of the great Salt Lake in the latter part of August, taking a more southern route homewards, in order to judge of the most practicable route for a road in that direction. It would seem to us that for all practical purposes the roads through those mountains whose canons are filled in the winter with snow to the depth of fifty feet, must be useless for nearly half the year. The route lying between the degrees 38 and 39, so alluringly set forth by Col. Benton is free from this objection according to him. In view of the snow storms, the southern routes are decidedly the only available ones, and we long to see the day when the engineer and chain carrier shall be busy in that magnificent work, a railroad from St. Louis to San Francisco. What a junction it will be when those two cities shake hands in the valleys of the famous Coochatope Pass!—Mr. Benton's speeches are the best possible expositions of that scheme, and we recommend the fullness and comprehensiveness of his details and the graphic power of his sketches to all whose imaginations need stirring up.

One thing pleases us especially, that the largest experience and the greatest

skill in such matters should after all appeal to the oldest inhabitant of that vast country, to sustain their views;—they consult the *Buffalo*, and men are satisfied with his verdict. This is not by any means the first time that Art and Science have taken hints with advantage from the beautiful adaptations and unerring instincts of old dame Nature, at whom they are apt upon occasion to

turn up their noses while they pronounce her old-fashioned and behind the times. We say it is a pleasant and wholesome sight to see these aristocratic dignities leading the wealth and ambition of a continent, meekly pursuing the trail and availing themselves of the blind instinct of the wild Buffalo of the West.

C.

THE LATE ARCHIBALD MACLAINE HOOPER.

I cannot but lament that the gloom of recent domestic calamities prevents the more practised pen of Mr. Loring, "the cherished friend*" of the deceased, from discharging that duty to his memory to which his heart, I know, warmly prompts.

My own inability to fix dates, and thus determine with precision eras in the life of Mr. Hooper; and the scantiness of materials at my command are to me sources of unavailing regret.—would that it were in my power to pay a worthier tribute to the worth of one who honored me with his regard, and correspondence, than is contained in this meagre, and imperfect sketch!

Mr. Archibald M. Hooper was born

in the town of Wilmington in the year 1775, Dec. 7th.

His father, Mr. George Hooper, was the brother of that eminent patriot and jurist William Hooper, Signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was a merchant, and prosecuted trade, for the major part of his life in the town of Wilmington. His intelligent enterprise, and assiduity were, in the end, rewarded with comparative opulence. He was a loyalist from honest conviction; but took no part in the war of the revolution, because he could not find it in his heart to imbrue his hands in the blood of his neighbors. When Major Craig evacuated Wilmington, he accompanied his forces to Charleston, "where he was disposed of in spite and malice, by Craig, in consequence of his great intimacy with Mr. William

* Letter from Johnson J. Hooper to Mr. Loring.

Hill.*" His relations with all the Whig leaders on the Lower Cape Fear were intimate and cordial, and in despite of his politics, survived the revolution. Respect for his character was general, if not universal. He possessed a rigorous intellect, was well informed; and reputed to be a good writer.

Mr. A. M. Hooper's maternal grandfather was Mr. Archibald Maclaine, illustrious for his ability, his attainments, and his patriotism. "In the year 1719 three younger sons of Maclaine of Locktonie in the Highlands of Scotland, all liberally educated, and prepared for the ministry, migrated to Ireland. The eldest of these three, Thomas Maclaine, settled at Monaghan, and was the father of Archibald Maclaine, pastor of the English Church at the Hague."† The latter was the father of our distinguished North Carolinian. In early youth "Mr. Maclaine was one of the firm of Archibald and John Maclaine, engaged in business in the town of Wilmington. John died, and Archibald, the surviving copartner, failed. Nothing but his tall and athletic figure, and the manly beauty of his face, distinguished him at that period. If the judgment of my informant is to be relied on, he was of *no promise*. His education had been confined to English and Arithmetic. He had acquired a very thorough knowledge of accounts under a merchant of Dublin, to whom, I imagine, he must have been apprenticed for the usual time (seven years.) He had no talents for public speaking, was extremely prolix; and,

for *some years* after he had commenced practice, it was believed that he never could succeed. When, at length, he rose it was suddenly, and above his own expectations, as well as the opinions of his friends."* Very soon after Mr. Maclaine came to the Bar, so rapid was his mastery of the Law, his attainment of general knowledge, his expansion of mind that his right to a place amongst the foremost in the profession was at once conceded, and never afterward questioned. Whatever the disadvantages of his youth, his indomitable will and persistent industry soon triumphed over them. He was a member of the Congress at Hillsboro', August 1775; and member of the Committee of Safety for the Wilmington District, in 1776. In the Convention that met at Hillsboro' June 1778, to deliberate upon the propriety of adopting the Federal Constitution, he was the rival of Iredell, Davie, and Johnston, in dialectical skill, learning and eloquence. He was the undoubted superior of any others in that body, though it was a fair representation of the talent of the State. He represented Wilmington many years in the Legislature. "He was one of the Committee appointed to organize the courts. That was a numerous committee. Gov. Samuel Johnston and Archibald Maclaine were members of it; and on them devolved the labor of that great work, which resulted in the celebrated act of 1777, called the Court Law. Maclaine drafted the bill—Johnston revised it."† Mr. Maclaine was a decided Fed-

* Letter from A. M. Hooper.

† Letter from A. M. Hooper.

* Letter from A. M. Hooper.

† Letter from A. M. Hooper.

eralist. His zeal was so intemperate that he especially provoked the enmity of the opposite party. On one occasion, while in Bladen, a cowardly assault was made upon his person by a violent mob. The indignation excited by the insult offered to such a man was almost universal. The rioters were promptly indicted. As it was feared that an effort would be made to obstruct the course of Justice, by the numerous relations and adherents, Gov. Martin issued orders to General Lillington to hold his brigade in readiness for a prompt march to the scene of disturbance, being resolved, at all hazards, to sustain the majesty of the Law. The criminals were committed, I believe, and properly punished. Mr. MacLaine's letters, of which many have been preserved, in my opinion, in point of scholarship, ability, style and chirography, are superior to those of any of his cotemporaries. One of his sons, as ardent a whig as his father, served as a Captain during the Revolution.

Of Mr. Archibald M. Hooper's youth but little is known. I know not who were his teachers, or what the nature of the instructions he received. In early manhood he came to the Bar. In some of the Counties of the State he became the prosecuting officer, perhaps the solicitor, for the Circuit in which he lived.

He was not morally qualified for success, though intellectually equal to any effort. He was guileless, unsuspecting, of child-like simplicity of character.—He "wore his heart upon his sleeve," and as necessarily happens in this world, whose annals are so stained with fraud, and treachery, vice and crime, he suffered much, and often. He was not capacious, but amiable by nature. When

conscious of wrong—woe to him who provoked his wrath! Quick, and flashing with light, his shaft sped, resistless, to the heart of his victim. He was soon suspected of a fondness for polite letters. It was whispered that he not only read but wrote literary essays himself. At that day such a suspicion was fatal to legal reputation. Is it not too true now? I know that there are many honorable exceptions. Let those gentlemen of the Bar, who have connected themselves with the press, answer. Not many years since, I remember that an eminent lawyer, whilst a distinguished rival was addressing the Jury, remarked to a circle of bystanders, of whom I was one—"Oh! he writes poetry." The curl of the lip, the tone, and the action indicated that he thought the stab destined to inflict no inconsiderable wound.

Mr. Hooper, while at the Bar, wedded Miss Charlotte De Berniere, daughter of Col. John De Berniere, of the 60th Regt. of the British Army. He was most fortunate in his selection of a wife. She was a most amiable and estimable lady. She shared, but to lighten the sorrows and cares of his declining years; as she participated in, but to heighten the joys and felicities of his early manhood. She was the mother of his children, and survived him but a few short months.

In disgust, Mr. Hooper abandoned his profession for a more congenial pursuit. He became Editor of the Cape Fear Recorder, and so continued from the first of the year, 1826, to the close of the year 1832. The life of a man of letters is devoid, necessarily, of those striking incidents, which in the memoirs of warriors thrill the nerves, and

in flame the heart with admiration: Yet it is not without its uses. Even when not illustrious, and when it does not produce the great works that charm and instruct successive ages: like the stream it has a beauty of its own—in the calm, and in the sparkle of its waters: and, indirectly, in its power of quickening thought, in generous aid extended to others—its excellence is seen and felt in the plant that catches a rigorous life, as well as in the flower that owes a tenderer hue, to its refreshing waters. The columns of his paper are enriched with sketches, some brief, others more extended, of the “Massaen at the eight mile house,” Harnett, Abner Nash, Caswell, Davie, Irede’ll, Johnston, Moore, and others—all from his own pen. Under his auspices are most interesting contributions to be found from Mr. Joseph A. Hill, Mr. Junius Moore, and Dr. John Hill, young men just commencing a distinguished career, and whose efforts constituted the “Ragout,” whose savory odour lent an additional charm to the “Recorder.” In his career as editor, the flowers which he carelessly strewed along the way will well reward with their perfume the friendly hand, that shall gather them together. After the death of his father Mr. Hooper possessed a large estate.—He owned Maclaine’s Bluff (since known as Mean’s Bluff) and a plantation with extensive Salt works on the Sound.—He, however, had but little idea of the value of money. He was hospitable, deficient in habits of economy, and a too indulgent master to his slaves. He did not know how to desert a falling house. The cry “*Sauve qui peut*” never echoed in his heart. His sympathy deepened

with the misfortunes of his friends. He was embarrassed by his own liberal expenditures, and further involved by others. After manly, but ineffectual struggle, he was reduced from wealth to poverty. That he acted well during his years of adversity and trial I do not doubt. After diligent enquiry I have yet to hear the first charge affecting his honesty as a man or his honor as a gentleman.

About this time Mr. Hooper wrote a memoir of William Hooper, to be seen in Wheeler’s History, and elsewhere. This essay is a fair, and very characteristic specimen of his style as a writer. The compiler of the American Biography or Lives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, in 5 vol. published in Phil. in 1828, while quoting from this sketch, intimates a suspicion that it is “too highly colored.” Unable to realize upon the distant Cape Fear the existence of a society at that period less numerous but more refined than that of Boston or Philadelphia, with shallow arrogance he insinuates his doubt. The sketch is decidedly superior to any other of that great patriot as yet offered to the public. Mr. Hooper does not give us dry words—men skeletons: he breathes life under the ribs of death—he awakens the dead again—the high color is but the glow of animation, the flush of the warm blood, that courses again through the veins; it is but the bloom of fruit ripened under a southern sky—the charm of Bancroft and Prescott, and the English Macauley.

After the termination of his editorial life, Mr. Hooper served sometime as an officer of the Customs. From this post he was discharged by the Collector.—He published a pamphlet over the sig-

nature of Caius Victor. Far be it from me to revive the animosities that provoked its publication, or those that it engendered! Let them rest in the grave, where Mr. Hooper's charity had, as I believe, interred them years before his demise. I deal with the pamphlet as a literary production. I have nothing to do with its personalities. It is embellished with portraits of the different gentlemen who successively filled the office of Collector, from the foundation of the Republic to that day. Mr. Hooper was remarkable for his analyses of character, distinguished for delicacy of touch, finish of minute details, nice discrimination of shades. The sketches alluded to are remarkable for their beauty and felicity.

Mr. Hooper, in the latter part of his life, went to Pittsboro' to reside with his daughter. I had the pleasure of seeing him there sundry times. In conversation he had great power. He was a most fascinating companion. He had great vivacity; abounded in anecdotes and revolutionary reminiscences. He was indeed an "old man eloquent."—He could kindle in the cheek a generous flame, move to mirth, or suffuse the eye with tears, at pleasure.

He here prepared memoirs of Gen'l. Ashe, Wm. Hill, Gen. Howe and others. As a proof of the vivacity of his mind, I quote an extract of a letter written to me when over 70 years old. The extract is interesting in other points of view:

"It was at the battle of Guilford. A division of the British Regulars were advancing with great impetuosity to attack a regiment of the American Army, under Col. Gunly. The regiment was

displayed in lines three deep, in conformity with the principles of military science in that day. The treble ranks stood perfectly still—it might be with immoveable fortitude—or, it might be, in despairing stupifaction, at the approaching onset, that seemed to menace them with terrible destruction. Not a man could be seen to move—not a leg, not an arm, not a head. The whole, was to the gazing eyes of anxious spectators, an inert mass, standing as if rooted to the ground; Davie was one of these spectators. He saw the hostile division, dashing onward, as if to assured victory. His anxiety was wrought up to the highest pitch. Turning to the officer next to him, he exclaimed,—“Great G—d! is it possible that Col. Gunly is going to surrender himself and his whole regiment to the British arms?” At the appalling moment, when he uttered this fearful interrogatory, the British veterans were within 30 paces of their seemingly insensible victims. The words had scarcely fallen from his lips, when a tall figure—it was Col. Gunly, himself—stepped out in front of the line; and in a stentorian voice gave the orders—“Make ready!—Take aim!—FIRE!” The last order was executed with dreadful precision. The foremost veterans were, in Davie's words, mowed down by it; the advancing lines were broken; and before they could recover from the sudden and unexpected check, the same voice was again heard in tones of thunder: “Fix Bayonets!—Charge!” The Whig regiment charged, and recharged with prodigious fire, and determination; and the onset, which a few minutes before, menaced annihilation to everything in its course, was

transformed into a disgraceful rout. An English prisoner standing near to Davie, cried out—"Is it possible that the King's troops, are handled in this sort by a parcel of raw recruits?"

Mr. Hooper adds in a postscript—"By the time this letter reaches you I shall have passed my 70th year. My birth-day will be the 7th Dec. My health is better than it has been for the last 2 or 3 years, which inspires me with the hope of effecting something in the coming year; and tempts me into reveries, of a longer continuance of life and energy." Mr. Hooper wrote much in his declining years—never with the hope or expectation of gain. This never occurred to him. His labors were labors of love. In the year 1849 Mr. Hooper removed to Crawford, Russell county, Ala., with his wife, for the purpose of visiting his son George. He died there A. D. 1853, Sept. 25, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Hooper had issue four sons and two daughters. Of these Maclaine died in his boyhood.—He was the youngest. Mary was distinguished for her blushing modesty, her sprightliness of mind, and extraordinary beauty. Hers was a face, which once seen is never forgotten, but is cherished by the memory with a love such as that with which the connoisseur of painting regards some masterpiece of his cabinet. She lived long enough to awaken a general admiration, and died in the early bloom of her womanhood. Louisa partook of her father's peculiarities. She was, like him, unworldly and unselfish. Of great personal attractions, talents and attainments—she wedded the Rev. Mr. Cobia, of S. C., a gentleman in the last stages of consumption

but to soothe the pains of the sufferer, and smooth his path to the grave. She subsequently married the Rev. Mr. Jno. J. Roberts, of N. C., but survived this union but a few years. A vein of romance seemed to run through her character. She was in the world, yet seemed not of the world. I have been startled with a vision of such loveliness—so artless, yet so informed—in the verse of the poet; but have never met another like herself in actual life. His three oldest sons still live—John DeBerniere, lately Prof. at Chapel Hill—as I think, the most accurate Greek and Latin scholar of his age and day—George a member of the Bar at Columbus, Ga., and like his brother, an admirable scholar; Johnson, whose fame as a humorous writer is American. Of these gentlemen I will only say that we have a right from their antecedents to anticipate for them a career honorable to themselves and useful to the public.

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of embellishing this sketch with an extract from a letter written by Mr. Geo. Hooper for Mr. Loring. I fear I may offend, but the letter has so much merit, it is so like his father's in style that I cannot resist the temptation*. Let the gratification of my readers plead my excuse.†

* I have omitted to state that before Mr. Hooper became Editor of the Recorder, he acted for a while as Cashier of the Wilmington Branch of the Bank of the State of N. C.

† The Letter here referred to was not sent with the copy.—[PUB.]

THE REGIONS OF THE AMAZON.

Hitherto the country of the Amazon and its tributaries has been to us as a sealed book. All that we have known of it has been gathered from sources entirely unreliable, because of the interest that was had in concealing the truth: And unknown it would most likely have still remained, but for the enlightened policy of President Fillmore and his Cabinet. His administration able and patriotic as it was, distinguished alike for its devotion to the interests of the country, its equality of justice, and unflinching integrity, receives its crowning glory from the exploration of the valley of the Amazon. In this he has opened to us and the world in all its grandeur, a vast interminable field of enterprise and wealth;—a country resplendent in beauty, inexhaustible in resources, and dazzling with its matchless splendor of jewels and gold;—a country where nature seems to have lavished all her gifts, and taken peculiar pleasure in decking hill and vale with royal magnificence.

In February 1851, Lieutenants Herndon and Gibbon were ordered, by Mr. Graham of the Navy Department, to explore the Amazon, examine its confluents, and to report their capacities for navigation and commerce. They were to notice the nature and extent of the resources that might lie in concealment there, whether of the field, forest, river, or mine. All this did the com-

petent Lieutenants perform with a degree of skill and accuracy at once creditable to themselves and the government they represented. The result of this expedition is before me. It is comprised in two volumes neatly gotten up and handsomely illustrated. The incidents are related in an easy and engaging manner, free from all affectation. The curious will here find details of absorbing interest, and also facts to corroborate the statements in this article.

Immediately upon the reception of orders, the gallant Lieutenants set out for the field of their labor. In order to direct their steps intelligently, the monasteries at Lima were consulted for information, which proved to be meagre and unsatisfactory; but which aided them materially in forming plans for future operations. Since it was an object of the highest importance that as much of the great basin of the Amazon be explored as the means placed at their disposal allowed, Gibbon and Herndon separated; the former proceeding south by Cuzco to survey the Bolivian tributaries, while the latter descended the main trunk of the river. The sketches of modern Peru are very entertaining, especially those which refer to the sad remains of the grandeur and power of the Incas. We call to mind the deeds of unholy daring which a feverish desire of gold excited in the adventurous troops of Pizarro. The cu-

pidity of these Spaniards was inflamed by rumors of El Dorado, a region filled with gorgeous cities, houses, and temples decorated beyond all that imagination could picture, and ruled by a king whose garments were of in-wrought gold. Notwithstanding these adventures braved the perils of the wilderness in search of this gilded domain, his royal highness was never stripped of his robes or even interrupted at his toilet. The proud dominion of the Incas was at last brought to a tragical end, and all their splendid and massy ornaments of gold fell into the hands of their conquerors, which induced them to think that if this was not El Dorado, that at least it was the long lost Ophir, from whence Solomon obtained so many treasures.

The mineral wealth of this country can scarcely be over-estimated. For centuries it has given to the world untold quantities of gold and silver, and still the mines seem as productive as ever, and as inexhaustible as the mountains themselves. The Silver mines of Cerro Pasco have yielded annually since their discovery in 1630, over two millions of dollars. But the miners are comparatively few and deficient in the art, and the means of transportation are slow and tedious; hence it is that these mines are turned to little account. There are many veins abandoned, and many others which have never been worked at all. Governmental reports of Bolivia show that in one district there are at least four thousand rich veins of gold and silver, only sixty-five of which yield their embosomed wealth. Accounts from other places present facts equally as striking. And besides gold and silver,

there abounds, in the Andes, from the isthmus of Darien to the straits of Magellan, quantities of mercury, lead, iron, copper, tin, antimony, sulphur, salt, nitre, vitriol, &c. The diamond regions on the Tapajos contain in themselves sources of almost unbounded wealth.—A person may sometimes become vastly rich in this region all at once; but diamond hunting is at best but a lottery business, the most engaging in it are injured. But Herndon says, a merchant, by carrying dry goods and groceries to the miners could clear at least five hundred per cent in eight months, on the capital invested. If the fiction of El Dorado is ever dissipated, it will be when science and industry shall develop the minerals of South America. Anglo-Saxon effort would make these rugged hills blossom as the rose, and glow with a splendor beyond conception.

The vegetable kingdom is varied, valuable and abundant. There are many varieties of palms, all of which are useful in furnishing wine, oil, wax or sugar. Trees suitable for building ships are found in great abundance; besides many other kinds fitting for cabinet work, some of which are beautiful, durable and capable of the highest polish. In a South American parlor eight guests can be seated each in a different species of mahogany chair. This is the land for India-rubber, sarsaparilla, ginger, black pepper, arrow-root, indigo, nutmegs, gums, medicinal plants of rare virtue, and dyes of the gayest colors. Delicious fruits grow almost spontaneously, and in the greatest profusion, supplying the indolent native and his next door neighbour, the monkey, with their daily sustenance. Here are oran-

ges, lemons, citrons, pine-apples, pomegranates, pears, figs, melons, peaches, grapes, and many other fruits which become exceedingly luscious to the accustomed palate.

The farmer can raise three crops of Indian corn of good quality during the year. Cotton, tobacco and Sugar-cane flourish; and, in fact, any kind of vegetable, which a warm climate and a rich soil can produce, may be found in the regions of the Amazon. The Coffee bush, with its "dark green leaves, pure white blossoms and scarlet berries" presents a very pretty appearance. The leaves of the coca plant are gathered several times during the year, and sold at a large profit. As the negro values his tobacco, or the Chinaman his opium, so does the Indian of South America prize his coca leaf. Without it he is miserable, with it he is contented and happy. Under its stimulating influence he sometimes performs almost prodigies of labor without food or sleep.

There are many varieties of climate arising from the difference in the degrees of elevation. In the hill country the climate is delightfully fresh and healthy. A constant east wind tempers the vertical rays of the sun so charmingly that you suffer from neither the rigor of winter nor the heat of summer. From a region of snow and ice, one may descend the mountain side and thaw his stiffened limbs under a tropical sun. The winter storm rages around the summit, while the quiet plains below are carpeted in summer's verdure. These plains are certainly the most delightful regions in South America. Vegetation springs up with a rapidity of growth that is perfectly marvellous; and the

harvest is perennial. Egypt, the ancient granary of the Roman empire, furnishes no parallel in fecundity to this. In one field the corn is just peeping from the ground, while in another it is ready for the garner. On the mountain tops is everlasting winter, but here reigns perpetual spring. Tarma is a beautiful place, situated in a valley, and embosomed among trees and flowers. A green lawn stretches out in front, while the mountains that rise on either side are covered with waving fields of barley, nearly to their tops.

Although this is a remarkably healthy place, yet Herndon gives it as his opinion that a young graduate of medicine from the U. S. could go there, marry a pretty girl in high standing, and get into a practice that would enrich him in ten years. Harken, ye *patientless* and *penniless* students of *Æsculapius*!

The regions watered by the "King of Rivers" produces more wild animals than any other country on the globe. Cattle and horses browse on the endless pampas; the woods swarm with game, and the rivers are stocked with fish, turtles and alligators. Here is found the black tiger, the ant-eater, the sloth, the fish-ox, the anta, or wild cow, the boa constrictor, the anaconda, and birds of all shapes and sizes, and of the most brilliant plumage. Here also is found the mysterious gymnotus and electric eel, together with insects of the strangest forms and gayest colors. It is difficult in a few lines to give an adequate idea of the extent of the animals found here.

The population is very small compared with the richness of the country.

Some of the first class people are wealthy and intelligent, but the majority are ignorant and indolent, and aspire to nothing beyond a rude existence. The more educated have schools in which the boys are drilled in Latin grammar, and the girls in butterfly accomplishments. They are polite and agreeable in their manners, and are full of gayety and life. In the mountains where fuel is scarce they dance and play romping games till bed-time, thus dispensing with the necessity of fire;—a decidedly merry way of spending cold dreary evenings. North American midshipmen used to say that it was the height of their enjoyment to dance with these girls. Lieut. Gibbon thus handsomely describes the young ladies about the Capital of Bolivia. "The beauty and grace of the ladies here cannot be doubted. They are naturally gifted with a pleasing flow of conversation, are keensighted and witty. Their bright black eyes flash beneath an irresistible and modest smile. Their long black hair is neatly arranged when abroad, but at home it hangs plaited over their shoulders. Their motions are slow and steady; and they show their snow-white necks and graceful figures to advantage." They receive with modesty compliments from their beaux, and when addressed speak out and to the point, answering *serious* questions affirmatively. Such girls, I trow, would not be "wall flowers" even in this ungallant place.

The Indians, once masters of this whole continent, now exercise but little influence in its political affairs. Many savage tribes have maintained their independence, while others have been sub-

dued and enslaved. These are mild and submissive to the powers that be, and view with philosophical composure all changes in the affairs of government. Some of the Indian girls are decidedly beautiful;—of clear complexion and regular features; black eyes, black hair, perfectly white teeth, hand and feet exquisitely shaped, and of a most perfect figure. Gibbon says they would make neat house keepers.

The Amazon is a majestic river. It discharges six times as much water as the Mississippi, and is one hundred and eighty miles wide at its mouth. The island navigation that this river and its tributaries afford is immense, being estimated at fifty thousand miles, and the extent of the basin has been computed to be about two-fifths of South America, or two millions of square miles. The capacities of this country for yielding the comforts and luxuries of life are inconceivably great, yet the ignorant and selfish policy of Brazil would rather suffer it to remain in a state of nature, than to open the Amazon to free navigation. We have secured the right of trading in the Peruvian tributaries, but Brazil, in violation of a principle of international law, has forbidden us to make any attempt to ascend that river. If she could be induced to throw off the restrictions, happy would be the result.—The valley would unfold its giant powers, foreign capital would flow in, the clumsy river crafts would give place to the symmetrical steamers, the wilderness would brighten with glories of growing grain; and cities that might eclipse the wealth and grandeur of ancient Thebes or Rome would spring up on its banks.

Lieut. Maury's investigations of the currents of the ocean show that the trade of this river *must* pass by our very doors. A cork thrown into the Amazon will float through the Gulf of Mexico, along the gulf stream, and will pass close by Cape Hatteras. Vessels are driven in this same channel. Hence it is that we of all others should be most interested in the free navigation of this river, for ours will be the lion's share of the advantages. "The greatest boon," says Herndon, "in the wide world of commerce is the free navigation of the Amazon and its confluent. This rolling stream and its magnificent watershed, would start up, at the touch of steam and the hand of civilization, into a display of industrial results, that would indicate the valley of the Amazon to be one of the most enchanting regions on the face of the earth." He continues with enthusiasm;—"Had I the honor to be mustered among the statesmen of my country, I would risk

political fame and life to have the commerce of this noble river thrown open to the world."

When this is done, we will no longer have to exclaim with Byron:

"Strange that where nature meant to trace,
As if for gods, a dwelling place,
There man, enamored of distress,
Should marr it into wilderness."

Then will this country offer inducements more flattering and substantial to the aspiring and adventurous youth than California or Australia has ever presented. The plantations and cities that crown the Mississippi present a scene of life-stirring industry and happiness; but what imagination can picture the brilliancy with which the future will dawn upon this river, whose capacities are so inconceivably great.—May the time soon come when these hidden resources shall be developed for comfort and happiness of the human race!

ALMON.

TO MISS L. W.

BEFORE I saw your lovely face,
Beheld your beauty and your grace,
Regard for woman was to me
A dull, a cold formality,
What made my pulse beat quick and warm,
When first I saw your beautiful form?
What makes my heart fair maid to be

Awake or sleeping still on thee?
Is it because your face is fair?
Is it your smile is kind?
No gentle, it is because
I see the beauties of your mind.

W.

AN OUTLINE OF THE LIFE OF GOV. CASWELL, WITH A SELECTION OF LETTERS.

We hope ere long to present to our readers a somewhat full sketch of the life and times of Gov. Caswell—a sketch more worthy of the high merits and conspicuous position of the man, and shewing his connection with the public events of his day, and the influence he exerted on their direction and movement. To the rather meagre outline given below, we have appended a number of letters from various persons, never before printed. Some of them throw light upon various public transactions in which he was engaged, or upon points connected with his history, which have been matters of uncertainty, or at least of question; and some of them relate to his private and domestic affairs—in regard to which very few documents, we regret to say, have been preserved. We have arranged them all in chronological order, as being on the whole, and for all purposes, the most convenient. We should perhaps add that the letters are printed as exactly as possible, even in spelling and punctuation. It is worthy of remark that those of Gov. Caswell which were written in circumstances of the deepest anxiety, as on the eve of battle, or after a disastrous defeat, present the same bold, untrembling hand, and all evidences of coolness, as those written in his most deliberate moments.

RICHARD CASWELL was born in Maryland, August 3d 1729. In 1746 he was induced by unsuccessful mercantile speculations of his father, to leave his home and seek his fortunes in the then

colony of North Carolina. Bearing letters to Gov. Johnston from the Governor of Maryland, he soon received employment in one of the public offices. Subsequently he was appointed deputy surveyor of the colony, and clerk of the County Court of Orange in 1753.

He finally settled himself in Dobbs, (now Lenoir) county, where he married Mary Mackilwean, who bore him one son, William. He afterwards married Sarah, the daughter of William Heritage, an eminent attorney, under whom he had studied law. He had obtained a license and practiced the profession with great success. In 1754 he was chosen a member of the Colonial Assembly from Johnston county, which he continued to represent till 1771. In this and the preceding year he was made the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was also Colonel of the militia of his county, and, as such, commanded the right wing of Gov. Tryon's forces at the battle of Alamance, May 16th 1771.

In 1774 he was one of the delegates to Congress, with William Hooper and Joseph Hewes, and was continued in this office in 1775. In September of this year, having been appointed Treasurer for the Southern district of N. C. he resigned his seat in the Congress.—On the 27th of February 1776 he com-

manded at the battle of Moore's Creek, in which, with the minute men from Dobbs, of whom he was Colonel, in conjunction with others from Craven, Johnston and Wake, and those from Wilmington under Col. Lillington, in all, about one thousand, a complete victory was gained over a large party, some eighteen hundred, Loyalists, chiefly Scotch Highlanders from the upper Cape Fear, under Gen. McDonald. The loss of life in this action was not great, but the influence it had upon the fortunes of the war in the South was of the highest moment. It prevented the intended junction of the Loyalists of the colony with a large military and naval force which was designed to co-operate with them under Sir Henry Clinton, and had been sent to the Cape Fear for that purpose. Had the junction been effected, the Tories would have been in the ascendant in North Carolina, and the royal power re-established there; communications between the colonies north and south of it would have been cut off, and a most favorable base line have been secured for operations against Virginia and the North. The estimate formed by his contemporaries of Caswell's merits in this affair is clearly shown in the Resolve passed by the Provincial Congress on the 13th of April, "That the thanks of this Congress be given to Colonel Richard Caswell, and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for the very essential service by them rendered this country at the battle of Moore's Creek;"—and by the further fact that on the 22d of the same month, the same body appointed him "Brigadier General of the Militia for the district of Newbern." In

November of the same year he was chosen President of the Provincial Congress, which framed the Constitution of the State, and was elected the first Governor under it. This office he held during the stormy and perilous period of 1777, 1778 and 1779. He refused to receive any compensation for his services.

The General Assembly, which was held at Newbern in April, shewed in several acts their reliance on his varied and eminent abilities. They established a Board of Trade, at the head of which they placed Gov. Caswell, and associated with him Robert Bignal, a merchant of Edenton, and Benjamin Hawkins, "for the express purpose of carrying on a trade for the benefit of this State," and authorizing them "to do all things they may deem necessary for carrying on the said trade to the best advantage." In an act, passed at the same session, "for granting an aid to the State of South Carolina," after ordering a levy of four thousand men, and empowering Gov. Nash to call out, for that purpose, as many more, in case of need, they say, "and be it further enacted, that Richard Caswell, Esq., be, and he is hereby constituted and appointed Major General, to command the aid hereby ordered to be raised, as well as *all the militia belonging to this State now in service*, who shall be entitled to the same rank, pay, and subsistence, as a Major General in the continental army, on a separate and distinct command." The terms of this commission made him commander in chief of the militia of the State, and though his friendly relations with the Governor were not interrupted thereby, might have proved an offence to that magistrate hardly less than the ap-

pointment of the Board of war, or the institution of the Extraordinary Council.

In the same year he led the troops of North Carolina, under Gen. Gates, and was engaged in the disastrous battle at Camden. In 1782 he was chosen speaker of the Senate, and Comptroller General, and continued to discharge the duties of both offices till 1785, when he was again elected Governor of the State, which station he held in 1786 and 1787. The Assembly of 1787 elected him a delegate to the Convention which was to meet at Philadelphia in May of that year, to form a Federal Constitution, and conferred on him the extraordinary power, in case of his inability to attend, to select his successor. William Blount was selected by him, and his name is appended to that instrument. In 1789 he was elected Senator from Dobbs county, and also a member of the convention which, in November ratified the Federal Constitution. When the General Assembly met, he was chosen speaker of the Senate. But his course was run. His second son, Richard, had been lost on his passage by sea from Charleston to Newbern, and the father certainly entertained the opinion that he had been taken by pirates and carried to Algiers, or murdered. This and other events threw a cloud on his mind from which he seemed never to have recovered. While presiding in the Senate, on the 5th of November, he was struck with paralysis, and after lingering speechless till the 10th, he expired, in the sixtieth year of his age. His body was, after the usual honors, conveyed to his family burial place in Lenoir, and there interred.

As a statesman his patriotism was

unquestioned, his discernment was quick, and his judgment sound; as a soldier, his courage was undaunted, his vigilance untiring, and his success triumphant.

The following notice of the public mourning at the decease of Gov. Caswell, is taken from the "State Gazette of North Carolina," for Dec. 3d, 1789:

FAYETTEVILLE, Nov. 16.

Extract from the Journal of the Senate.

FRIDAY, Nov. 6.

The House met, when Mr. Blount informed that his Honour the Speaker was so indisposed as to be incapable of attending the duties of the chair:—"Whereupon, it was proposed, that a Speaker be appointed *pro tempore*; and on motion, Mr. Charles Johnson was unanimously chosen."

TUESDAY, Nov. 10.

Mr. Bloodworth informed, that the Honorable Richard Caswell, Esq., had departed this life.

Whereupon, on motion of Mr. Bloodworth, seconded by Mr. Skinner, Charles Johnson, Esq., the Speaker *pro tempore*, was unanimously chosen speaker of this House. Ordered that the following message be sent to the House of Commons:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen: This House having received information of the decease of the Honorable Richard Caswell, Esq., their late Speaker, propose that a joint committee be appointed to direct and conduct the mode and order of his interment, and have appointed on our part; for this purpose, Mr. Blount, Mr. Skinner and Mr. Bloodworth.

Received from the House of Commons the following message:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen: This

House have received the message of your's containing the information of the much to be lamented death of your late speaker, and concurred with your proposition for a committee to direct the mode of his interment, and have appointed Mr. Davie, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Thomas Blount, Mr. Lock, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Person, a committee on our part for this purpose.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 11.

Mr. Blount, from the committee appointed to conduct and direct the mode and order of burial of the corpse of the Honorable Richard Caswell, Esq., late speaker of this House, delivered in the following, which was agreed to, viz :

The Clergymen and Doctors precede the corpse.

THE CORPSE.

The relations of the deceased as chief mourners.

The members of the Senate, two and two.

The members of the House of Commons, two and two.

The Governor and Secretary of State.

Treasurer and Comptroller.

Clerks of the General Assembly.

Other persons attending, two and two.

"That the General Assembly go into mourning one month."

The deceased being the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, the officers and members of the Grand Lodge, and the officers and members of the different Lodges present, attended the procession in their Masonic dress and order. The pall was supported by six members of the Grand Lodge, who were also members of the General Assembly, and all the usual ceremonies and forms were duly observed. The order of procession was strictly attended to, and closed by a very respectable and numerous body of citizens.

This gentleman was a member of the first Congress, in the year 1775—was the first Governor under the present Constitution, and at all times since, when the Constitution would permit. He came early into the Legislature, and was thirty-five years in succession a member, except when he was in the more honorable station of Governor, and ever ranked among the first of patriots and best of men.

ON THE DEATH OF GOV. CASWELL.

BY

ALEXANDER MARTIN.

Behold, the Patriot's fled,
He's numbered with the dead;
The mortal part is clay,
Himself is winged away.

The distant orbs that crown the night
Have set bounds unto his flight,
Far, far, beyond yon azure sphere,
No more again to meet us here.

Ye patriot bands lament !
He oft before you went,
When hostile British foe
Essayed your overthrow.

He ranged your ranks in martial pride,
When British foe stretched far and wide.
Great was his honor, great his fame ;
Nought now remains but Caswell's name.

Let solemn music sound !
No firmer friend was found ;
No threats could make him yield,
Nor terrors quit the field.

Ye maidens fair, lament his death !
For you he wove the laurel wreath ;
He saved you from outrageous wrong ;
Rehearse his name in solemn song.

Well versed in the laws,
He saved the poor man's cause ;
Oppression hid its head
When he the action led.

No more will he be seen to stand,
Beheld by the admiring band ;
Protecting truth, convicting wrong,
For now he's joined the angelic throng.

Let Carolina's dales,
 Her mountains and her vales
 On Caswell's name reflect;
 His memory respect.
 First independent chief by law,
 Oft freeman you his greatness saw,
 Honor and fame did on him wait;
 Justice and truth adorned the seat.

Ye sons of ancient day
 Your chief is gone away.
 No more will obscure night
 Obstruct his wandering sight.
 For you remains his Tomb to raise,
 Formed on virtue's lasting praise,
 And real worth which shall endure,
 When Sun and Moon are both obscure.

—
 The Will of Governor Caswell was dated July 2d 1787; from which it appears that of his brothers, Samuel, Benjamin and Martin, the former was already dead, as were his two eldest sons, William and Richard. His wife, Sarah, was then living, as were of his children, Winston, Anna, who had married—Fonville, afterwards Mrs. White, of Raleigh, Dallam, John and Susannah. Of these sons, Dallam was the only one surviving so late as July 20th 1779.

—
 PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1775.

My Dear Son: By a Gentleman Bound to Tar river, I now write to inform you, that after I parted with you at Halifax, Mr. Hewes and myself proceeded on our journey, as follows: Sunday evening we arrived at Petersburg, in Virginia, where we met the express, with an account of a battle between the King's troops and the Bostonians, the next day we crossed James' river and lodged at Hanover Court House, where we had an account of 1500 men being under arms to proceed to Williamsburg, in order to oblige Lord Dunmore to return some powder he had taken out of

the magazine and lodged on board of a man-of-war in James River, what was done in that matter we have not since heard, the next day we were constantly meeting armed men, who had been to escort the delegates for Virginia on their way towards this place, we lodged that night at Port Royal, and were only two or three hours after the Virginia gentlemen, the next day we got down to Potowmack side before the boats returned that had carried the Virginians over. Here were part of the militia of these counties under arms and in the uniforms of hunting shirts; they received us and conducted us on the return of the boats to the water's edge with all the military honors due to General Officers. We then crossed the river and learned at the ferry on Maryland side, that a company of Independants in Charles county had attended the Virginia delegates, from thence under arms. We proceeded and overtook them at port Tobacco, where indeed the Independants made a most glorious appearance. Their company consisted of 68 men, beside officers, all genteelly drest in scarlet and well equipped with arms and warlike implements, with drum and fife. Sentinels were placed at the doors and occasionally relieved during the time we stayed there. The next morning we all set out together and were attended by the Independants to the verge of their county, where they delivered us to another company of Independants in Prince George county, they in like manner to a second, and that to a third, which brought us through their county. We lodged that night at Marlborough, and the next day though we met with a most terrible gust lighting, thunder, wind, hail and rain, ar-

rived at Baltimore, at the entrance of which town we were received by four Independent companies, who conducted us with their colors flying, drums beating, and fifes playing to our lodging at the Fountain Tavern, (Grants.)

The next day we were prevailed on to stay at Baltimore, where Col. Washington, accompanied by the rest of the Delegates, reviewed the Troops. They have four Companies of 68 men each, complete, who go through their exercises extremely clever. They are raising in that town three other companies, which they say will soon be full. We were very genteelly entertained here in the Court House. The next day we breakfasted at my old master Haynes', and dined at Susquehanah, crossed the river and lodged at the Ferry House.—As I had in some measure been the cause of the Virginia gentlemen going round the Bay by recommending that road, and being the only person in company acquainted with the road, I was obliged to keep with them, so that I did not call on any of my relations. I sent George in to Jos. Dallams, where he left the letters I brought for our Friends, and was informed, my Grand Mother and all friends were well, except Mr. Dallam, who has been poorly some time. The next day we got to Wilmington, where we fell in with several of the Maryland delegates, and came all into this city to dinner on the 9th instant. Yesterday the Congress met agreeable to appointment, and this day it was resolved that they enter upon the consideration of American grievances on Monday next. Here a greater Martial spirit prevails, if possible, than I have been describing in Virginia and Maryland. They have 28

companies complete, which make near 2000 men, who march out to the Common and go through their exercises twice a day regularly. Scarce any thing but warlike music is to be heard in the streets. There are several companies of Quakers only, and many of them beside enrolled in other companies promiscuously. Tis said they will in a few days have 3000 men under arms, ready to defend their liberties. They are raising men in New York and all the Northern Governments. The Yorkers, I am told by their Delegates are determined to defend their liberties, and since the action between the King's troops and the Provincials scarcely a Tory is to be found amongst them. I herewith enclose you a paper in which is a list of the killed and wounded of King's troops. But tis said this is not genuine, a much greater number being actually killed. On the side of the Bostonians 37 were killed outright, 4 are missing, and I forget the number of wounded, I think thirty odd. Thus you have the fullest account I am able to give of these matters, and as the account is so long 'twill not be in my power to communicate the same to any other of my countrymen and friends, but through you; you may therefore remember me in the strongest manner to your uncles, Capt. Bright and others of my particular friends. Show them this letter, and tell them it will be a reflection on their country to be behind their neighbors; that it is indispensibly necessary for them to arm and form into a company, or companies of Independants. When their companies are full, 68 private men each, to elect officers, viz: a Captain, 2 Lieutenants, an Ensign and subalterns, and to meet as of-

ten as possible and go through the exercise; receive no man but such as can be depended on, at the same time reject none who will not discredit the company. If I live to return I shall most cheerfully join any of my countrymen, even as a rank and file man, and as in the common cause. I am here posed to danger; that, or any other difficulties, I shall not shun whilst I have any blood in my veins, but freely offer it in support of the liberties of my country. Tell your uncles (the Clerk and Sheriff,) it may not be prudent for them so far to engage, yet awhile, as to risk the loss of their offices, in any company. But you, my dear boy, must become a soldier, and risk your life in support of those invaluable blessings, which once lost posterity will never be able to regain. Some men, I fear, will start objections to the enrolling of companies, and exercising the men, and will say it will be acting against Government.—That may be answered that it is not so. That we are qualifying ourselves, and preparing to defend our country, and support our liberties. I can say no more at present, but that, may God Almighty protect you all, and his blessing attend your good endeavours, is the ardent prayer of my dear child.

Your affectionate Father,
R. CASWELL.

Mr. WILLIAM CASWELL.

P. S. Only show this letter to such as I have described above, and don't let it be copied. Consult Capt. Bright, &c.

NEWINGTON, Thursday, 12 o'clock, }
18th April, 1776. }

My Dear Son :—I am just returned from Halifax, where I procured an Or-

der for the discharge of our Troops, a Copy of which I enclose you. I, assisted by some of our Friends, tried to get you and Benj. Williams promoted to the Rank of Captain in one of the new Regiments to be raised, to no purpose, as the Congress determined every officer should rise in the Regiment only that he was first appointed to, by which means your venturing first into the service of your Country hinders your promotion. Capt Bright has resigned.—Capt. White is appointed Major of the Second Regiment, so that there are two Captancies Vacant, Mr. Fenner and Mr. Herritage ought to fill them, but whether that will be the case or not, I know not, you will be best able to Judge according to this way of settling rank whereabouts you will be, and whose 2d Lieutenant, which I suppose is as high as you can expect to be. You will also be informed that many young Lads who come now into Service as Captain and Lieutenants will rank before you. Now whether will you Tamely Submit to be thus treated, or will you resign and come home to planting? I leave it to yourself; if you come home How will you dispose of the Men? I have sent to find John Herritage out but can't learn where he is, or what he will do. If you are ordered by a Superior Regular Officer to deliver the Men, or Join the 2d Regiment there, I suppose you must do it, but if no such Orders you had better March them to Newbern with the Craven Men, and Assist in getting the Artillery along, this I suppose may be done by a Sergeant, and you come up here by Tuesday night, as I purpose to set out for Halifax Wednesday morning, and would wish you to go with me

where you may either resign or know where you are to go, and with whom, you have not engaged your Men for any Regiment, therefore are at Liberty I think to turn them over where you can, with their Consent, elsewhere I would not. You may, if you will, Com-pleat the Company. I suppose out of the Militia as £3 is directed to be Advanced, and 40s Bounty, I will send you some Money by Dukey, but don't let this keep you longer, if you can Avoid it, than Tuesday night; if you do not come, either let Dukey or some one else come express to me by that Time, if Captain and Lieutenant Cobbs both come away Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Cox or Mr. Ingram will take charge of the Waggors, pray see that all my things are Secured in it—if you or Mr. Herritage are to stay at Cape Fear, you might keep the Tent, Cot, Table and Chairs with a Case, However, this I must leave to you, in which, prudence I hope, will direct you, we are all well, if I don't see you, let me hear any News you may be possessed of—give my Compliments to Capt. Cobb and his Kinsman; let them know I expect they will be at Kingston by Tuesday night. I therefore write nothing to them, but refer to Col. Bryan and Capt. Daly.

I am, dear Billy,

Your affectionate,

R. CASWELL.

P. S. John Herritage says he will not go into service again under his former commander.

I send 50 bills of 2 Dollars, 100.

50 half Dollars, 25.

50 quarter Dollars, 12 1-2.

137 1-2

Make £55.

CAMP, THOMPSON'S CREEK, S. C. }

3d August, 1780. }

Dear Sir: Generals Rutherford and Gregorys, Brigades are now Joined at this place, three miles below the Cheraw Hill. We shall march to-day towards Camden; expect to Join Gen'l Gates with the Maryland line, and perhaps Gen'l Stevens, with the Virginia Militia, in our Rout thither. We have about 100 British prisoners in Camp some of whom are unable to march; such as are I shall send immediately to Hillsborough under the care of Capt. (?) John Arnold of Randolph county, there to be disposed of as your Excellency shall think proper, The others I have written to Col. George Hicks of this State to take care of. We have also a Considerable number of Tory prisoners some of whom are Capital offenders and subjects of No. Carolina's of the District of Salisbury these on account of the insufficiency of the Gaol at Salisbury we shall be obliged to march under the care of our Marshall Guard until we have an Opportunity of putting them under the Care of some Western Militia on whom we can depend. I cannot give your Excellency any further intelligence than what I communicated in my Letter by Mr. Neale. The enemy I am told are posted at Linches Creek, on the Road between this and Camden about forty miles from Here where I suppose they mean to make a stand if they do I hope we shall be able to give a Good account of them.

I promise myself the pleasure of Writing you by some Gentlemen who go in to the Assembly, and flatter myself (it will be) from Camden.

I have the Honor to be with the utmost respect and esteem,

Dear sir, your Excellency's
most ob't and very humble serv't,
R. CASWELL.

Gov. NASH.

S. C. CAMP, Near Anderson's, }
30 miles W. of P. D., }
August 5, 1780. }

Dear Sir : I cannot omit so good an Opportunity, (by Col. Long,) of writing you, tho' I have little information to give you since my letter of the 3d instant, by Capt. Arnold, whom I sent to Hillsborough with 34 British prisoners. We are now thirty miles from the Cherraws on the Camden road waiting for Gen. Gates's coming up with the Maryland line, he will be with us in a few Hours, 14 miles from hence (Lynches Creek,) the enemy have a post and I am told intend to meet us from thence or wait our Arrival and give us Battle. Their Strength we cannot get an exact account of, our information is from 700 to 2900. If the latter is true, I imagine they have Collected their whole force, out of Charles Town, where 'tis said they have not more than 1000 men, they have also several Bodies of Tories on the branches of Lynches Creek and from thence 'tis thirty miles to Camden, a Major Davie of Mecklenburg has had two Small Skirmishes within a few days past with the Tories near the Catawba in which he was successful—That we shall be so I trust, if we come to Action our Men, though worn down with fatigue and in some Measure want of Bread, are yet in Spirits, and I flatter myself will behave well on Tryal. Some Gentlemen of the Army will come in to the Assem-

bly by them, if in the Land of the living, I promise myself the pleasure of giving you a more Satisfactory Account, you will guess my situation when I inform you that we have been for twenty Hours in full expectation of each Hour's producing an Action I do not Sleep, of Course I am not well, But with great regard and Esteem, I have the honor to be,

Dear sir, your Excellency's
Most Obedient and very
Humble servant,
R. CASWELL.
His Excellency Gov. NASH.

SALISBURY, Aug. 19, 1780.

Dear Sir : I am persuaded that you have been before this or at least will before this reaches you, be informed by General Gates, who went on two days ago towards Hillsborough of our unfortunate defeat by the enemy near Camden the 16th inst. I shall therefore not trouble you with the particulars on this unhappy affair. On my arrival at Charlotte I immediately issued orders for the Scattered Troops to repair to that place, and for those who were in our rear at the Time of the defeat, to-wit, Seawells from Halifax, Jarvis from Edenton, and Pasteurs from Newbern to march also to Charlotte, I have likewise called on all the militia in the Counties of Rowan, Mecklenburg and Lincoln to assemble to-morrow at the same place, They are gathering fast, and I make no doubt we shall make a formidable Camp in a few days.

Our people in the panick were so lost to their own Security and the Service of their country as to throw away their Arms and Catridge Boxes it therefore

becomes necessary that the Arms lately sent out of Virginia, purchased by Maj. Eaton, should be sent to Camp, I had some Time ago wrote to Col. Long to send them to Hillsborough where I hope they are and you will order them directly on if they are not there, I flatter myself you will be pleased to send immediately to Halifax and direct them to be sent forward with a Ton of Lead.

Yesterday I dispatched Dr. William-son, from Charlotte, with a Flag to the British Camp in order to obtain a List of the killed wounded and prisoners of our unhappy Country men and to assist the Wounded, if they allow him to stay for the latter purpose, he has two Light Horsemen with him by whom I expect a return in a few days, when I will Communicate the same to your Excellency.

I am to be at Charlotte again to-morrow in the neighborhood of which place I shall endeavor to form a Camp and when I have collected such force as I possibly can, will put them under proper Command and come in to the Assembly unless it shall appear that my presence with the Army is absolutely necessary or your orders prevents it Having Lost all our public and private Stores, I shall have to take the Field with only my Blanket without a Tent or any Camp necessities, my Constitution will not Support me long in that Situation and my present weak State of Health with the Fatigues I am daily obliged to undergo, will soon render me unfit, for any command and I fear Gen. Rutherford is Killed or Captured, Butler and Gregory are missing, Gregory's Horse was killed under him, Rutherford received a Wound in his thigh, But I

saw Butler in the retreat, since which I have heard nothing from him, I will endeavor to find him out and if he is Living and able to take Charge of the Troops, give him the Command when I leave them.

If your Excellency does not find a Sufficient number of Members to Constitute the General Assembly at Hillsboro' I submit to you the propriety of appointing a meeting of that Body at this place where the greater No. of the Members belonging to the Army could Attend and where the State of matters Relating to the Army could be with greater Certainty—and precision understood, if no Assembly meets, Certainly your Excellency and Council will repair here.

I hope the Steps I have taken in calling out the Militia will meet your approbation and that of the General Assembly, as you may assure yourselves that nothing would have enduced me to have pursued such a measure but the Security of the Country.

I beg leave to refer you to Major Spaight who will deliver you this for any particular information which has not been given you by Gen. Gates.

I have the Honor to be with very great respect and esteem

Your Excellency's most obed't

[And very humble servant

R. CASWELL.

His Excellency Gov. NASH.

HILLSBOROUGH, Sept. 10th, 1780.

Dear Sir: *I had the pleasure to receive your favour, dated the 15th ul-

* To the letters of Gen'l Caswell in relation to the battle of Camden, and immediately sub-

time, and am much obliged for the intelligence communicated. I anxiously hope some important blow will be struck to the Northward that may compensate for our misfortunes in this part of America. Our prospects here a month ago were as favourable as could have been wished—You know, sir, the requisition of Congress for specific supplies, did not arrive in this State till after the rising of the Assembly in May,—of course we had nothing to depend on (as to magazines, &c.) but the provisions supposed to be laid up by the Continental Commissaries, and our State money—the latter, all your staff officers have been supplied with, to an amazing amount, and yet the army has been distressed greatly for want of regular supplies;—However, sir, we had in this respect nearly overcome all our difficulties, waggons had been collected, the new crops of wheat were beginning to come in, beef had got in good order, the second draft of militia had been drawn out, and were forward on their march to head-quarters; many waggons loaded with spirits were also on the road and near camp: And in order to provide effectually against any future wants of the army, I had appointed a meeting of the General Assembly at Hillsboro, on the 20th ultimo; on the other hand

the enemy had given up to us, the rich country of Pee Dee, and had retired to Camden, where they were in the deepest distress, with sickness, and the want of provisions and forage. Having thus in a manner insured the safety of this State, and part of South Carolina, and having got into the midst of that plenty on Pee Dee, which the enemy had before been enjoying, everything indicated the most successful and happy conclusion of the campaign, when unfortunately it was determined to march directly on thro' the desert country, between Pee Dee and Camden, and to attack the enemy, whose numbers were unknown, and thereby put to the risk of a single battle, all the advantages we had obtained, as well as the sure and certain prospects of future Success we had in view. As might have been foreseen and dreaded, so it turned out—the militia harrassed with hard marches, over a sandy, barren desert, and being attacked by the enemy in the night, six miles from Camden, on ground they had never seen, lost their spirits and got into confusion. At this period, however, the army might have been saved; they only retreated about five or six miles to Rugby's Mills where I am told, a post might have been taken of perfect security—instead of this, they were drawn up for battle, and remained so till day light, when the enemy began the attack on our left, where the Virginia militia were posted; these broke, on, and partly before the first fire, our militia next in the line followed their example as far on as to General Gregory's brigade, who bravely stood to the last and pushed bayonets, after their ammunition was exhausted. On the breaking of the left

sequent events, we have concluded to append a letter from Gov. Nash, and another from Orondates Davis to Willie Jones, then a member of the Continental Congress at Philadelphia. Mr. Davis was shortly afterwards appointed a member of the Board of War. His associates were Alexander Martin and John Penn. These letters will dissipate, to some extent the obscurity in which the most important events of that disastrous battle field have hitherto been involved.

wing of our line, the enemy rushed forward in pursuit, until they were checked (as they very handsomely were) by the brave General Smallwood and his corps of reserve;—he fought and retreated, and the left of our standing troops being now entirely exposed, they were attacked in flank and rear, as well as front; however by their superior bravery they effected a good retreat, but unfortunately no post had been assigned to retreat to in case of accidents, nor were there any provisions laid up any wherein the rear, so, that the men had to make their way as they could through the country, each man and little company of men taking what route they thought best.—In short, sir, in half an hour from the beginning of the action, our army was annihilated, and the cannon, baggage and provisions deserted and left in the hands of the enemy, all of which might have been saved, had a stand been made as it safely might at the Waxesaws, or even at Charlotte,—In the Opinion of many gentlemen of rank and knowledge a surer stand might even have been made at Rugsby's—It is confidently said, that one hundred men might effectually have stopt the whole British cavalry at that post, by which our baggage might have been saved, and our men preserved from slaughter; had the General even stopt at Salisbury, the evil might have been mitigated, but by the precipitation of his journey to Hillsborough and the particular circumstances of it, the militia ran home, the regulars were without orders, the country were struck with consternation, and all seemed for a time to be given up for lost;—Happily for us Col. Williams of South Carolina, two days after this de-

feat, with 200 men engaged 400 of the British cavalry in a fair open field fight, and completely defeated and routed them—they killed 63 on the spot, and took 70 odd prisoners, mostly British. This very fortunate stroke by shewing the enemy, that we had still men in arms, made them cautious and fearful of advancing and encouraged the counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan to assemble and make head at Charlotte.—And here, sir, let me add, that too much honor cannot be ascribed to General Smallwood; it was he who checked the enemy in some measure and covered the flight of the militia, who otherwise would have been cut to pieces; and it was he who bravely with a handful of his troops, made the first stand at Charlotte and encouraged the militia to defend their country;—he with the whole of the Maryland line, left, is at present here, by the order of General Gates, they amount to upwards of 700, which, with above 200 regulars, (arrived here Yesterday) from Virginia, make the whole of our Continental force, and how long they are to remain here I know not, for the General says, they must be completely refitted with clothes, tents and blankets before he will move them.—The Virginia militia are mostly gone home, by the last accounts from General Stevens in Guilford, he had only about 120 men—1200 of our militia of the second draft under General Sumner, are gone to Salisbury—about 1000 militia of the upper counties are assembled there and at Charlotte, and in about five days hence 1200 fresh men will march from this district for the westward. In short, sir, we are for the present left pretty much to ourselves

for the defence of this State, in want of waggons, horses, magazines of provision, arms, ammunition, tents, and blankets; and a great portion of the interior part of the country against us, at the same time I have the pleasure to assure you, that our zeal and spirit rises with our difficulties, drafts are nearly at an end, our men yield to the necessity of the times, and turn out to service with willing hearts: We are blessed with plentiful crops, and with proper laws resources may easily be drawn forth for the defence of the country. As the Assembly is now sitting, and have not closed the bills, I cannot give you any satisfactory account of them, but will do it immediately after their rising. The enemy have evacuated Georgetown, Since their departure Col. Giles of South Carolina has marched into that place, and possessed himself of a quantity of ammunition and salt, which they left—150 of the Maryland troops, taken in the late action, have been retaken on their way to Charlestown, by Col. Maryon and his party of volunteers. By the last accounts the enemy had not moved from Camden, but were preparing to move, but whither we do not know.—Should they attempt to penetrate the upper parts of the country, I have no doubt the militia will make it a troublesome business to them—Nothing could be so seasonable and fortunate to us as the appearance of aid on the sea coast. This would effectually draw their force to Charlestown, and would give those in South Carolina, lately styled tories, an opportunity of taking arms against their present masters, which you may be assured they would do, for the insult and oppression

they have lately endured, has entirely cured them of their fondness for the British Government. The Enemy's force to the southward is estimated here at about 2500 men including sick and those wounded in the late action.

With the greatest esteem and regard I remain, dear sir,

Your obed't and very

Humble servant,

A. NASH.

To WILLIE JONES.

—
HALIFAX TOWN, Sept. 27, 1780.

Dear Sir: Already you are acquainted with the blow we received near Camden on the 16th of August, and I suppose of Col. Sumpter's Surprise two Days after This indeed was entirely owing to the most stupid carelessness, and both happening as it were together left us for a while without the shadow of an Army; it was in truth a little staggering, however by vigorous and repeated exertions and from the forbearance of the Enemy, we are again in a situation to make a stout defence; if not to offend in some parts. Our whole Regular Force amounts to about 900, including 250 under Col. Beauford lately from Virginia, they are all at Hillsborough, and will not be able to move I fear, under six weeks, depending upon this State for supplies of all kinds—Tents, Clothing, Provisions and Wagons, &c. we have about 2000 Militia at Charlotte, and at least 1000 more will be there in a few Days. They are all pretty well armed, but badly accoutred, at this place, from the motions of the Enemy, it is thought they will endeavor to enter this State; we are also about establishing a pretty strong post at

Mask's Ferry on Pee Dee, near Anson Court House; your Brother Marches, on Saturday, with about 700 Men from this District for that place.

The Enemy's principal Post, I believe, is at the Waxaus, about 40 Miles from Charlotte, and I think I can venture to affirm, that they have as yet no post in our State,—To counterpoise, in a small Degree, these accumulated Evils, a Col. Williams of South Carolina, three Days after Gates' Defeat, fell in with a party of the Enemy, near 96, and gave them a compleat drubbing—killed 70 on the spot and took between 60 and 70 prisoners, mostly British, with the loss of four Men only this you may depend on; another favorable incident is, that 150 of the Maryland Troops, who were made Prisoners on the Day of our Defeat, were retaken on their way to Charlestown near Santee, and on Sunday fortnight John Kimbro' and his Party at Mask's Ferry were totally routed 17 of his Men killed and 14 taken Prisoners, and 11 of our Prisoners released—Gen. Smallwood by a Resolve of our Assembly is requested to take the Command of our Militia, he has agreed so to do, Gen. Sumner Commands a Brigade.

Our loss in Gates' Defeat and Sumpter's Surprise, is about 300 killed, and about 600 taken Prisoners, including perhaps 50 Officers; Baron Decalb among the former; Gen. Rutherford, Col. Geddy and Col. Lockhart among the latter: The enemy lost about 250 killed upon the Field, Some say a good many more,—here I suppose I may say something respecting the prevailing Opinion of our General's conduct, not that I mean to pass strictures, or throw un-

deserved Censure on his Character, having no pretensions to military knowledge myself; there are three Capital Errors generally ascribed to him: First, in not Ordering a place of Rendezvous in case of a Defeat, secondly in not having the Baggage secured it remaining all the while with the Army, and thirdly in quitting the field of Action some time before the Regulars gave way and riding post to Hillsboro' 230 Miles in about 75 Hours, he is indeed execrated by the Officers, Unrevered by the Soldiers and hated by the People of this State, in short, Officers, Soldiers and Citizens have lost all Confidence in the man and wou'd esteem it a happy circumstance cou'd he be recall'd or mov'd away from the Command in the Southern Department,—I had forgot to mention to you in the former part of my Letter, that Col. Sumpter about a fortnight before our Defeat gave the Enemy a very genteel flogging at the hanging rock, Kill'd about 150, on the spot with the loss of only about 30 of his Men, we were indeed successful in skirmishes during the whole summer.

Our Assembly met at Hillsboro' on the 20, of Aug. and pass'd some Acts among the rest, an Act for Levying Specifick Provision supplies; an Act for Establishing a Board of War, and an Act for Establishing a State Loan Office.

In and about Halifax People have been uncommonly sickly this Season, a good many died, your Brother lost his Son Robin last week, H. Montfort lost his son Joseph Saturday last and on Sunday old Mrs. Montfort died,—your little Son Hal has had the Ague and fever, but is now pretty well recover'd,

your little Daughter is well, nothing I believe uncommon has happened in the course and Management of your Domestick affairs.

Hoping that you and Mrs. Jones are in Health I remain Dear Sir with the highest respect and Esteem Your

Obedient and Humble Servant

OROO: DAVIS.

P. S. Mr. Hill will be pleased to accept of my Friendly respects and Compliments.

Hon. WILLIE JONES, Esqr.

NEWBERN, 23d of Feb., 1781.

Major General Caswell will march the detachment of Militia now assembled and assembling to Halifax or to such other part as the motions of the Enemy or the exigency of the public affairs may require—he will also take such measures for posting these as well as the militia of Halifax District in such manner and Fortify in such places as he shall deem best for the public security—he will also take such order respecting the militia in Hillsborough and the other western Districts as shall seem expedient—The General will also upon his arrival at Halifax call on the other members of the Council extraordinary to meet and he will pursue such further steps as may be concluded on by the said Council for the further operations of the militia against the enemy—General Lillington having the command of the militia in the District of Wilmington and there being no occasion for the presence for any other General officer there—Brigadier General Caswell will serve in the army to the westward and take his orders from the Major General, who will also commission the officers for the Lt. Horse corps in such

(agreeable to the resolve of the Gen^l Assembly) as he shall deem best for the public service.

The General will endeavour to have Gen^l Butler supplied with amunition as speedily as possible and he is earnestly requested to send forward with dispatch any important intelligence he may receive respecting the motions of the Enemy.

A. NASH.

NEWBERN April 17, 1781.

Sir : I rec'd yr favour with the enclosures—and am obliged to you for them the stores from this place goes off to-day have written to Edenton to have all sent off from that place, we have no intelligence except that of Ld. Cornwallis's being in Wilmington with his army, as this place may shortly be an object, I think it prudent to move away—I expect to leave town to day and shall go for Tarboro—I think it w'd be advisable in you to move y'r family and negroes as soon as possible. I wish to see you at Tarboro or Halifax and am with the greatest esteem Dr. Sir,

Yr. obt. servt.

A. NASH.

Hon. Maj. Gen. Caswell Kingston.

Dr. Sir : This moment came in Capt. Ashe who informs me that L. Cornwallis' Troops is on their march for Kingston Halifax and Edenton, so he has heard from good authority. I wish you would send of by Expresses, to Gen. Butler and others, in hast I am sr, yr,

Very Humble servt.

ALEX. LILLINGTON B. G.

Camp at Limestone Bridge.

April 25, '81.

11' it is certain they are over the Bridge.

Hon. Maj. Gen. Caswell Kingston

NEWBURN, April 28, 1781.

Dear Sir: By a Letter from Gen. Lillington dated the 25th at night I am advised that Ld. Cornwallis with his Army had crossed the N. E. at the Oak and were in their march towards Kingston—in consequence I have ordered Gen. Lillington to repair to Kingston and have ordered the Troops assembling here to repair to that place—Baron Glowbeck was sent last evening to obtain certain intelligence of the Enemy with orders to return first to Kingston—I shall be glad you would receive his intelligence and desire him to proceed down here—and I am also to desire that you would send an express to Gen. Jones with the Letter the bearer will deliver—the Letter is to order the militia of Halifax, all that can be armed to march immediately to Tarborough—I beg you to send me any news you may have obtained.

I am Dr. Sir

Yr. obt. servt. A. NASH.

Gen. Lillington complains violently of not being relieved I wish you to send Gen. Caswell to take the Command.

A. NASH.

Maj. Gen. Caswell.

—
PHILADELPHIA, 1st Dec. 1784.

Dear Sir: Notwithstanding a violent pain in my right arm which proceeds from a Rheumatism that has confined me to my room ever since my arrival, I cannot be restrained from congratulating you on your late Honorable appointment be assured Sir this Information which I received yesterday gave me sensible pleasure and brings strongly to my remembrance the three years of Happiness the Citizens of our State

enjoyed under your former Administration.

Messrs. Williamson and Spaight are at Trenton they write me that 7 States convened the day before yesterday that a President will not be chosen until more States are represented, an adjournment to this place or New York will then I presume take place, the accommodations at Trenton are not sufficient. I am pretty certain they will not stay there.

Col. Spaight went to Germantown the other day and bespoke a Phaeton, he was so obliging as to procure me the cash prices of Carriages from Mr. Bringhurst a celebrated Workman, from the advantage of living cheaper there than they can in this City he is always lower in his prices than they are here, they are as follows :

A Phaeton	- -	£110	this Curr'y.
Post Chaise and			
Harness for 4 horses		200	
do do 2 do		190	
Box for the driver adds	20	to the price.	
Coach and Harness			
for 4 horses		270	
do do and Box		290	

these are his lowest Cash prices.

If you should choose one Sir I shall be happy in attending to the building and forwarding it to No. Carolina.

We have no news in the City but that Trade is in a ruinous state the merchants can't make remittances they are failing in Europe and failing here Cruger of Bristol failed for £300,000—and after being elected a member of Parliament for that City was refused a Seat because he had taken an Oath of Allegiance to the United States while in America last year.

I shall be happy to hear from you Sir when leisure will permit in the mean

time give me leave to subscribe myself
your most obed't and Hum. Servt.

JNO. SITGREAVES.

His Excellency R. Caswell, Esq.

—
FAIRFIELD, Jan. 27, 1785.

My Dear Friend : Your favor of this day I received am truly distressed on the Account of your family and self—Remember My dear friend they are the first Fruits to God, Billy died the Christian full of hope of immortal Life, Dickey if numbered among the dead was a good man and it would be wrong to suppose him otherwise than happy, the Lord gave them to you, he it is that hath taken them away from the evil to come, to a State of everlasting Rest, let a due resignation to his heavenly Will and a Zealous preparation to follow them be the part of their remaining Relations and Friends—Your matters at Pitt shall be attended to, Should I live to mourn the loss of a man I so sincerely esteem No care pains assistance or Advice to your Dear Family or Affairs would be Laborous or otherwise than An Act of Gratitude to the faith-fullest of Friends—Mrs. Glasgow Simpathizes with her good Friend Mr. Caswell having experienced the loss and felt the pangs of Separation of three lovely Children before her May the Great Creator, who never does wrong, Sanctifie Your Afflictions and may they Work for you an exceeding and eternal Glory is the fervent Wish of Your Sincere Friend.

J. GLASGOW.

I send you the Portmantua the Boots, &c.

Hon. R. Caswell.

NEWINGTON, Feb. 18th, 1789.

Dear Sir : I had not the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 6th Current until this evening, if it had come to hand in Time for me to have waited on you at Greenville before your setting out from thence I certainly should have done so ; As young Mr. Markland who delivered me your letter informs me he sits out for Newbern early to morrow morning I intend this by him, for the purpose of inclosing you Mr. Stanly's order on Mr. Clay, the business mentioned therein I beg the favor of you to negociate for me in the best manner you can, if no payment can be obtained, pray obtain a Seperate Certificate in my own name for my proportion as expressed in Mr. Stanly's order and interest as I have no other Claim but that and 'tis possible the whole may have been or may hereafter be drawn from the Georgia Treasury without my knowledge, if I can dispose of the Debt for what you Judge from Circumstances on the Spot (in Georgia) reasonable in Cash pray do so, Or if you can Negotiate it for the purchase Money of our Tenessee Lands, if we are to have any, it will be agreeable to me—If I can find the Indian deed in the morning I will inclose it, perhaps you may have an Opportunity of getting it proved and recorded, or it may be otherwise useful to you whilst in Georgia.

I sincerely wish you an Agreeable Journey and happy return and am very respectfully

Dr. Sir, Your Most Obed. Servant,

R. CASWELL.

WILLIAM BLOUNT, Esqr.

NATIONAL HISTORY.

It is a common-place truth, that on the dissemination of education and general literature the present condition and the prospects of a nation in no small degree depends. But there is one branch of literature which deserves to be cherished and cultivated not only on account of its refining and entertaining nature, but especially because of its beneficial influence on the character and destiny of a people. I mean *National History*.

The manner in which this branch of literature operates is obvious. The virtues and faults of characters who figured in the past may be observed and their effects noted. Experience of past ages may be brought to the solution of almost any problem, social, political or moral. The statesman, moralist or citizen has only to remember that the course of nature is uniform—that the same cause will produce a like effect—or refer to the annals of the past and gain the best advice and instruction.—These remarks, however, regard history in general. National History has the same effects, as well as others of which general History is almost void, viz: its influence on the *feelings* of a people.

No exercise of the mind tends more to keep alive a refined and devoted love of country than that of reflection on the history of one's nation. Tell the Briton of the time when that paragon of

heroism and generosity, Edward the Black Prince, while yet a boy of sixteen, repulsed the furious and repeated onsets of an o'erwhelming French army the bloody field of Cressy—tell him how nobly, the victorious Wolfe perished before Quebec—tell him Nelson fought and fell—remind him that at Waterloo his countrymen withstood the skill and bravery of the greatest soldier the world ever saw—tell him all this and you will awaken in his bosom the warmest emotions of patriotism and self-denial and a determination never to suffer a decline of that national glory his ancestors have acquired. The people of the Netherlands can never become slaves as long as they remember that to acquire their independence their forefathers had to contend for half a century with the tyranny, power and bigotry of Spain.—The French can never cease to be a warlike people while they remember the names and exploits of Condé, Coligny, and Napoleon; and before the Swiss can become a nation of cowards they must forget Tell, they must forget Winkelreid, they must forget that in the middle ages the Swiss arms were the glory of their friends and the terror of their foes.

One of the great bulwarks of the British nation is the fact that a knowledge of the nation's history is so general among the people—a fact whose influ-

ence extends deep into the literature, politics—arts and sciences of the nation. The names of Wolsy, Pitt and Fox still have indirectly a material influence on the politics of the British statesman.—He is guided and stimulated by the example of those who have gone before; he strives to combine the glory of the past and avoid the rocks on which the split. Bacon and Locke are the bright beacons of the English philosopher; and although he cannot hope even to rival their reputation, he may admire and wonder at the superhuman intellects that achieved such revolutions in science and cleared such clouds of ignorance and superstition from around the temple of Truth, he may take courage from their example and hope to bear at least some slight resemblance to those great men.

In literature especially the past is giving its impress to the future. It seems that in its infancy almost every nation produces models in the various pursuits of life. Shakespeare, at an early period of English literature, raised the English Theatre from a jesting house to be the resort of genius, taste, and beauty. Moliere and Racine did the same for the French Theatre, in an age when France was hardly an enlightened nation. The sublime Epic of Milton was far in advance of his day. And now their productions not only immortalize their names, and delight and instruct millions; they are the incentives which draw from its concealment many a brilliant mind to increase and perpetuate the hereditary fame of the nation.

The decline of national greatness goes hand in hand with the decline of

the cultivation of national history.—[The arts of sculpture and painting still flourish to some extent in Italy; but it is merely because the works of Raphael and Angelo remind them of the supericrity in this respect that once belonged to their country. But its days of civil and military glory are lost to the mind of its people. Philosophy and education have passed from among them, and the beautiful land of Italy, endowed with every natural blessing that could make man happy, is now enthralled by the bonds of a despotic government and fanatical religion. Had Italy supported a literature by which the history of the past would have been handed down and the lays and spirit of Tasso spread among her people, she never would have been reduced to her present abject condition, nor crushed by the beast of Babylon.]

The present state of Spain furnishes us a melancholy example of a nation that has lost a knowledge of its national history. Spain once had her days of glory, but she had no historian to record them nor literature to preserve and disseminate their memory. And all the Spaniards know of their former history is darkened by the shadow of the inquisition or stained by the blood of martyrs. Those sunny slopes, delightful vales and fertile plains which render Spain emphatically the El Dorado of Europe.

The Italians are not the only ones who suffer from the meagreness of Italian history: all lovers of the curious, the romantic, the beautiful feel the irreparable loss. Even in the mystery which envelopes the history of Italy, a singularity is discernable which is wor-

thy of deep study. The philosopher may find it interesting to inquire why the birthplace of law and letters is now overrun by anarchy and ignorance; and the statesman may be improved and instructed by the brilliant, but ill-fated democracies that arose and fell in the middle ages—appearing the more glorious by being contrasted with the present fallen condition of the people.

Italy is now, and ever has been the home of romance. The effect of this is visible in the progress she has made in the fine arts. It is the romance of her religion that inspires her sculptors and painters; it is from their past history, obscure as it is that they draw material for the exercise of their genius.—Nothing can be more acceptable to the poetic mind than those romantic incidents in the Middle Age history of Italy—preserved by their very romanticness, and peering out, like brilliant stars in a stormy sky, from the general obscurity. Beatrice Cenci is but one of the many names that might have awakened genius, had they been preserved. Her beauty is immortalized by the master-piece of Guido; her fate has been perpetuated by the brilliant tragedy of Shelley; and thousands of hearts are softened by the melancholy tale of *La Cenci*.

“The land of the cedar and vine,” These have all been witnesses of the chivalry and glory of ancient Spain—they have been enriched and ennobled by her noblest blood. But no history spread broadcast through the nation tells the modern Spaniard of these days of glory: no native historian teaches him to learn from his noble ancestors

lessons of wisdom and patriotism. The only memorials of the past that rife among the people at large are legends of the terrible zeal of some holy father or the constancy and dreadful end of some detested heretic. National pride has long since been effaced from the character of that fallen people; and this country that is so well adapted to literature and the arts, agriculture manufactures and commerce now lies sunken deep in the quagmire of superstition and ignorance—the scorn of the world, yet unconscious of her degradation.

When we consider these facts we are compelled to believe that the prosperity, good name, and national character of a people are greatly influenced by the general diffusion of a knowledge of national history. And this being the case there is no citizen in any nation that better deserves the name of an honorable and useful citizen than the historian. And although he may not receive the due meed of praise at present, future generations will do him justice when they shall have drawn instruction and advice from his labors.—Among the names that will be brightened but not corroded by the flight of time is, that of David Hume. Though he prostituted a brilliant intellect to the support of error, though he insulted reason and his maker by propagating an awful fallacy, yet, when time shall have worn away the memory of his faults, the universal assent of mankind will concede to his name a place among those that were not born to die. When the majestic strains of Homer and Maro shall have decayed like the heroes, that sung the works of Herodotus and Livy will still be adjudged worthy of

being written in gold. But of all profane writers of antiquity, the greatest, the noblest, and the best, is Thucydides. In the writings of this great man there is a nobleness of tone, a deepness of wisdom, and a liberality of sentiment that render it eminently a book for all ages. Here is a storehouse from which the statesman and philanthropist may ever draw lessons of instruction. If there are any who admire the glory of the Grecian Confederacy and lament her melancholy downfall, to them let it be a source of regret that Thucydides arose too late.

It has often been said that we of America have no history—that centuries must roll around and try their strength on our people and institutions, and then the American historian may chronicle the rise, progress and permanent grandeur, or the mournful fall of the nation. But let it be remembered that we began at the point which other nations have reached only after an existence of ages; and for this reason we are entitled to a history of a new and intensely interesting character. But apart from this consideration, there are facts and incidents connected with our national career, that would form an important and glorious era in the history of any nation to prove this, we have only to point to the brilliant characters which crowd our history. No nation has ever had more enlightened statesmen, purer patriots, braver soldiers or humbler christians than ours. Here is surely abundant material for a national history.

There are in our land places consecrated by their connection with noble deeds and characters; and these belov-

ed shrines have an influence on our condition important and happy beyond conception. Let the American visit Bunker Hill, or Liberty Hall, or Marshfield, or Ashland; and if his soul is not imbued afresh with feelings of gratitude, patriotism and purity, then indeed may liberty tremble. But it is impossible to tread the spots once frequented by Jefferson, or Calhoun, or others of like greatness, and not feel in ones bosom an ardent admiration of their efforts in behalf of their country and mankind.

Among these shrines where Americans love to pour out their admiration and tears the holiest and best beloved is the resting place of Washington.—Deep in their heart of hearts it holds its place. The flowers that spring around his tomb seem to exhale a consecrated perfume. The air is touched by the calm spirit of peace. The very breezes that visit his tomb at eve seem to sigh a vesper anthem—a soothing requiem to the noble spirit whose dust there finds repose.

—————“Go to yon hallowed mound—
Pale Freedom dwells a mourner there.”

And as the zephyrs whisper by
They bring a million freemen's prayers,
A million freemen's grateful tears
As holy incense to that shrine
The tomb of Washington.

Long may Americans feel the holy influence of these holy places! Long may they continue to honor them with that purest of all offerings—the tear of gratitude!

EDITORIAL TABLE.

How many brains are racked, and volumes ransacked for Editorials? They are the mirrors in which the great and small are anxious to be seen, and seen, of course, approved. In the Editorial chair formality is dispensed with, and the world are considered as invited guests, who must be handsomely entertained.

These being the sentiments of every true son of the quill; how can you, Oh, kind reader! pass by their honest efforts without even a glance over your shoulder? or, oh, unkindest cut of all, turn up your nasal apparatus, as one who would come into an atmosphere of sulphuretted hydrogen; in common civility, you should appear as if you had observed nothing, like the honest John Ball when he passed the Duke of Buckingham.

We are almost daily amused at the strictures of not a few self-constituted critics, who, knowing the general rules with respect to Editorials, but not the exceptions, often embrace a cloud for a Jove. And notwithstanding our scruples, we cannot help enjoying their crest fallen state at the discovery that they have been unmercifully lashing some one whose merits the world have already acknowledged.

An Editorial, therefore, is a species of literature not to be tampered with; other and awful faces may be peering from its depths. Ye ready-made critics—take this to yourselves and consider your ways.

We make the following extract from the "Pictorial Half-Hours." It may not be uninteresting to the readers and admi-

rers of that incomparable novel, "Kenilworth":

"Laneham, a gentleman usher of Elizabeth's court, who wrote a very curious account of the particulars of the visit of the Queen to her favorite Leicester, at Kenilworth, asks a question which in his giddy style he does not wait to answer or even to complete: 'And first, who that considers unto the stately seat of Kenilworth Castle, the rare beauty of building that his honour hath advanced, all of the hard quarry stone; every room so spacious, so well belighted, and so high roofed within; so seemly to sight by due proportion without, in day-time on every side so glittering by glass; at night, by continual brightness of Candle, fire, and torch-light, transparent through the lightsome windows, as it were the Egyptian Pharos re-lucent unto all the Alexandrian coast,'—who that considers, (we finish the sentence) what Kenilworth thus was in the year 1575, will not contrast it with its present state of complete ruin? Never did a fabric of such unequalled strength and splendour perish so ingloriously.—Leicester bequeathed the possession to his brother the Earl of Warwick for life, and the inheritance to his only son, Sir Robert Dudley, whose legitimacy was to be left doubtful. The rapacious James contrived through the agency of the widow of the Earl of Leicester, to cheat the son out of the father's great possessions. The more generous Prince Henry, upon whom Kenilworth was bestowed, negotiated for its purchase with Sir Robert Dudley, who had gone abroad. A fifth only of the

purchase money was ever paid ; yet upon the death of his brother, Charles took possession of the Castle as his heir. A stronger than Charles divided the Castle and lands, thus unjustly procured by the crown, amongst his captains and counselors ; and from the time of Cromwell the history of Kenilworth is that of its gradual decay and final ruin. No cannon has battered its strong wall, 'in many places of fifteen and ten foot thickness ;' no turbulent soldiery has torn down the hangings and destroyed the architraves and carved ceiling of 'the rooms of great state within the same,' no mines have explored in its 'stately cellars, all carried upon pillars and architecture of freestone carved and wrought.' The buildings were whole, and are described, as we have just quoted, in a survey when James laid his hand upon them. Of many of the outer walls the masonry is still as fresh and as perfect as if the stone had only been quarried half a century ago. Silent decay has done all this work. The proud Leicester, who would have been king in England, could not secure his rightful inheritance to his son, undoubtedly legitimate, whom he had the baseness to disown whilst he was living. No just possessor came after him. One rapacity succeeded another, so that even a century ago Kenilworth was a monument of the worthlessness of a grovelling ambition."

The historian of Warwickshire has given us the ground plot of Kenilworth Castle, as it was in 1640. By this we may trace the pool and the pleasance ; the inner court, the base court, and the tilt yard, Cæsar's Tower and Mortimer's tower, King Henry's lodgings and Leicester's buildings : the Hall, the Presence Chamber and the Privy Chamber. There was an old Fresco painting, too in 1716, and is held to represent the Castle in the time of James I. Without these aids Kenilworth would only appear to us a myste-

rious mass of ruined, gigantic walls, deep cavities whose uses are unknown, arched doorways, separated from the Chambers to which they lead, narrow staircases, suddenly opening into magnificent recesses, with their oriels looking over corn field and pasture ; a hall with its lofty windows and its massive chimney-pieces still entire, but without roof or flooring ; mounds of earth in the midst of walled chambers, and the hawthorn growing where the dais stood.

The desolation would probably have gone on for another century : the stones of Kenilworth would still have mended roads, and been built into the cowshed and the cottage, till the ploughshare had been carried over the grassy courts—had not some twenty-five years ago, a man of middle age, with a lofty forehead and a keen, gray eye, slightly lame, but withal active, entered its gatehouse, and having looked upon the only bit of carving left to tell something of interior magnificence, passed into those ruins, and stood silent for some two hours. Then was the ruined place henceforward to be sanctified. The progress of desolation was to be arrested. The torch of genius again lighted up "every room so spacious," and they were for ever after to be associated with the recollections of their ancient splendour.—There were to be visions of sorrow and suffering there too ; woman's weakness, man's treachery. And now Kenilworth is worthily a place which is visited from all lands. The solitary artist sits on the stone seat of the great bay window, and sketches the hall where he fancies Elizabeth banquetting. A knot of young antiquarians, ascending a narrow staircase would identify the turret as that in which Amy Robsart took refuge. Happy children ran up and down the grassy slopes, and wonder who made so pretty a ruin. The contemplative man rejoices that the ever vivifying power of nature throws its green mantle over what would be ugly in

decay; and that in the same way, the poetical power invests the desolate places with life and beauty, and when the material creations of ambition lie perishing, builds them up, not to be again destroyed.

The appearance of Kenilworth in its present dilapidated state is picturesque in the extreme. Much of it is covered and overhung with ivy and other clinging shrubs, intermixing their evergreen beauty with the venerable tints of the mouldering stonework. The noble moat or lake as it might more properly be called, in the midst of which it once stood, and which in former times used to be stored with fish and fowl, is now almost dried up. But besides the hall already mentioned, vast portions of the pile are still standing in a dismantled state. The walls of the hall are perforated by a series of lofty windows on each side; and spacious fireplaces have been formed at both the ends. Another remarkable part of the ruin is a tall dark-colored tower, near the centre, supposed to have been built by Geoffrey de Clinton, and to be the only portion now existing of his castle. Like many of the old fortresses, both in this country and on the Continent, it has obtained the designation of *Cæsar's Tower*, probably from the fancy that it was erected by that conqueror. One of the gate houses, the work of the Earl of Leicester, is also still tolerably entire. The different ruins are still known by the name of Lancaster and Leicesters buildings, in memory of their founders. One portion is called *king Henry's departments*, being that in which it is said king Henry the Eighth was wont to lodge.

A YANKEE'S OPINION OF A FRENCHMAN.—There, that's a Frenchman's opinion of a Yankee. Well, why not. Yankees have sketched the little, frog-eating critic in every possible view—looked at

him upon every side, and after the most diligent and analytical examination, can scarcely discover enough of him to find fault with. He seems to be a compound of hair and harmony—whiskers and wit; a sort of human eel, sleek and slippery, wriggling through life without any definite purpose or advantage, either to the world or himself. His wrists are as small as his persistence, and his feet commensurate with his ethics; both are eternally shifting, though to do him justice, the former are usually cleanest.

He is a miniature of admirable manners and execrable morals, deifying vice and defying virtue; volatile as vicious, and vain-er than all animate matter else. Nevertheless, he is sober and frugal, and for all his madness he has a method; making a bow, as he commits suicide—both for *eclat* and according to rule. He will do everything for glory, but next to nothing for God; will cast his wife's best umbrella into a puddle to enable a strange woman to cross it dry footed, throwing the bridge away afterwards, to show the fair one that he is too much of a gentleman to carry anything so soiled, and then allow Mrs. Crapau to plod through the rain for a twelvemonth to atone for the loss. He never chews the cud either of tobacco or reflection, wears unexceptionable coats and exceptionable underclothes, his shirt being ordinarily cleaner than his skin, puts on gloves as much from necessity as for fashion; carries his hat under his arm, and his fortune on his back, and is altogether as curious a compound of cheap cosmetics, and less expensive courtesy as the world affords. He labors, but it is to embellish rather than build: will paint lilies rather than plant them, and gild refined gold for the sake of greater gorgeousness. Were he condemned as was Sisyphus, he'd polish the stone before he'd push it a foot, and failing to get it up on the first attempt would ingeniously cheat the gods, and devise self destruction.

True, Monsieur, the dimensions of Jonathan's feet are large : wherever he goes, his tracks are visible. See to yourself " Mon cher." Keep out of his way.—Should he tread upon you, the result might be more than a solid boot.

READER,—Do you not feel yourself at times borne backward into the past?—Scenes and objects long forgotten present themselves as the landscape to the poetic eye of Wordsworth—

Southward the landscape indistinctly glared
Through a pale steam.

As if by the wand of an enchanter, your whole life is brought before you, and all that you are conscious of is a second view of a world gone by. Your past consciousness becomes a reality, until it is lost beyond the borders of your existence. You find yourself once more in the present. It was a vision. Life is a vision. The thought startles you ; but the vision affects you according to its character. If joyous, you would live " life o'er," if sad you would hide it with an impenetrable veil.

The past will return to approve or condemn. Why should it not sleep on the bosom of oblivion? We speak not of the scenes which memory, influenced by the will, recalls, nor of what is presented to the mind in a reverie : but of the unbidden and too frequently unwelcome shadows of our past life. How solemn the consideration that they may be our rewarders or avengers, and what a strong motive does it present for a wise use of the fleeting moments. If the past can affect us deeply with our present sensibilities, how much more if we assume a higher and progressive state of the soul.

The following affords an exquisite contrast to Byron's Address to the Ocean.—Read it.

POEM ON THE OHIO.

BY SANDY BURR.

Streme : that flowest to the delters of the Mississippi

I hale the. I rise, that's what I wish yud do,
On wings of the mooses that are nine in number—

You know—consekently I rise on eighteen wings

Of Posy and selute you! Streme, ain't you dry?

Ile trete, but-lawgur-beer is not my liquor,
Ile give bevrages of potry, I will, which
Flo down Pharnasius. O mooses 9!

Grant me inspirashun to immortaliz the Ohie.

* * * * *

Oh mooses 9! I thank you for a granting of it,
I'm redly now for singing sweet strains.

Streme! that risest somewhere in New York State

Whar they had elechun on Tuesday. I believe
And likewise streme that cometh from the sunny south,

Whar things was too sunny this summer,
Recooperate thy waters, for Ohio needs it.
Reco-operate thy waters, for the delters of the
Mississip are dryer'n a barren desert

Of the wilds of Afiky, or Sarah's sandy oasis.
Let the cry be recooperate,

Recooperate, till the d—ms are
Overflood for purpose of letten nu steemrs
And likewise many colebots pass over them, are
Like a gush of joy over a moderns heart
Moosees I pause to thank the for that figger
Which is originally likewise on be ½ of
The ferry botes I cry recooperate,
Floodid that taik men's senses where
They micks it in with their brandy
Floodid that is called Ad—m's ale what
Ails you? Weel all be obedient subjects
Ef youll only rain. Come down, old floodid!
Do, ah! do, floodid, adoo!

Noble Ohio now I cum to thee bein a cold
Watter advocait, wy dont you hide your
Bars. Wairhouses agroaning with bein
Filled with projuice and manufacturs and
So 4th are a weepin on a count
Of the steemr's stern wheal, steemrs
1st class, steemrs big, steemrs little,
Steemrs old, steemrs young---yes I
May say steemrs of awl kinds air a sor-
Rowfully moanin on thy shores.

Rise, streeme of buty, and wash away their
Teers---wash the hull of them and they shall
Smoak their pipes with joi.

Glorious stream farewell. My feelings,
Is roat up, and my hart is full of poetry
Which I can't express. Ef it was my dine in-
junction, noble river. Ide whisper in extents
lou,
Ohio wet your bed. Adoo, adoo.

THE Boston Transcript presents to its readers the following compilation of curious coincidents in the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the United States: Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, John Quincy Adams, and Jackson. Four of the seven were from Virginina. Two of the same name were from Masachusetts, and the seventh was from Tennessee. All but one were sixty years old on leaving office, having served two terms, and one of these, who served but one term would have been sixty-six years of age at the end of another. Three of the seven died on the fourth day of July, and two of them on the same day and year. Two of them were on the sub-committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two died on the same day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half century from the day of the declaration. The names of three of the seven end in *son*, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son. In respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion, the initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others that they were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular, stands alone in the admiration and love of his countrymen, and of the civilized world—Washington. Of the first five, only one had a son, and that son was also President. Another curious fact may be mentioned in this connection. It is, that neither of the Presidents who had a son was elected for a second term.

RUTH HALL.—Well done, Fanny Fern! We have read your book: and so serious-

ly did we incline to its contents that we performed a feat equal to that of Sir Wm. Hamilton's, who read Carlyle's "French Revolution," at one sitting, and all this from no favorable impressions previously received. The book and the criticisms we have read on it, does not give us very exalted notions of the human species, at least that portion of them among whom Ruth's lot was cast. But there are a few redeeming characters among them, such as our heroine, (alias, as some say, Fanny) Harry and Mr. Walter, and that precocious princess of puns and heart-breakers—Nettie.

The book is what it modestly pretends to be, not indeed a novel, the denouement of which might give us worse than Fanny Fern headaches; but a little herald from the real life "knocking unceremoniously" at the door of our hearts, and finding ready entrance. There is enough of the artificial about it, however to shield it from the imputation of eccentricity. We are not to suppose that the ups and downs of Ruth were so beautifully regular as we find them here represented. A cloudy morning, above which the sun arose shedding light and love: then hiding his face and shining forth again with renewed splendor.

But drawing the veil over these touching scenes, let us notice Fanny's excellence from another point of view. What an admirable satire have we on that class, who, under religious colors perform deeds that would reflect glory upon the synagogue of Satan. Above all men, these should be lashed through the world with scorpions, and pointed at as unclean things.—The satire too is rendered more pungent by taking advantage of the social position of the worthy representatives of this class.—But words would fail to express our admiration of the withering sarcasm with which she annihilates the tribes of dandies, fops, puppies and toads of which their days are so prolific, and all that in the person of

Mr. Hyacinth. His character and Uriah Heep's "umbleness" afford a strong contrast, and the feeling excited by both is unqualified contempt.

The book is not free from faults, and we must confess to the discovery of an almost unpardonable one near the outset: but it is the life story of many a one, and better written than many a one could have done. It is the outpouring of a heart whose fountains are by turns bitter and sweet. The Phrenological dissertation seems forced into the narrative, not unlike Horace, "Purple Patchwork." Fanny must not think her readers so dull as to require a scientific analysis of a subject so well dissected by herself, although on different principles. Perhaps the sage advice of Hyacinth to remain in obscurity, was wringing her bosom, or a gentler sentiment may have been inspired by the gallant Editor.—Who knows?

"MAN seeks the companionship, and delights in the society of his fellow man; and when confidential intercourse, and unreserved communion is denied him, then he is unhappy.

This principle is apparent in our everyday observations. We will not stop to inquire into its nature, but rather proceed to consider its effects, confining ourselves to college, as affording lively examples of its operation.

True friendship is a mutual relation existing between parties, so that each must feel a reciprocal interest in the other's welfare. External shows of friendship, founded on self interest afford no real pleasure, nay, awaken disgust. There must be, then, one to share our joys and sorrows. If not, pleasure is unknown and life itself is a burden. The child, the young, the aged feel this, and feel it deeply.

In whatever circumstances man is placed it is natural for him, to seek a trusty friend, on whom he may constant-

ly lean. He has already learned, perhaps, the hollow-heartedness of the world, and with this sad experience rankling in his bosom he cautiously examines his future friend's character. Step by step he measures the depth of his confidence, until he is finally persuaded of his sincerity.—Then indeed, communion of heart and soul begin, they practice and enjoy sacred friendship; whose offices and enjoyments are better than any description can portray.

But suddenly the destroyer snaps the golden cord. Some selfish interest draws him beyond the sacred circle; and a broken trust, a wounded heart drives him off further and further. The charm is dissolved, and the world is hollow-hearted again, and well may the wretched forsaken exclaim—

'Ah, what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep.'

The following was handed us by a friend, it speaks for itself,

From the Raleigh Register Jan. 1, 1828.

UNIVERSITY OF N. CAROLINA.

Ordinance adopted by the Board of Trustees, at their Annual Meeting, in this city, on the 19th instant.

Be it ordained, &c.—That the dress of the Students shall be uniform and shall consist in *summer* of a coatee, in colour, of a gray mixture, and of waistcoat and, trowsers of white, and in winter of coatee waistcoat and trowsers of a drak gray mixture.

The use of boots is prohibited, and it is recommended to the students to consult plainness, economy and neatness in every part of their apparel.

Nothing in this Ordinance shall extend to the dress of the Senior class at commencement, nor shall it extend or apply to any student who shall have already provided or may hereafter, and before the beginning of the next session provide himself with apparel according to an ordi-

nance adopted in June last, at Chapel Hill, for which the above cited ordinance is a substitute.

Published by order of the
President of the Board.

THE CAPE FEAR REGION.—We have often wondered that the peculiarities and beauties of the Cape Fear region were not more generally remarked and appreciated. Perhaps our associations, or it may be, our natural disposition has made us partial to this section of the State; but to us it is a delightful, a lovely region.—Without the wildly sublime decoration of our western mountain scenery, or the exuberant fertility of the Roanoke, it presents features of quiet, modest loveliness, addressing themselves to the heart, rather than the imagination of every lover of nature. Rising amid the uplands of the interior it wends its way through many a varied scene of prosperity and beauty, and reaches the ocean at the Cape from which it derives its name, among the golden fields of luxuriant rice. Its whole course is bordered by large willow trees, whose long dark foliage kisses the waters as they glide on to the great ocean, a mournful emblem of the fondness with which we embrace the vanishing forms of happiness and hope. We hope that at no distant day a suitable pen and pencil will do justice to this much neglected region.

These thoughts were suggested by a visit in spring to the Raven Rock on the Upper Cape Fear. A vast rock covered with majestic pines and innumerable shrubs and flowers, projects far out over the river, whose yellow waves flow at a giddy distance below. Underneath this rock are caves and columns that remind one of the Giants' palaces of the olden time.—Here, no doubt the Indian often found refuge from tempest and heat; this may have been the place for the war council and the lover's meeting, and perhaps it has resounded with the red man's devo-

tions to the Great Spirit as well as the whoop of the warrior.

One of the minor tributaries of the Cape Fear waters, the most delightful region we ever visited. The fertile valley that marks its course and spreads plenty among the industrious farmers, is bounded by sloping hills, which stretch back out until they are lost in the pine forests primeval. Homage is rendered the Eternal in a country church that Geoffrey Crayon would delight to picture. The people neither professing nor desiring those enervating luxuries which are common in the more frequented walks of life, are upright, peaceful and happy. In this quiet spot, sequestered from the noise of the city and the cares of the world, where the mind may contemplate without disturbance the manifestations and attributes of the creator, the soul must become purer, the heart better. Hither, when wearied with the world, its vanities and cares, would we wish to retire, here in sweet seclusion to commune with our spirit and our maker, and cultivate those virtues that adorn the character of man. Here would we wish to repose when the soul returns to God who gave it, with no other sarcophagus than the greensward of this sunny vale—with no other eulogy than the tears of the pure minded inhabitants.

WE beg leave to congratulate the friends of this Institution and the public generally, upon the recent election, held by the Dialectic Society for our next commencement Orator. Their judicious choice has fallen upon one, who in a few years will doubtless stand at the head of his profession, and occupy that position amongst the leading men of our State, to which his talents and corresponding qualities even now entitle him. Being known personally to the gentleman, we can say with safety, that we know of no one who could perform the duties of a Commence-

ment Orator with more ability and taste than Mr. GEORGE DAVIS, of Wilmington.

At the recent election, held in Girard Hall, Jan. 27th, 1855, the following Commencement officers were elected, viz.—Mr. James Bruce, of Halifax, Va., Marshal: he has appointed for his assistants, Messrs. Henry Bryan, Wm. H. Burwell, S. Caldwell and C. Session. Messrs. L. Averitt, S. Green and J. Saunders from the Philanthropic Society, and T. Clark, J. Springs and N. S. Yarborough, from the Dialectic, were chosen as Ball Managers. These gentlemen beg leave to say that as they think themselves *remarkably* handsome (?) and intend to have a *splendid* regalia *all the way from New York*, they will not appear “in public on the stage,” for nothing.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers an interesting sketch of the life of Richard Caswell, the first Governor of North Carolina, under the constitution, illustrated by a portion of his private and public correspondence. The letters are printed precisely as they were written, the editor believing that, in no other way, could so faithful a portraiture of the man and the times be exhibited.—We hope in our subsequent numbers to be able to furnish similar sketches from competent pens, of Gov. Caswell's revolutionary successors, Nash, Burke and Martin.

DIALECTIC HALL, CHAPEL HILL,

Feb. 24th, 1855.

Again, and even while the shades of departed spirits are still hovering over us; while the grief-stricken heart still shrouds the brow of some in melancholy, and ere the voice of death has ceased to vibrate around our little altar, its last dying note now almost lost in the distance is revived; louder and yet louder grows each successive vibration, till at last death's solemn voice is in our midst. The word is spoken!—

God in His mercy and wisdom has stricken from our number NICHOLAS Y. KELLEY: one who but a short time since, in the pride and vigor of youth, occupied a position in this Hall which all cannot reach, one who by his gentle and generous spirit fixed fast the affection of all who knew him; and whose nobleness of character gave promise of much in future: one whose whole life was such, that the example left us is a solace in the midst of our sorrowing, an example rich in its purity, and which must long linger in our affections as in those of his relatives and the community who knew him; nay more, an example which neither death's withering touch or the rude hand of time can obliterate.

Therefore in view of such a character cut off in the very bud of life.

Resolved 1st. That we have received with profound sorrow the melancholy tidings which now cast so dark a gloom over this body; that while we bow in humble submission at the Will of the Mighty Judge who has seen fit to blot so bright a star from our galaxy, and while we mourn his loss in common with his kindred and many friends without this hall, we as members of this Society do deem it a more immediate cause of sorrow.

Resolved 2. That we hold in the brightest estimation the many and pure virtues which adorned his character;—that benevolence open to all—that urbanity of temper which so endeared him to all, that spotless integrity so bright even at the lamp's last flicker.

Resolved 3. That we deeply sympathize with his widowed mother, brothers and sisters in the loss of so dear a son and brother, and that we mingle our sorrow with theirs, over that void which an Allwise Providence has made in the family circle, and which no earthly power can fill.

Resolved 4. That these resolutions be entered upon our records, that a copy be sent to the bereaved mother of the deceased, and further that a copy be sent to University Magazine, Raleigh Register, Greensboro' Patriot, Peoples' Press, and Salisbury papers with a request to publish.

N. A. BOYDEN,	} Committee.
P. P. SCALES,	
A. A. LAWRENCE,	

NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

APRIL, 1855.

No. 3.

STRAY LEAVES FROM MY BUDGET—TRIP TO THE GOLD MINES IN 1850.

NEAR five years have passed away since the incidents I am about to relate transpired, and yet they are as fresh and lively, as if they had happened but yesterday.

Indeed, so deep an impression is made by every incident and circumstance happening to one while leading the wild nomadic life of a Californian, in her primitive days, that it would be a matter of impossibility to forget the most trivial thing.

Everything was then fresh and exciting; nothing was done by halves; all were eager in the pursuit of the one object—Gold; and all the comforts of home, and all that makes home dear, were for the time thrown aside. There was then no aristocracy of birth or wealth: no kid-gloved, white vested, bescented exquisite breathed in the pure air of California. The lust for lucre had levelled all distinctions of birth and for a time made the various elements of society one homogeneous whole, animated by the same feeling and all moving in the same direction.

Miserable then was the condition of the individual, who could not expose his delicate limbs to the scorching sun of a Californian summer; wrap himself

in his blanket and sleep *comfortably* during a long rainy winter night, and finally get up in the morning with a good temper and cook his breakfast of flatjacks and coffee.

I say such a man was miserable, if he could not submit to all these hardships and not complain; miserable, if he could not pack a vicious mule, who would persist in kicking off its pack; miserable, if he could not do almost any and every thing, however degrading it might have once appeared to his aristocratic eyes, for if he did not do it himself, no one else would take the trouble to do it for him.

Such was the state of things in California, when, led away by the universal desire, I started, accompanied by one companion, from San Francisco for the mines. My companion, whom I shall call Charley, had been in the mines the year before and had made his "pile," but had unfortunately embarked in a speculation, and lost it soon after.

As he was initiated into all the mysteries of mining I gave him the command of the party, and allowed him to provide all the mining implements and *et ceteras*, which could be procured in San Francisco.

We provided ourselves with a small tent, blankets, provisions, arms and ammunition, and then got on board of one of the river steamboats and proceeded up the San Joaquin river to Stockton. At this place we purchased our mules and began to make arrangements to start for the mines, but, before we had completed our arrangements it began to rain and for three weeks it came down incessantly.

When we first arrived in Stockton, we had pitched our tent about one-half mile from the centre of the city, and during all this rain, we sat patiently therein, smoking our segars, fixing our packsaddles, and occasionally playing a game of euchre or monte, to while away the time. While here, we admitted a young physician to our party, who, though brought up in the most aristocratic circles of Virginia, and to use a homely expression, fed with a silver spoon, had been lured to California by the exciting reports. Better for him would it have been if he had never left the old Dominion State, for though a most agreeable companion in the tent, he was an almost useless appendage on the road, and in the mines; for he could do almost nothing for himself or any one else. However, take him as a whole he was a capital fellow, and a pleasant addition to our party. After waiting patiently in our tent until the rain ceased, and the brightness of the sun gave indications of the approach of dry weather, we packed our mules and started on the road for the mines. The first day out from Stockton was one of ceaseless toil and vexation. Our mules having done nothing for some time were as wild and ill-natured as it was possible

for them to be. Mine, especially, excelled in the art of kicking off her pack. I must say, though I have seen many expert mules since, she was the most scientific mule in that particular I ever saw before or since.

I had packed and repacked her for the third time that day, and at the last packing thought I had secured it beyond the possibility of her unpacking herself; but, how are the hopes of man destroyed. Before we had proceeded a mile further on our way, she commenced kicking and in a few moments the pack was off and scattered all over the plain: a sack of flour in one place with the end bursted out by a blow of her malicious heels; a tinpan in another, a shovel in another, a pickaxe in another, and beans, rice, and coffee all about in spots within the circumference of three acres.

To make things worse, the road—in fact the whole plain, was very miry and our mules would frequently get stuck so tight, that we would have to unpack them before they could extricate themselves from their miry beds. And sometime we would have to take the provisions on our own backs and carry them long distances in order to keep dry. This may be pleasant to read about, but I assure my readers it was very unpleasant to experience! When the shades of night began to descend over the plain, we halted, built our camp fire, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and lay down underneath a tree, too tired to cook any supper. In a few minutes we were sound asleep, and nothing disturbed us during the night save the howlings of the cayotes, or prairie wolves, with whom, however, we had become quite familiar during

our residence in the suburbs of Stockton, as they had frequently purloined and appropriated divers fine pieces of beef belonging to us without saying as much as "by your leave."

The next morning, we repacked our mules and continued on our way, and at the expiration of three days arrived at Magnolumne Hill, the place selected for our *debut*. Our tent was now pitched in one of the canons near the Hill, and we prepared ourselves for a season of uninterrupted success as miners.—Charley had assured us, that from his knowledge of the locality we could not help finding a pile of the ore in a short time, and we so confidently believed him, that if any one had hinted at the possibility of our not finding at least one hundred thousand dollars each, during the ensuing summer, we should have been disposed to treat him as a maniac or a fool.

Notwithstanding the brightness of our prospects, our hopes were doomed to be disappointed, for scarcely had we commenced operations, when we were astonished in the midst of our labors by the commencement of another long spell of rainy weather; for three weeks it poured down as it only does in California. The mountain streams soon became rapid torrents, our claims were all submerged by the water, and all mining ceased. The pickaxe and spade were thrown aside, and a season of idleness and discontent began.

Fortunately, before leaving Stockton, I had purchased an Accordeon, in anticipation of some little leisure, when it would help to beguile the weary hours. Charley was an excellent performer on this instrument, and likewise a good

tenor singer. The Doctor, or Tom, as we familiarly called him, sung bass, so, between us, we passed the time away as pleasantly as could be expected under the circumstances.

As soon as it ceased raining, Charley proposed that I should accompany him on a prospecting tour, as there seemed to be no chance of being able to do anything in that neighborhood for some time, as the canons were still full of water. Assenting to his proposal, we saddled our mules and proposed to visit some mines about twenty miles distant, which were reported to be very rich.—It was said that the miners in that locality were making one hundred dollars per day.

Not doubting the truth of the story but yet anxious to be sure the report was not exaggerated, we concluded to go and examine for ourselves before we moved our tent. Before leaving the tent, I requested Tom to put on a kettle of beans and have them cooked by the time we would be able to reach home, as our long ride over the mountains would sharpen our appetites.—Now beans and flapjacks were the standing dish of the miners, and every one was an adept at preparing them.—Tom especially, prided himself on his culinary skill, and vowed that although he did not come from Yankeedom, yet he would cook us a mess of beans which would make a down easter go into ecstasies. Away we went, feeling perfectly satisfied that whatever luck we might have in finding good "diggings," we were sure of a good supper on our return.

The sun was shining brightly when we left our camp, and we anticipated

having a fine day for our journey: but, before we reached the place we were going to, it clouded over and commenced drizzling, and at times it came down thick and fast, wetting us to the skin.

We did not, however, mind this, as it was no new thing for us to be wet, so we continued on our way through the rain until we arrived at the "dig-gins" we were in search of. After taking a good look around among the claims and making inquiries of the miners, we found that we had been badly sold by the ambiguous report we had heard.

The miners were indeed making one hundred dollars per day collectively, but individually they were not making five dollars per day.

We, therefore, taking all things into consideration, concluded to return to our camp and wait, like Wilkens Mecawber, for something to "turn up," which would contribute to our mutual good.

Having come to this conclusion, we turned the heads of our mules homeward, and meandered slowly along the mountain. The rain had made the road very slippery, and we were obliged to be very cautious, lest our mules should loose their footing and be precipitated down the mountain side into some of the deep ravines and canons at their foot. In many places we dismounted and preferred to travel on foot, although we knew that a mule would walk with safety where it was dangerous for man to travel, and it was almost night when we reached the summit of the high mountain which overlooked our camp. We were now very hungry and as we descended the side of the

mountain, Charley would every now and then say, Horay! don't you smell the beans? My olfactory nerves not being sensitive enough to smell the beans so far off, I would as often answer in the negative. But, as we drew near the camp, the savory smell came stealing over our senses, putting Charley in a perfect ecstasy at the prospect of a good supper, and he already commenced smacking his lips as if he had just demolished a spoonful of the best frejoles—beans.

I was not a whit less hungry than Charley, for neither of us had broken our fast since six o'clock in the morning, and the long ride over the mountains had sharpened our appetites up to the keenest point. As we approached within a short distance of the tent, we put our mules at a brisk gallop, and set up a yell, which brought Tom out of the tent where he had been playing the Accordeon and singing.

O! California! you're *not* the land for me
I'm going back to Virginia my true-love for to see.

and several other California Hymns.

'The beans!' cried Charley, 'a bean, a bean, my fortune for a bean!' 'They are done,' replied Tom, 'how will you have them served up, *al a mode de Paris?* or *al a mode de California?*' 'Serve them up as you please,' replied Charley, but let us have them by the time we get our mules unsaddled. While Charley was talking I had unsaddled my mule and picketed her near the camp and was going towards the tent when an exclamation, coupled with an anathema from Tom, made me turn towards the camp fire.

There stood Tom with his hands thrust into his pantaloons' pockets, gazing on the overturned kettle of beans, with a look better imagined than described. Grief, anger, mortification, and disappointment were so blended in his looks as to give him an appearance so perfectly ridiculous that I had to laugh heartily, notwithstanding my own disappointment at the loss of my supper.

Charley came running up to see what was the matter, and on beholding the contents of the kettle spread out among the ashes, he could not refrain from violating one of the ten commandments, sundry and divers times. But at last his anger calmed and he stood mournfully contemplating the scene before him.—The *tout ensemble* was so ridiculous that I again broke out into a hearty laugh, which brought both of them to their senses, and made them raise their eyes from the ground and fasten them on each other. 'Let's go to bed,' said Tom! 'Agreed,' said Charley, and away we went; thus ending our disappointment and hunger in sleep. To retrieve his lost reputation, Tom arose long before daylight the next morning, without awakening us, and proceeded to concoct as fine a breakfast as could be had in the mines. When we arose and went out of the tent we found him watching the kettle with a lion's eye, lest the supporting stick should again break. In a little time our hunger was satisfied, and lighting our regalias we proceeded to convey to him the information we had obtained respecting the mining locality we had visited, and to converse upon our prospects generally.

The water was still high in the ra-

vines and there seemed but little prospect of its subsiding for some time.—But after an animated discussion on the part of Charley and Tom, as to whether we should remain in the mines and go to work, or return to Stockton, I decided the question, by voting for our stay in the mines. The next thing that engaged our attention was the selection of a claim upon which to devote our energies, and from which we expected to take our piles. In a few days we made our selection, and a most unfortunate one it was, as subsequent events demonstrated. It was situated in a deep ravine with precipitous mountains on either side. A large stream of water rushed through the ravine, which had to be turned before we could work its bed. To do this, we built a strong dam, as we thought, with large rocks, rolled down the mountain side, and filled the interstices with dirt, until we thought we had a dam strong enough to turn the San Joaquin itself. We then fixed our cradle and commenced work.

"All went merry as a marriage bell" for the first day. We had reached the stratum containing the gold, and expected to make a good days work the next day. But it commenced raining that night, and in the morning, when we went to look for our dam, we found nothing but the rocks. Our hole was filled with water, our tools buried beneath the mud at the bottom, and our cradle had been appropriated by the nymph of the glen, I suppose for her own domestic purposes. As we stood contemplating the disaster, Tom exclaimed: "Didn't I tell you we had better leave this confounded spot and

go back to the city! Here we have been for two or three weeks smoking our segars, riding over the mountains, and leading a rough and tumble life in the vain hope of making our "pile."—Behold our hopes are scattered as chaff before the wind; every thing is against us; let us return to the city! 'Bah!' exclaimed Charley, 'and what would you do there? drive a team, as many young disciples of Blackstone and Æsculapius have, I suppose, for devil a patient you'd get! 'What say you, Harry, go or stay?' Our implements are in the bottom of yonder hole, I exclaimed and I am going to get them out, and some gold with them, if there is any there. 'Good,' said Charley, 'and now let us go to work and clean out the hole.' But before we could do that we had to build another dam, which we determined should be stronger than the other. By the end of the day we completed the dam, and went to our tent. The next morning we commenced work in earnest, and soon cleaned out our hole and found some gold. For three days, we continued to work with fair success, but on the fourth, as I was throwing up some dirt from the bottom of the hole, the dam broke, and in a few minutes I was submerged in a compound of mud and water about the consistency of molasses. Tom rushed to my rescue, and relieved me from my uncomfortable position.—Where is Charley? I exclaimed, as soon as I rubbed the mud out of my eyes.—'He was there a few minutes ago,' replied Tom, at the same time pointing to a large rock near which we had washed our gold, I guess the torrent has washed him down the ravine; suppose we go

and look for him! Well, said I, come on! But before we had proceeded very far we found Charley seated on a rock pouring water out of his boots and washing the mud from his clothes, and at the same time singing—

"It rained all night the day I left,

The weather it was dry," &c.

with as much nonchalance as if nothing had happened.

We then returned to the tent, exchanged our wet clothes for dry ones, and again discussed the question whether to remain in the mines or return to the city. Our misfortunes had so accumulated for the past week, that we all decided to quit the mines and try our fortunes in another field.

We soon disposed of our tent, provisions, and mining implements, and started on the road for Stockton. We had been riding along very leisurely during the early part of the day, as the road extended through a country infested by grizzly bears and robbers: we examined every bush and glen very cautiously as we approached them, but saw nothing until near night that caused alarm. At this time we had thrown off some of our caution, and were engaged in an animated conversation, when, suddenly, as we were passing a clump of manceneta bushes, our mules shyed violently, pitching Charley promiscuously into the top of the clump. At the same time a large bear—magnified to twice his proportions by our fears and the now deepening twilight, came out of the bushes and uttered a low growl. But not long did we stop to look at him, for no animal will so frighten a mule, so suddenly revive the drooping spirits of our almost

broken down pack mule as a grizzly bear. I have seen them, when they could scarcely drag themselves along the road, at the appearance of a bear, suddenly start off and run with the rapidity of a deer, notwithstanding their heavy pack. So it was with ours.—Friendship demanded that we should rescue Charley, but our mules insisted on carrying us away from that locality at the rate of two forty. At last however we managed to hold them in, but not one step back would they go.—Spurs and sticks, were of no avail, moral suasion was tried but with no better effect, so we had to dismount and walk back to the spot.

As we neared the spot we prepared our fire arms, for we expected every moment to meet the bear, but he had snuffed danger in the wind, and not feeling in a fighting mood, had gone off among the bushes. By the time we reached the spot where Charley had been deposited, he had succeeded in extricating himself from the top of the bushes, not however without having left a good portion of his wardrobe fluttering in the breeze. His mule had run off, and as it was now night, we determined to return to the place where we had picketed our mules, and camp for the night. When we reached the mules, we also found Charley's along with them and grazing very quietly. In a few minutes we firmly picketed the mules, built our camp fire, and lay down to sleep. The next morning we descended into the great plain of the Sacramento. Here, all was beautiful. It was in the early part of Spring, and the plain, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with a rich carpet of young

grass, interspersed with flowers of every dye. Our mules seemed almost unable to contain themselves, as they traveled through the nutritious grass. In fact, California had begun to put on her holiday attire, and could be truly called the land of flowers and gold; of the most beautiful and enchanting scenery on the globe, Italy and Greece not even excepted.

Far behind us the hills rose in gradual succession, one above the other, until they were lost in the distance where the Sierra's high raise their hoary heads amid the blue vault of Heaven. On every side the plain spread out like a vast ocean, dotted here and there, at regular intervals, with the scrub oaks of California. Birds sung gaily from the trees, and the little squirrel darted into his hole at our approach, while ever and anon a herd of noble elk bounded gaily over the plain. Our spirits rose in proportion to the beauty of the scenery, till at last, unable to contain myself any longer, I gave vent to my feelings by exclaiming, O glorious Spring, again art thou come. All things tell us thou art with us. The dark clouds have melted away before thy presence, and the rains have ceased at thy command, once more the earth begins to assume her wonted appearance. The grass has put forth its tender leaves and dressed the hills and valleys with a new attire. The shrill whistle of the Curlew, and the loud clang of the wild goose have passed away, and the Thrush and the Lark have taken their places, and, with their merry notes, welcome thy approach. The mountains have cast off their hoary mantles and the streams have ceased their rapid course and now calmly wind

their way among the hills and through the valleys. The elk and the wild deer bound gaily over the plain, and the salmon and the trout sport in the streams. All nature joins in welcoming thy approach.

‘Stop! stop!’ cried Charley, ‘stop! —you—you—you plagiarist! You stole almost every thing you said from Willis, except his poetry, and that you could’nt steal. Pshaw, I replied, I have not seen his works since I came to California. This is what a man gets for opening the treasure house of his soul to bores who cannot appreciate the treasures it contains. ‘He who ascends to mountain tops will find; &c., &c., you know the rest. Yes, replied he, but you have not reached the foot

of the mountain, let alone the top, so you cannot apply the quotation to yourself, however much it would gratify your vanity. Stop your wrangling, cried Tom, there is the smoke of the city, let us gallop on and get there before night.

In a short time we arrived in Stockton, and were soon divested of our mining habiliments and clothed in city garments. Thus ended my first, my only, and my last visit to the Gold Mines of California. Any body who feels disposed to test the accuracy of this description, by going there, is at liberty to do so; as for myself, I prefer mingling in the busy marts of crowded cities to leading, the toilsome vexations and dangerous life of a California miner.

BARNUM’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BARNUM’S latest great humbug is now before the public, dedicated to the “Universal Yankee nation,” of which he is proud to be one. The “Prince of humbugs” is exactly the man to write an autobiography, though it is very doubtful whether such a book will have any other effect than to sap the foundations of public morals.

He will cater most successfully for

the morbid appetites of a diseased public, who has rascality enough to bamboozle them, and sufficient effrontery to tell them of it. Such a man is Phineas T. Barnum. He has been deceiving, cheating, and amusing the American people for a number of years; and now, after having acquired an immense fortune, he coolly writes a history of his “lying wonders,” exulting in his good

natured villanies, and glorying in his shame.

He is, undoubtedly, a man of superior intellect, possessing a wonderful knowledge of human nature; with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and an overpowering propensity to fill his pockets at the expense of other men's follies.—With indomitable energy, he unites a perfect passion for speculation, and a deep rooted aversion to regular, plodding hard work.

In a word, his is a "rara avis," a most extraordinary mixture of the shrewd, calculating, lying Yankee, and the frank, reckless speculator, with a good head and a warm heart.

In the first place, Barnum is a prodigious liar. His grand-father was a liar; his father was a liar; his uncles were liars; and he was born and raised in a little lying town, where nothing was so popular as a lie, under the specious title of a practical joke.

Moreover, he tells us that he disliked work exceedingly. "I felt that I had not reached my proper sphere. The farm was no place for me, I always disliked work. Head-work I was exceedingly fond of. I was always ready to concoct fun, or lay plans for money making; but hand-work was decidedly not in my line. My father insisted that I should hoe and plough, and work in the garden as well as any body else; but I generally contrived to shirk the work altogether, or by slighting it, get through with the day's work." Now is it surprising that a smart, fun-loving boy, who would rather live by his wits than his hands, should develop into the "Prince of humbugs?"

His early life and education are very

well portrayed in the first hundred pages of "practical jokes." He tells that his father was a great practical joker—and of course a great liar, as may be seen by the anecdote of "Beers and old Bob," p. 69—73. We can only refer to it, as it is too long for insertion.

The school in which our author learned his morals is described as follows:

"They have a proverb in Connecticut, that the best school in which to have a boy learn human nature is to permit him to be a tin-peddler for a few years; I think his chances for getting his 'eye-teeth cut,' would be equally great in a country barter-store, like that in which I was clerk. As before stated, many of our customers were hatters, and we took hats in payment for goods. The large manufacturers generally dealt fairly by us, but some of the smaller fry occasionally shaved us prodigiously.

There is probably no trade in which there can be more cheating than in hats. If a hat was damaged 'in coloring' or otherwise, perhaps by a cut half a foot in length, it was sure to be patched up, smoothed over, and slipped in with others to be sent to the store.—Among the furs used for the nap of hats in those days were Beaver, Russia, Nutria, Otter, Coney, Muskrat, &c. The best fur was Otter, and the poorest was Coney.

The hatters mixed their inferior furs with a little of their best, and sold us the hats for 'Otter.' We, in return, mixed our sugars, teas, and liquors, and gave them the most valuable names.

It was "dog eat dog," "tit for tat."

Our cottons were sold for wool, our wool and cotton for silk and linen. In fact, nearly every thing was different from what it was represented. The customers cheated us with their fabrics, and we cheated them with our goods. Each party expected to be cheated if it was possible. Our eyes, not our ears, had to be our masters. We must believe little that we saw, and less that we heard. Our calicoes were all "fast colors," according to our representations; and the colors would generally run "fast" enough in a tub of soap-suds. Our ground coffee was generally as good as burned peas, beans, and corn would make; and our ginger was tolerable, considering the price of corn-meal. The "tricks of trade" were numerous. If a peddler wanted to trade with us for a box of beaver hats, worth sixty dollars per dozen, he was sure to get a box of "Conies," which were dear at fifteen dollars per dozen. If we took our pay in clocks warranted to keep good time, the chances were that they were no better than a chest of drawers for that purpose—like Pindar's razors, made to sell,—and if half the number of wheels necessary to form a clock were found inside of the case, it was as lucky as extraordinary.

Such a school would "cut eye-teeth;" but if it did not cut conscience, morals, and integrity all up by the roots, it would be because the scholars quit before their education was completed."

If the foregoing is a false picture, it proves our assertion that Barnum is a liar; and if it is a true one it clinches the nail most effectually. We may conclude therefore, from this piece of bald faced effrontery, that he took a

full course in the aforesaid school, and graduated with high distinction. We think it probable that the only thing which has saved him from "dangling in the wind, a gibbet's tassel," is his strict "teetotalism." He has been a "teetotaller" for many years.

Barnum attributes his success in a great measure to the unsparing use of printer's ink. He meets a little Italian plate-spinner and engages his services. Immediately the newspapers are crowded with advertisements of a celebrated "*Italian artist*," just arrived; and innumerable hand bills, setting forth his wonderful exploits, meet the eye at every turn, consequently, upon his first exhibition "the house was crammed."

He buys an old dried carcass of a monkey with a fish's tail joined to it, from a man in Boston. "In due time a communication appeared in the New York Herald, dated and mailed in Montgomery, Ala., giving the news of the day, the trade, crops, political gossip, &c., and also an incidental paragraph about a certain Dr. Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of natural history in London, recently from Pernambuco, who had in his possession a most remarkable curiosity, being no less than a veritable mermaid, taken among the Feeje Islands, and preserved in China, where the doctor had bought it at a high figure for the Lyceum of natural history."

Similar communications—the whole were written by himself—appeared from Charleston and Washington. A few days after, a Mr. Lyman—an old friend and employee of the author—"is duly registered at one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia as Dr. Griffin of Per-

nambuco, for London." By an ingenious trick of Lyman's, the Philadelphia papers are filled with Dr. Griffin and the Mermaid. He then comes to New York, and when public curiosity had been excited to the highest pitch by extravagant cuts in the newspapers, purporting to be exact representations of this great curiosity, and a pamphlet written by the "prince" himself, purporting to give its history; various advertisements set forth that Dr. Griffin has been prevailed upon to exhibit the Mermaid, and that it may be seen at "Concert Hall, *positively for one week only.*" Crowds are attracted to see the prodigy, and the author of the humbug pockets a good round sum.

On another occasion, he buys a wooly horse, with no mane and no hair on his tail, and has him conveyed to New York and "placed in a rear stable where no eye of curiosity could reach him."

In the meantime, the public become highly excited about Col. Fremont and his exploring party, said to have perished among the Rocky Mountains. At length the news of their safety arrives; immediately the newspapers are filled with accounts of a wonderful nondescript, captured by Col. Fremont in California, "made up of the Elephant, Deer, Horse, Camel, Buffalo and Sheep." "The streets were also lined with handbills and posters, illustrating in woodcuts the same thrilling event;" which woodcuts represent the "wooly horse jumping over a valley five miles wide, with the Col. and Co., in hot pursuit!"

"But the public appetite was craving something tangible from Col. Fremont. The community was absolutely famishing. They were ravenous," consequent-

ly the humbug was swallowed at a single gulp, and proved very profitable to its author.

On another occasion he hired all the ferry boats to Hoboken for a certain day, and advertised that there would be a grand Buffalo hunt at that place on the same day, free of charges. "Mr. C. D. French, one of the most daring and experienced hunters of the West, has arrived thus far on his way to Europe with a herd of Buffaloes captured by himself near Santa Fee." Barnum had bought half a dozen Buffalo calves in *Massachusetts*. "Every man, woman, and child can here witness *the wild sports of the Western prairies, &c., &c.*" On the day appointed, about fifty thousand persons crossed over to Hoboken, when lo! the poor little calves were let loose, and by dint of punching with sharp sticks, were stimulated into a slow trot!

We see, by the foregoing examples, that falsehood is quite as important an agent for Barnum as printer's ink; and that both are used unparingly.

But let us "give the devil his due." In his transactions with Jenny Lind, Barnum certainly acted very honorably, and that part of his book relating to her visit to America is exceedingly interesting, and probably contains more reliable information with regard to it than can be obtained elsewhere.

His description of the exhibition of Tom Thumb in Europe is also very interesting. We are not particularly curious about the manner in which kings and queens dress, eat their meals, receive visitors, &c.; but we are curious to know how a pigmy would be received at the courts of European princes.

On this subject our author fully satisfies our curiosity, enlivening his narrative by a number of amusing incidents and rich anecdotes.

On the whole, the book is decidedly rich, and affords to the student of human nature abundant food for reflection. Although it abounds with lies, it contains a great deal that is useful.—The remarks on temperance and agriculture are excellent, and the “rules for making a fortune” are such as no man can object to. They are as follows:

“1. Select the kind of business that suits your natural inclinations and temperament.

2. Let your pledged word be ever sacred.

3. Whatever you do, do with all your might.

4. Sobriety, use no kind of intoxicating drinks.

5. Let hope be predominant, but be not too visionary.

6. Do not scatter your powers.

7. Engage proper employees.

8. Advertise your business.

9. Avoid extravagance, and always live considerably within your income if you can do so without absolute starvation.

10. Do not depend upon others.”

On each of these heads the author makes a few practical remarks, which show him to be a man of experience and excellent common sense. By far the greatest benefit, however, to be derived from the book, consists in the view of human nature therein presented, and the exposure of the whole system of “Barnumizing” which has been so successfully carried on in the United States.

Those who suppose that Barnum is the only extensive humbug in this country, are vastly mistaken. There are men in almost every department who are grossly deceiving us, and could we but

“Rip their hollow, rotten hearts,
An’ tell aloud
Their jugglin, hokus pokus arts,
To cheat the crowd,”

many would be astonished at the revelations made.

We will now dismiss the subject, hoping that the “General History of Humbug,” which our author has promised the public will soon appear.

CABBAGE.

FLORA M'DONALD.

After the disastrous result of the battle of Culloden had terminated forever the hopes of the ill-fated house of Stuart, the followers of the Pretender returned to their Highland homes, hoping to avoid for the present, at least, the vengeance of their victorious foes. The chieftains who had followed the standard of the Pretender had atoned bitterly for their loyalty to their ancient line of Sovereigns; one half of their warriors, the flower of their respective clans had perished by the sword of a superior and inhuman enemy, less terrible in battle than in pursuit. The chivalrous LOCHIEL, and his devoted companions, now sought, in the fastnesses of their native mountains, a hiding place from the fury of the English, there to await the turn of fortune which might lead them to the scaffold, or afford an opportunity of escaping to the Continent, to die heart-broken exiles.

But the suffering of this unfortunate people did not end here. The vindictive spirit of their foes followed them in their retirement, and cruelties that would disgrace barbarian conquerors desolated their region, and drove them from their homes to seek a refuge across the Atlantic.*

The Prince in the meantime had escaped to the Hebrides. Hither he was closely followed by the English troops, who guarded closely every strait, island, and lock in the neighborhood. A reward of £30,000 was set upon his head with the hope that the faithful followers of his shattered fortunes would be seduced from their fidelity by the offer of such a princely fortune. Tossed by storms such as occur only on those seas, suffering every species of privation and danger, and closely pursued by his enemies, he was forced to land on the island of South Uist, where it was his fortune to meet with the subject of this sketch.

FLORA McDONALD was born between the years 1720—'25, at Milton in the island of South Uist. After the death of her father, her mother married Hugh McDonald of Skye, and removed thither with Flora. Little is known of her history previous to 1746. She had just returned home from school in Argyleshire, and was on a visit to her brother in South Uist, when the Prince took refuge on that island. The English im-

try watered by the Cape Fear. The British Government as if to keep the remembrance of their calamities ever present to their minds, named the county in which most of them had settled after the Duke of Cumberland, the heartless Commander of the royal forces at Culloden. A peculiarity of manners, customs and character mark their descendants to the present day.

* The Highlanders who were ruined by their adherence to the cause of the Pretenders settled principally in North Carolina in the coun-

mediately placed guards at every port, path and hamlet of the island. The Prince with two followers, O'Neal and Neill McDonald, usually called Mackechan—the father of the celebrated Marshal McDonald, Duke of Tarentum—was secreted in a cleft in a rock, which lay in a secluded part of the island. In this wretched situation he passed several days, the continual rains drenching him day and night. His faithful attendants still remained by his side, and sheltered him as well as they could from the beating storm, except when it was necessary that they should go in quest of a morsel of food. This itself was a hazardous duty, for no person was permitted to leave the island or even to enter or leave a hamlet without a strict examination and a passport from some one of the English officers.

How a meeting between the Prince and Flora McDonald was brought about is unknown, but it was probably effected by Mackechan, who was well acquainted with the character and influence of Miss McDonald. As soon as she learned what was the situation of the Prince, she became warmly interested in his safety and resolved, at every hazard, to rescue him from his pursuers. An interview was effected by night, and it was decided that the Prince should be dressed in female attire, and elude the vigilance of the English by accompanying Flora as her maid. The Prince was compelled to endure his miserable manner of living for several days longer to await the preparations for the escape. Flora McDonald in the meantime sent a female dress to the Prince by Mackechan, and applied to her step-father, who Com-

manded a body of Royal troops at the place, for a passport for herself, her maid Betsy Burke, and her old neighbor, Mackechan. She received the passports as desired, but fearful of allowing the Prince to attempt to pass all the English guards even in disguise, she had him conveyed by night from one house to another, where he would remain throughout the day as Miss McDonald's maid. They finally reached the shore, where a boat was awaiting to convey them to the isle of Skye. As night drew on they embarked, being fearful of the English vessels that were guarding the island. After enduring a storm throughout the night, they drew near the isle of Skye, with the intention of landing, as the weather had now grown calm; but to their dismay they found the coast occupied by the Royal troops, who opened on them with their musketry as they turned their course. Fortunately the balls of the enemy passed over their heads, and as there was a dead calm at the time they could not be pursued by the enemies boats, which were without oars. They now steered for an unfrequented part of the coast, where they might land undiscovered. During this coasting voyage, Flora, overcome by her toils, and vigils sunk into a profound sleep, the first she had enjoyed since embarking in this dangerous enterprise, and the Prince in turn now watched over the slumbers of his lovely guardian. It was afterwards a source of many a sentimental sigh among the Jacobite ladies of London when Flora would tell how tenderly and shieldingly she found the Prince's arm folded about her head on awaking from her siesta.

On their arrival at Skye, Flora repaired with her companions, the Prince and Mackechan, to the residence of Sir Alexander McDonald, who was then on the mainland in the service of the King. His residence was occupied by the officers of the Royal troops. The Lady Margaret, his wife, welcomed her kinswoman, Flora, with great cordiality; but when Flora disclosed the real name of her *maid*, she became sorely frightened both on her own account, and that of the Prince, and entreated her to retire with him to some more quiet part of the island, until she could find an opportunity of sending him to France.

Charles McDonald, Laird of Kingsburgh, the future father-in-law of Flora, chanced to be at the residence of Sir Alexander at this time transacting some business for him in his absence. He was a noble-hearted old man, whom neither threats nor bribes could make swerve from his fidelity to the Stuarts. To him Lady Margaret disclosed the tale of Flora's rash efforts, and adventures in behalf of the Prince, and begged him to take Flora and her *protege* to his home, where they would be less exposed to the watchful eyes of the Royal troops. Old Kingsburgh joyously consented to her request, and declared that nothing could give him greater happiness than to place his wealth and his few remaining years at the disposal of the Prince. Accordingly Flora and her companions accompanied him to Kingsburgh. Here the brave old host entertained his guest with the proverbial hospitality of the Highlands, and loaded him with the attentions his dignity and situations required. Plans were then arranged for the escape of the Prince to the island of Rasa, where

he would find friends sufficient in numbers and power to ensure his escape to the Continent. The land-lady and Flora then retired, while old Kingsburgh and the Prince began to make merry over the bowl, Long their revelry continued, and they were waxing boisterous, when the crowing cock warned them that day was approaching.—The Prince then retired to rest, and Kingsburgh set about having a boat prepared for the escape of his guest.—At one o'clock the preparations being finished the Prince was aroused from his sleep, and made ready to depart. The bed on which he had slept, was immediately stripped of its sheets, which were set a part as winding-sheets; the one for Lady Kingsburgh, the other for Flora; and they never parted with these memorials of the Prince. They then set out for Portrice, where the boat was waiting, to convey the Prince to the opposite island of Rasa. On the road the Prince stepped into a forest and laid aside his female habiliments, and arrayed himself in the Highland costume, much to the gratification of his companions. At Portrice he parted with his faithful friends, Kingsburgh, Mackechan and Flora. To his fair preserver he expressed the mournful hope that he would yet, at St. James's show the depth of a gratitude he could not now express; and leaving her with many regrets, and tears, and blessings, he entrusted himself to the care of some who had fought under him at Culloden, he left the isle of Skye. His romantic adventures were continued for some time afterwards, when he escaped on a vessel to France.

After parting with the Prince, Flora returned to her mother's house, and so

faithfully did she keep the secret of her adventures, that her mother, and other most intimate friends were entirely ignorant of what had been done. In a few days, however, they were sorely amazed by the arrival of a troop of Royal soldiers, whose commander arrested Flora, and without allowing her to take leave of her friends, hurried her on board a war vessel that was stationed in the neighborhood. Shortly afterwards she was transferred to another ship, which sailed with her to Leith Roads, near Edinburgh. Here she was detained on board the vessel three months, during which time she was the object of interest to all classes and parties. The vessel was crowded daily by the throng of visitors. Some came to see the girl who had dared to rescue from the clutches of the Royal troops, one who aspired to the dethronement of the Reigning Sovereign, some to show how deeply they appreciated the heroism, and self-devotion she had displayed in behalf of the beloved, but unfortunate Prince, while others were actuated by the desire, merely to see a beautiful girl of such romantic reputation. The friends of the house of Stuart showed her the most unwearied attentions, and rendered her confinement as tolerable as circumstances would allow.

The vessel on which she was confined, at the end of three months, turned its course towards London, but Flora was not sent ashore until nearly two more months had elapsed, when she was carried to the British Capitol, and lodged in the Tower. As soon as she arrived in London, the King paid her a visit, and introduced himself with the

very ungallant question, "how had she dared contrive the escape of the Pretender to his throne," and received from Flora the noble answer, "I did no more for the Prince than I would for you, were you in his situation." After being confined eight months in the Tower of London, she was set at liberty by the Act of Indemnity. Lord Mahon says that Flora was not released until after the lapse of a year, and then only at the intercession of the Prince of Wales.

On being released from captivity, Flora accepted the invitation of Lady Primrose, to become her guest while she remained in London. This was the lady who entertained the Prince when he paid a secret visit to London, several years afterwards. During Flora's short stay at the house of Lady Primrose, previous to her return to the Highlands, she received an universality of attention that would have turned the head of any other than herself. But her good sense and modesty shone most brightly in the midst of homage and flattery; and though the star of the most brilliant circles of the Metropolis, she gladly retired from their splendor, the same pure-minded Highland girl as before. She once said in reply to a question of one of her flatterers that she never knew that she had done anything remarkable until she heard the world speaking of her deeds.

Regarded as a heroine, this closes the most interesting part of her history. That a girl of wealth and position in society, should hazard the lives and fortunes, both of herself and her friends, even with the expectation of being early repaid for her generous actions, is

enough to excite the warmest feelings of admiration in every one. But, when this sacrifice is made for a friendless wanderer, an outlaw of her nation, and an outcast of the world, words fail to express the praise due the deed. The character of the Prince, also added lustre to her adventures. The last of the unfortunate house of Stuart, that had reigned for four hundred years, with continual alternations of splendor and misfortune, himself eminently qualified to fill the high estate to which he was entitled, had returned from exile to seek his own just rights, supported by those among whom his family had its origin—the Highlanders of Scotland. Ill-success had defeated his hopes, and reduced him to a condition that he could not have exchanged for that of the humblest peasant. Such being the person for whom she exerted herself so disinterestedly the spirit of romance is naturally commingled with the story of her life, and gives it an additional charm. The Prince felt deeply the debt of gratitude he owed her, and from his repeated declarations of his intention to show at a future day his sense of gratitude, it was shrewdly supposed that if he had ever succeeded in regaining his ancestral crown, Flora would have become Queen of England—a position which her many brilliant qualities, both of body and mind, eminently fitted her to adorn. Flora, however, always combatted that report.

Three years after her return to Skye, Flora became the bride of the younger McDonald, of Kingsburgh. In the autumn of 1773, Dr. Johnson, and his man Boswell, paid a visit to Flora and her husband, at Kingsburgh. The old

Laird, of Kingsburgh, after suffering severely for aiding the escape of the Prince, had long since been laid to rest, and his wife was soon after laid by his side. Dr. Johnson gives a flattering description of the character of his hostess, who permitted him to gratify his whim by sleeping in the bed on which the Prince had reposed many years before.

Soon after the visit of Dr. Johnson, Kingsburgh's affairs became embarrassed, and he, in consequence emigrated to an estate which he had purchased on the Cape Fear, in America. This estate was in the midst of the settlement that had been formed by the exiles of Cullo-den. There are those still living who remember the tears and blessings of that unfortunate people as they gathered around Flora, to welcome her who had saved the life of their beloved Prince, and how, when Flora detailed his perils, and sufferings, and fortitude, they made the native forests resound with the sentiment ever uppermost in their breast—" *Prionsa Chearlach gu bragh!* "

When the American Revolution broke out, Kingsburgh inclined to the Royalist party, and was imprisoned by the Republicans as a dangerous man. Kingsburgh's three sons were at this time in the British army. After his release, he entered as an officer in a Royalist regiment, which was then advancing against the town of Wilmington. Flora accompanied her husband below Fayetteville, and waited there to hear the result of the anticipated battle. In a few days her husband returned wounded and exhausted, to tell her how fatal to the Royalists had been the day at Moore's

Creek. After this battle, Kingsburgh retired to his residence, to find quiet in the bosom of his family. Throughout the war; Flora displayed so much prudence, kindness and uprightness that the most bitter partisans of either side considered her as a model of all that was just and good. She continued to make her life lovely, if not illustrious, by good deeds and a blameless character. I have often sat in the pew where Flora McDonald worshipped, and thought how little the deeds of the heroine of 1746 added to the honor, which pervades that whole region, to the name of the matron of 1776.

In a few more years the signs of age began to premonish them of the approaching end; and they prepared to return to Scotland, to sleep with their fathers in the isle consecrated by the scenes of their youth and early love.

During the return, they encountered a French ship-of-war, and a sharp action ensued. The females were ordered below, but the spirit which had animated her forty years before, was not yet broken in Flora's breast, and she insisted on remaining on deck, that by her voice and example, she might animate the sailors during the action. In the confusion of the fight, her arm was broken. She afterwards observed that her lot was a hard one, for she had risked her life both for the house of Stuart and of Brunswick, and had received little thanks for either.

The remainder of her years, which were few, was passed in the isle of Skye; on the 4th of March, 1790, she calmly died the death of the righteous. She sleeps in the churchyard where she had often worshipped in other days.

In person, Flora McDonald was rather below the medium stature, and of an exceedingly graceful form. Her complexion was fair and her features beautiful. She was the mother of seven children—five sons and two daughters. I believe her descendants have all passed away.

Flora McDonald's character was entirely free from that unpleasant touch of masculineness, which generally marks *strong-minded* women. Though firm in purposes, she was ever modest and retiring. The latter part of her life, seems to me, to far transcend in loveliness her early romantic career. Those quiet deeds of goodness, which have perpetuated her memory among her countrymen in the humbler walks of life, never reached the pages of the public annals, nor if they had, would they have drawn from the world such applause as did her admirable conduct in behalf of the Prince. But to him that admires the purest specimens of female loveliness adorned with the humble spirit of genuine Christianity, the character of Flora McDonald affords a subject for endless admiration. No epitaph can be inscribed on her monument with more fitness and truth than that beautiful couplet of Gray's:—

"Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps."

LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK'S SPRING.

BY PHILO TOUCHSTONE, SEN.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 366.]

WE left the unhappy Alice, bound with thongs, and in company with Mr. Henderson, riding across the prairie with terrific velocity. We must confess to a little electric shock from the sailor propensity of the fair creature, notwithstanding her blue eyes, and waving ringlets. It is more than we can do to follow her now, on her Indian pony. Our readers are not aware, perhaps, of the excellent qualities of these animals; and we feel tempted to enter into a learned disquisition on the subject, but time presses, and we must do something for poor Simon Herrick, whom the cruel savages left in the lurch. It is evident that he could not overtake the Indians, and what he would do, not knowing, we can't say. If we were dealing in Eastern story, we could soon transport him on the back of some genii, to the rescue of his daughter; but we are just on the other pole, and consequently in a "quondary." It would be a great pity that some red-face should aspire to the exquisite privilege of the hand of such pale-faced loveliness. In that event the brave Henderson would suffer, and to that we are decidedly opposed.

Shades of John Fennimore Cooper, hover around us, and lead our bewildered imagination to the proper denouement of this awful tragedy. But, oh!

spare the maiden; even if thou must call the shade of Deer-Slayer back once more.

Our heart moveth us to assume the "lofty Cothurnus" once in our life, and rival the "well sung woes" of Beaumont and Fletcher. Somewhat as follows:

ACT FIRST.

SCENE FIRST—ON THE PRAIRIE.

SHAKESPEARE—"The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,
Almost to bursting."

HENDERSON—This day I'll mark with chalk,
For I have slain a deer.

LORENZO—Beware my youngster how you talk,
Or I will pull your ear.

SCENE SECOND—NIGHT.

MILTON—Each at the head,
Levelled his deadly hands, their fatal aim,
No second stroke intended.

LORENZO—How beautiful is night,
The moon and stars shine bright.

HENDERSON—I love her liquid light,
The Empress of the night,

AN ALARM, INDIAN BATTLE FIELD.

LORENZO—Now show thy grit my Yankee youth,

For if we die, we'll have no truce.

ALL—The cursed redskins bite the ground,
And seven lie pierced with ghastly wounds.

Hitherto have we come, and to such a pitch of agony have we lashed our feelings, that we must leave the rest with our gentle readers. In a poetic vision we beheld the fair Alice slain, and her

poor aged father tearing his venerable locks with grief.

Such is life in the world of romance.

Let there be a distance between us and

it, and we hope Mr. Touchstone will hereafter confine himself in his own dominions.

A SIMPLE NARRATIVE.

I beg leave to introduce you to the principal actor at a brilliant party, surrounded by the usual quantity of ladies, with glancing eyes and moustached young men. As he returns your salutation with a gracious inclination of the head, you are somewhat pleased.

As it is our purpose to notice his actions and words, in order to form some idea of his character, we will not trouble you with a lengthened description. It will be sufficient to state, that his height is about six feet. Although he is not handsome, he has quite a striking face. His wandering grey eye, and nervous sentences, impress you quite favorably with respect to his intelligence. Conversing with him in a corner of the room, you readily perceive he is no imitator, no morbid sentimentalist, no epicurean or stoic; but still your mind is somewhat puzzled when he tells you Shelley's Queen Mab is his favorite poem.

Asking why he has such a preference for Queen Mab? he replies, "I admire

the poem because it is fraught with the most beautiful ideas, adorned by the purest and loftiest diction the English language affords, not that I sympathize with its infidelity. I know you are thinking, that I, like most of the young men of our age, am endeavoring to excite astonishment and respect, by asserting dogmatically, paradoxical opinions. You have heard our ministers preach from the pulpit, the fearful tendency of the age to infidelity. I assure you, sir, the ministers who make this assertion, have no idea with how much truth they speak.

I am a young man, as you perceive, and have been among many crowds of young men, and have heard them boast of their ignorance of the Scriptures, and at the same time they could not advance a single argument and sustain it, on either side. But you may ask, does this tendency exist simply on account of the popularity of such sentiments?—

Yes, strange as it may seem, it is considered an index of an uncommon mind

to scoff at religion. By looking around this room, you can easily perceive the tendency of the age to apathy and thoughtlessness concerning those subjects and pursuits that elevate and refine. Although there are many exceptions, yet most of our young ladies would rather lean on the arm of some sentimentalist, and hear him describe the beauties of a masquerade, than listen to the grandest idea of a Milton.

During this dissertation, you might have easily perceived, that he cast quick furtive glances each side of him, and as he turns off to speak to some elderly looking persons who had been standing near all the time, it is very apparent he has been uttering these plausible sentiments, for their especial benefit.

At a later hour of the evening, you perceive him in another character.—He is waltzing around the room, and as his partner requests a small respite from the giddy twirl, he expresses his perfect astonishment, that any one should object to such delightful amusement, and as he conducts her to a seat, he adds :

“Tis a pity, though in this sublime world that pleasure’s a sin, and sometimes sin’s a pleasure.”

Having given thus much of an insight into our hero’s character, we will follow him in his career, as far as the purpose of our story warrants. Born of poor parents, he was compelled to rely on his own talents, which were amply sufficient to have procured him honor and preference, if they had been directed in the right course.

Admired for his acquirements, playing many parts upon his miniature-

stage with success, he was led away by a phantasm, a shadow, which has lured many young men to their ruin. Having been the star actor of a Thespian corps formed by young men of his native village, he supposed he could “show the mirror up to nature, show virtue her own image, scorn her own features” to much larger audience.

Fired with the enthusiasm of youth, bright were his dreams of success, when he should make his first appearance upon the public boards. Looking forward to this event as the Hegira of his life, he became the “inhabitant of a fantastic realm,” in which electrified audiences did homage to his genius.

Having determined to seek fortune and fame upon the stage, after several successful attempts, he at last obtained a short engagement in New York. The manager, as is the general custom, our hero being a new comer, cast him a minor part. How gracefully his dreams of applause vanished, when he had to appear as a lacquey ! Forgetting that the approaches to fame were made by gradations, he mouthed his indignation in the empty air, threw up his engagement, and joined a company of strolling players, who were coming South. The whole company consisting of but second rate players, as his talents were above ordinary, he soon became their star. Travelling through most of our Southern States, they came to a town in North Carolina, where the circumstances I am about to relate occurred.

The Theatre at which the performance was to take place, was situated near a young ladies boarding school.

The girls were all delighted of course,

with the idea of attending the Theatre. There was one among them who was considered the wildest and most reckless of the school.

She was tall, gracefully formed, beautiful in every respect. Wild, as you know she was, it was such an innocent wildness, her light silvery voice like the whispering of our better nature, made all calm within. She was generally quite attentive to her studies, and gained quite a reputation for brilliancy, among her teachers and friends. Passionately fond of the drama, with a mind gifted to comprehend the grandest imagery, imagination sufficient to picture the scenery of the noblest tragedy, she had read with avidity the works of Talfourd, Sheridan Knowles, Bulwer, and many other standard dramatists. She had read these great authors, not as most school girls read them. She had compared real characters with those portrayed by them, their impulses, their sentiments and passions.

Bulwer being her favorite author, and as the lady of Lyons was to be performed the first night, she was all anxiety to see it represented. After much persuasion, the principal at last consented to take them to the Theatre. As night approached, the anxiety of the girls, had amounted to excitement, to see the performance. At last the time arrived.

They had been seated for some time, amid the crowded audience, awaiting in suspense the rising of the curtain. At the tinkling of the bell, our hero appeared as Claude Melnotte. This being his favorite character, the glow of enthusiasm that lighted up his features, was a sure, earnest of success. As the

play proceeded, Mary, as I shall call her, became entranced, transported with delight, and when Melnotte said, in his honest indignation, "'Tis the Prince thou lovest, not the man," she could have answered with Pauline, "thou wrongst me cruel Prince."

Finally, the curtain went down amid the applause of the audience. The whole company, as one man arose and shouted for Claude. Now were the bright dreams of our hero realized. He came forward to receive their commendations, made a short, appropriate speech, assuring the audience that it would ever afford him the greatest pleasure, to contribute in the slightest degree, to their delight.

Returning home from the Theatre, the girls variously expressed the pleasure they had experienced, but there was one who was silent, she was occupied with following Claude through the different scenes of the play. She did not know why; but surely the Prince of Como, Melnotte and Murean, (the different characters in which Claude appeared,) became identified with our hero.

Yes it must be acknowledged, Mary had overstepped the bounds of propriety, she had not restrained her passionate feelings, and as she lay down that night, it was but to dream of Claude embodied in the actor.

Men can go far beyond the limits of propriety and morality, even with credit to themselves; yet a weak, tractable woman dare not venture one inch beyond the pale, that has been marked out by conventual rules.

There are many circumstances that palliate Mary's fault. We are apt to

attribute the lasting effect that is produced upon us by the actress who plays the part which we admired so much, to the assistance of false jewels and rouge, but I think it arises from something more creditable to mankind, it is produced by our witnessing the actress swayed by the noblest sentiments, sprinkled with just enough of earth to make her appear mortal.

Mary arose next morning with the image of our hero still before her.

She sauntered out among the fragrant roses, eglantines and honeysuckles, plucking the fairest, until she had gathered a beautiful cluster.

During the rehearsal that day, the actor received a beautiful bouquet of flowers, with the compliments of Miss Mary C——. Not having lost his romance and love of adventure by his travels, he was delighted with this proof of his having made a conquest. But knowing well his position, he was well aware he could not venture to seek a public meeting. Ascertaining from the bearer, that the young lady was an inmate of the school opposite, he wrote her a note, interspersed with those delicate compliments which he was master of, thanking her for the beautiful flowers. Fearing there was no other way to make her acquaintance, he ventured to request a meeting, as the shades of evening approached, near a bench within the enclosure which was removed some distance from the school.

The first wrong step had been taken, the rest cost but few pangs of conscience. Mary received his note, and thinking it was no great harm after all, consented to the meeting.

Although her imaginative mind cloth-

ed the meeting with an air of romance, still as the time approached, her courage began to fail. Seeking to relieve and shield herself somewhat from the blame, she confided her secret to one of her dearest friends and entreated her to accompany her. She consented, and at the appointed time, they met the actor at the appointed place. Neither in this position did the actor's talents fail him, by his pleasantry sentiment and candor, he soon dispelled Mary's fears, and ere they parted, they promised to meet alone next evening. They were not so fortunate as before, some of the girls strolling in this retired part of the enclosure, discovered them sitting on the bench together. Ascertaining her companion was one of the actors, the secret was too great to be kept, and was soon spread throughout the whole school.—

The report grew as it went from one of her schoolmates to another, until it was confidently asserted that she intended to elope. This being the report, some of the girls thought it their duty to inform the Principal. The old man was truly grieved. He sent for Mary immediately. Representing how wrong she had acted, he told her he was obliged to inform her father. Awakened to the full consciousness of her fault, frightened and grieved at the thought of her father's wrath and mother's sorrow, she was unable to appear among her schoolmates, in the solitude of her chamber she wept in silence. Her father arrived the following week. Although he loved his daughter fondly, there was a dreadful struggle between his grief and rage. He told her she should return home immediately, that he intended to take her to the Catholic

Convent at Georgetown. Cruelly did poor Mary suffer. Bitter was the thought of leaving under the circumstances so distressing, the nursery of her youth. None of her schoolmates, except a few of her particular friends, offered their sympathy, and instead of treating her misdemeanor as a mere freak of romance, with the accustomed charity of the world, they avoided her as something to be shunned. This coldness of her companions combined with the thought of meeting her mother, bore heavily on her heart, and when she parted with her teacher upon that threshold which she had entered a gay thoughtless girl, she sobbed aloud.

The meeting with her mother, I will not try to describe, it was heart rending, it was a shock from which it is said, poor Mary never recovered.—Her father carried her on to Georgetown, the following week after her return.

No more was heard of her for two years, when it was announced in her native village, that she had returned

with the consumption. This was cruelly true. Every effort has been made by her friends to relieve her; but the bright, the lovely, the once light-hearted Mary, is passing away. Never more will her silvery laugh be heard, and as she looks up into the deep blue sky, she says, ere the winter comes again, her spirit shall have winged its flight to a better land.

We will not say that her youthful freak brought on this disease. She committed no crime, but certain it is, her sensitive nature received a shock which wrought a mighty change both in her spirits and mind. "May violets bloom over her grave."

The actor is now playing in one of the principal Theatres in New York, perfectly unconscious of having caused so much misery to the trusting school girl, merely for the gratification of his vanity. He seems, by the critic's accounts, to be confirming the promise of his youth, as they say he is destined to become a star of the first magnitude.

A SCENE AT WRIGHTSVILLE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Bright and glorious glowed the day—Spring
Had thrown her velvet mantle o'er Nature's
budding
Charms—Balmy zephyrs played upon the ruf-
fled
Bosom of the Sound, and gently pressed her
Murmuring lips against the pebbly strand—
Twittering birds nestled in the shady boughs

Of the rustling water-oaks, and Old Ocean
As he neared, raised his snowy brow to view
The scene—then poured his admiration
On the sounding shore—Art marred not
With its sacreligious hands the beauty
Of the spot—Beneath the spreading trees
A rustic seat looked sea-ward. There
In beauty's bloom a maiden pensive sat

And a youth with gaze of rapture knelt—
A picture of imploring eloquence—With
Cheek suffused, and down-cast eyes his passion-
ed strain.

She heard—"Maiden pity," he cried, "my
agony,

From childhood's hour thou hast been my guid-
ing star,

The object of my prayers, and thoughts. Deep
And boundless as that on which you gaze,
Rolls the Ocean of my love—and that I speak
Not falsely—He is witness who formed them
both."

Paused his utterance at the diamond tear,
The heaven of her eyes distilled—Her yielding
Hand is clasped in both his own. "And wilt
thou,

With thy love, these years of hope with bliss
Eternal crown?"—Hushed was the breeze,
The leaves were still, a woman's vow to hear
In silence—That vow was given, and through
The soul of that foud youth, intensest thrills
Of joy sent. Deep from his heart

The struggling accents rose, but died upon
His lips. Around her beauteous form
His arm is thrown and fervid kisses
Burn upon her cheek—Enough,
That scene is past and o'er—Profane 'twould
he

To dwell upon it, and disturb the sacred ashes
In memory's silent tomb. When vows are
false,

Alas! that scenes like this should e'er occur.
Why should Fashion, Virtue's foe forever be?
In vice alone is pleasure to be found, that
Even those its devotees should be, in whom
We see the purest of our race? Yet, *pleasure*
E'en in Fashion's train not alway moves.
The young and generous to deceive, and injure
Ne'er yet was pleasant—But in these times
'Tis more—'tis Fashion—and at *her* gay
And soul-less shrinc, this maiden humbly
bowed.

He, the youth, who late his love confessed
(The unconscious victim of a senseless *flirt*,)
By her is now contemued—though 'till they
meet

Again, he knows it not—They meet where

Music's strain, the merry laugh, and flyin^g
fect

Proclaim the dance—He, as wont, devoted,
To her side with smile of pleasure
Bends his steps—of all unmindful, save that
She, the idol of his heart, is there
That smile hangs doubtful on his changing
lip

When cold indifference sat upon her brow,
And marked, unmoved, his presence—Still
That, but a maiden's freak, a trial of his love,
He thought or *tried* to think, and 'neath
The ill-affected garb of mirth, his
Swelling pride restrained—Thus, tho' unhap-
py,

He, his anxious fears allayed—"Can she
My promised h^{id}e—the object of my
More than earthly love, to sacred vows
Prove false? Beneath a form angelic,
A brow so pure, and eyes from which
The light of Heaven streams—can base deceit
Abide? Ah! no. The thought is sinful, no
more

Shall dwell within my mind." Poor youth!
Ere yet one hour shall have passed,
And all these hopeful words shall seem
A bitter mockery—A tall, and handsome youth
With flattering speech and tender glance
The maiden now attends—While pausing
At the shout of mirth some awkward dancer
Caused—the first named youth, the maiden's
side

Approached, and gently asked a boon—
"That she would with him stroll, where
Undisturbed, sweet converse they might hold."
With whispered promise of "*returning soon*,"
The maiden to the tall youth bowed—then
Coldly took the proffered arm—Their stroll
Was short, for when the youth to speak
Of Love began, and of their mutual vows,
The maiden *smiled aloud*—then—pitied,
Then "unkindest cut of all"—*advised*
Across the garden of his heart her withery
Accents swept—its heanty blasting and his
Cherished hopes—He was a duped, and *verdant*
youth,

And she a heartless flirt—"Twas then in loud
And piteous accents he exclaimed—"Jerdin
Is a hard road to travel—I helieve."

A REQUIEM FOR EDGAR A. POE.

WE are almost saddened at the sight of a brilliant meteor, wandering, we know not whither, yet we sigh not, nor mourn; for well we know that the hand which made it, guides it; and that its path rests not on its own will. But truly and painfully sad are the feelings with which we watch the uprising of a gifted son of earth, whose steps have wandered aside from the truth. Him we sigh, mourn, aye, and weep for. For he has that within him wherewith to live aright, and his path is his own to choose.

How like a stream is life? the poet says, "And how like floating barks are we?" See the bark that rises off yonder. It seems to bear an atmosphere of its own, so dark it is—hull, mast and sails, are all of the same gloomy hue. Not one light spot relieves it, and even we breathe heavily as it approaches.—But dark and gloomy as is that bark without, it bears a world of wealth within. It sails from the land of Ophir—the goal of the Hebrew's dreams—yet its hull is leprous, and it is a wanderer doomed. No port is open to it now. Such was the late EDGAR A. POE, and not as some have said, his life like a brilliant meteor, and his death, the setting sun cloaked in storm-clouds, which even in death he beats back. No, it was not so; for the meteor moves by fixed, though perhaps,

inexplicable laws, and he was guided by his own will, and that was ever as variable as the wind. And the sun too in going down, goes not down forever; but he, when he laid him down with "the sleepers," rose up "never more." "Morn came, and went—and came"—but from "Poor-Eddie," there came no joyous greeting, no merry laugh—for he had taken up his abode in the dark tarn of Auber, "in a Kingdom by the sea."

Many there are, who, as they seek for his grave in an obscure corner of a Hospital Cemetery, will drop a tear of regret, and breathe a sigh that he who was so nobly gifted should be thus neglected. One gifted spirit has already sung in mystic numbers the lesson of remembrance so deeply engraven on many hearts. While listening to the melody of the following lines, it were that we should learn the lessons they teach:

"Gently scan your brother man,

* * * * *

Though he may gang a Kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human."

Remember there were those in whose prayers his name was ever woven—to whom even in death his name is dear. Then "let the faults of the dead buried with their bodies be."

Strike the anthem, bards and brothers,
Softly sweep your many lyres;

Let the low and solemn requiem
Linger on the silver wires.

One hath broken from your number—
Think not of his errors here—
And hath laid him to a slumber,
Beyond earthly hope or fear!

One hath broken from your number,
With harp of mightiest tone,
And hath passed through death's dread slumber,
Onward to the eternal throne!

Let the turf press lightly on him,
Lay his lyre upon his breast;
And the laurels Fame had won him,
Hang them o'er his place of rest.

Though they bear many an earth stain,
Death's dark stream should wash away,
All the mildew clinging to thee,
All the soiling of the clay!

Earth-stained laurels hanging heavy
With the cold and midnight dew!
Weep ye brothers, it is mournful
Thus to decorate the yew!

Had the prayers of those availed him,
O'er whose path his shadow fell,

Darkening with its raven pinions
Life's dim ray, it had been well.

But yet strike the anthem, brothers—
Think not of his errors now,
Mourn him, mourn his harpstring broken,
And the crushed wreath on his brow.

'Take ye—take the scattered fragments,
Lay them kindly at his breast,
Of the lyre he swept so wildly—
Let them mark his place of rest!

Strike the anthem low and solemn,
Let its mournful echo swell
Through the "haunted woodland" openings
Where the "Ghouls of Wier" do dwell.

O'er the dark tarri of "Auber,"
Let its mournful echo swell,
And through "cypress vales 'titanic"—
Paths his spirit loved so well!

Never more shall strains so mighty
Wind along,
Never more shall float such music,
None could sweep the lyre like him.

Strike the anthem then, ye brothers—
Think not of his errors now—
Mourn him—mourn his harp-string broken,
And the crushed wreath on his brow.

OUR PRONUNCIATION.

If the hackneyed assertion, that "this is an age of progress," be true, it is equally true, that in many respects, we are progressing in the wrong direction; and no where is this down-hill movement more apparent, than in our pronunciation.

There was a time—if we may believe what our fathers tell us—when educat-

ed men, and educated women spoke the English language grammatically, and pronounced it correctly; and when it was considered a mark of ill-breeding to fail in either of these particulars. But that time has passed away. We have made rapid advances in the development of that republican principle, "that all men are, and of right ought

be, free and equal." The invidious distinctions of rank are melting away, and in pronunciation at least, we are becoming decidedly "mobocratic."

"The Parlor has gone to the kitchen for names," and Betty, Sally, Jenny, Molly, &c., have been "gentcelized" by changing "y" into "ie." But the amalgamation has not stopped here; the parlor, despairing of raising the kitchen to its own level, and bent upon equality, has determined to sink to the level of the kitchen.

The first sacrifice was that of final "g." This poor letter was most unmercifully lopped off from the present participle, and all words ending in "ing," and we hear "polished" young gentlemen talking of "doin nothin durin vacation but ridin about, huntin, fishin, and flyin round the risin generation of females."

A young lady of refined taste and finished education speaks of being "exceedinly fond of drawin, paintin, music and dancin;" is decidedly of opinion that "readin makes a full man, talkin, a pleasant man, broadcloth, a good lookin man, and thinkin about money makin, a great man."

Next we see the letter "r" banished from genteel society. Instead of "horse," the elite say "haus," almost universally.

So fearful are they of giving the rustic roll to the r, that they drop it altogether. We hear of "St. Peta's church," "Websta the great orata," and at the same time we are referred to "Walka's" dictionary as the "standud" of pronunciation.

A clergyman alludes to the *poe* man who lay *befoe* the rich man's *doe*, *covud* with *soes*.

But worst of all, the unaccented vowels are all pronounced like "u" "much." A man talks of hearing "jubble argumunts brought fauwud on certain subject which were sufficiunt change his sentimunts." A professor warns his class against the "prevalut erra of supposing that talunt alone will make a man eminunt, without the aid of laba or systumatic effut." He tells them moreover, that fresh air and active exussize are the best medussuns for a dyspeptic student.

Educated men, yea even professors of our Colleges, say "imposubble," and "implacubble," "consonunt" and "edunt," making no distinction between a and i, but giving both the obscure sound of u.

If a man talks about eating a "roastud potato," or going to the "Postufus," or being "unquantud" with a particular "subject," we set him down at once as a clown, or at least conclude that he has not had early advantage. But why should "roastud" or "subject" be worse than "sentimunt," or "offubler" less genteel than "terrubble?"

Now, my readers, let us rally round the "King's English," and make a bold stand against these detestable cockney innovations. Let us stem the tide of mobocratic Yankeeism that is threatening to sweep away correct pronunciation, and let us show to the world that educated Carolinians can speak English better than draymen and clod-hoppers.

If any of our readers disagree with us, or think that we are sounding a false alarm, we refer them to the introduction to Walker's dictionary, No. 160 at the end—and No. 179.

CALVIN.

THE FAREWELL.

It was the night before W—— was to leave for College, that he might be seen, with an air of dejection entering the house of ——. M—— resided there, a beautiful and innocent creature, who had won his affections by her charming looks and fascinating manners. He came to bid her farewell, and it was then and there that he experienced for the first time, that two loves were sleeping in two unconscious bosoms. Those alone who have been placed in similar circumstances can judge of the feelings which agitated his joy at the discovery, and regret that it was at such a time.

With beating heart he knocks, is admitted, and ushered into the parlor.— M—— with all the dignity and grace her sex enters, and notwithstanding her apparent gayety, the eager eyes of —, soon perceived a shade of sadness spread over her lovely features. He scarcely dared to ask himself, much less her, the cause of her grief. Could it be for him? The thought thrilled him, and his heart fluttered with a joyous, trembling hope. What must have been his sensations when he heard from her own lips the confirmation of what he deemed bold thoughts and unfounded hopes. He must have felt that—

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."

Hours passed over the unconscious

lovers, and it would be superfluous to say that they were "winged with pleasure." But they *must* part. To-morrow—the departure—the preparation, rushed upon their memory.

"What business had they there at such a time?" He arose. And must we part, cried the deeply affected maiden? It is hard to be separated—and perhaps forever ejaculated W——. Oh, no, cried she, weeping, say not so, dear W——, if you have any regard for my feelings. Have you never heard, "there is many a truth said in jest." The thought pains me, and the reality would break my heart. With his soul in his eyes, as if wooed there by these words of love, he gazed into the blue depth of hers. He is drawn to her side, her hand is in his, one kiss, farewell, he murmured, and M—— is alone—

"And joy and grief are hers to-night."

Slowly W—— wends his way towards home. He is a new being, another world bursts on his vision. He was loved, and by the being of his choice. He had other farewells to say, but none that would affect him like this. He could annihilate all Colleges, and especially that one that tore him away from his dearest hopes. He reached home with these reflections, and sought to bury his emotions in the embraces of sleep. But the drowsy god would not come at his wooing. M——

was before him her sweet, sad face and tearful eyes, and she

"Was the ocean to the river of his thoughts."

To-morrow comes—our hero departs for his destination, and on the second day he is at College. He sets out on his literary career with energy; for he was one of those who felt that College was not the place for idleness or frivolous amusements. For two months and a half, he pursued his studies with high success, when one day sitting in his room, he was suddenly seized with a thrilling and acute pain, and in a few hours he passed away from earth. The young, the beautiful, the joy of parents and friends.

We will not attempt to describe the effect which the intelligence of his death produced on M——. His farewell words were prophetic. The hopes

and joys of her youth were blighted and death soon came to her relief—

"He lies on her, like the untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

Who knows what lives are bound up in a student's life? what hopes die with him? Why should we not permit these holy affections to wreath themselves around our hearts, and preserve them pure and undefiled? Why should we not recognize them as ministering angels, warning us in the hour of temptation, and pointing out the path that leads to virtue and to God. Every noble sentiment must be dead in the heart who feels not at times these sweet influences stealing over it. Oh! bury them not in the polluted grave of dissipation. Would you deny a decent grave to your dearest friends? Despis not their reproof, counsel and love.

A GLANCE INTO THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

As man is a thinking, reasoning animal, we might expect his social habits to correspond with his superior intellectual endowments. When a number of rational beings are collected together to please and be pleased, we might expect to see mind quicken mind; to see the dusty, rusty corners of their craniums

thoroughly cleansed out, and prepared for the reception of new ideas and valuable truths.

But this is far from being the case. People seem to meet together for the express purpose of making fools of themselves; and if so, they most assuredly accomplish their object. The

reverse of Lord Monboddo's theory seems to be taking place, and men degenerating into monkeys.

As one enters a crowded room at a large party, and hears the confused clatter of a hundred rattling tongues, he thinks that surely so much breath would not be wasted without the production of many valuable thoughts; that there must be innumerable brilliant sallies of wit to call forth such continuous peals of laughter. But "compress into its solid worth" all the conversation brought forth on such occasions.

"And if it weigh the importance of a fly,
The scales are false or Algebra a lie!"

If my readers are inclined to disagree with me, let them but attend one of these places of fashionable "tomfoolery," and keep their eyes open, and they will be convinced it is even so.

We will pass by the regular devotee of fashion; for the folly and heartlessness of such a being is conceded on all hands. There is no difference of opinion among rational, sensible people concerning the mother who leaves her *precious darling* with a nurse, to be dosed with laudanum and paregoric, while she is dancing till after midnight with tipsy fops.

We will take our examples from among those who consider themselves specially wise, and look with mingled pity and contempt upon those whom nature has not so abundantly blessed.

We enter a large parlor, and immediately on our right, see a group of "old ladies" telling anecdotes, and waiting impatiently for supper; of course, they are not worthy of our attention, so we pass on, and soon find ourselves surrounded by a glorious assemblage of

"Young America," displaying all the beauties of "tights" and "standers," on one side, and "lowneck—and—short sleeves" on the other. We get an introduction to a pretty young lady, and all our stock of "small talk" is immediately called into requisition.—We are not so busily engaged, however, that we cannot notice what our next neighbor is saying. After remarking upon the state of the weather for the last week or two, he compliments the lady's bouquet, and proceeds to discuss the sentiments of the different flowers of which it is composed. After a number of profound botanical observations upon the beauty of the rose or the fragrance of the violet, he announces a remarkable discovery in botanical science, that husband and wife can never *both* smell the Persian Iris!

When this topic is exhausted, the dress, manners, and appearance of the rest of the company are thoroughly discussed.

By dint of pushing and edging, we make our way through lace and flounces till we reach an old acquaintance, a beautiful creature in the full bloom of early womanhood. Before her is a youth, whose manners and appearance decidedly prove him a Junior. He declares that he has never been in love in his life; that he has never yet seen the lady upon whom he was willing to bestow his affections. The young lady exclaims—"Sir, I am astonished that any one who has drunk deep at the fountain of knowledge, who has felt the inspiration of Genius prompting him to soar onward and upward in his intellectual flight, should acknowledge that he has never felt the throbbing of a heart!"

In vain the hapless youth protests that he can appreciate a fine poem or admire a beautiful sunset as much as any body; the irrevocable decree has gone forth; she pronounces that if his soul were put into a tobacco seed and shaken, it would rattle!" "What Miss S——! you talking nonsense!" "O, yes, sir; I am obliged to do so in self defence at parties where there is no dancing." We then proceed to Philosophise on human follies in general, while the tenant of a broadcloth coat on our right is discanting upon female curiosity, and an unpledged philosopher on our left is vehemently maintaining that "all men are fools, and women are no better." Meanwhile an exceedingly literary couple behind us are discussing the last novel.

Now why should such a state of things exist in an enlightened community? Why should real intelligence and good sense be systematically banished from the social circle? The fault, we think, is with parents. Boys who ought to be under the wholesome restraint of the master's lash, and girls who ought to be subjected to the economical, bread and water discipline of the boarding school, go into company as young gentlemen and young ladies. Of course, the presence of wiser people will be a restraint upon such shallow-brained simpletons, and therefore older persons must get out of the way and leave the field to "Young America."—It is impossible to draw blood from a turnip. We must not expect any thing to come out of a head which has nothing in it.

The education of nine-tenths of the young people now-a-days, is very shallow and superficial, and their intellects

are still more so. A great number—perhaps a majority—of our young men carry nothing away from College with them, except a diploma and a bundle of idle habits contracted during four wasted years. A young lady, after spending four years at a boarding school, getting a smattering of half a dozen "ics and oligies," and two or three ancient and modern languages, and getting her head stuck full of silly notions, completes her education at seventeen. She then goes into company, and never thinks any more of the improvement of her mind, and if she does, her literary aspirations seldom rise higher than to "keep up with the times."

In order to do this, she devours an immense amount of this frothy, ephemeral stuff, which pours like a torrent from the press every year. Such reading is enough to stultify the strongest mind; no wonder then that it should upset a weak one.

A man has but fairly begun his education after four years of diligent study at a preparatory school, and as many more at College. He is thus occupied eight years in merely laying the foundation of a liberal education. It is the prevailing opinion, on the other hand, that as much knowledge as any woman has any use for, can be acquired in four years, a large proportion of which time must be devoted to music, drawing, painting, &c.

Now, when we consider that society is governed almost entirely by ladies, and that their minds are frequently but ill-stored with information, it is not surprising that nonsensical "chit chat" should take the place of conversation, and that the impudent, half drunken

dandy should supplant the man of real merit.

Poor human nature makes even a worse show at balls and dances than at conversational parties. We do not hesitate to assert that nowhere is more folly displayed than at a large ball; and nowhere, where politeness is the order of the day, can we see more selfishness than at a little dance.

The fireside is the place for real enjoyment. There we are not obliged to

talk when we have nothing to say, and laugh when there is nothing to laugh at: There we are free from the restraints of stiff starched etiquette, the deity of sapheaded fools. There we wear our true characters, and speak our true sentiments.

"The tlythe hearth stane where cronies meet,
And the dear ones o' our e'e,
'Tis this that makes a warl' complete;
O the *ingleside* for me!"

CALVIN CABBAGE.

THE MUSICAL THEORY OF GOVERNMENT..

It was a notion among the ancient philosophers, that there existed a certain resemblance between the music of a nation and the nature of its government. For a long time this notion appeared to us, notwithstanding the respect that we have for all that the ancient have said and done, an absurdity; but, on a closer examination of the subject, we have been compelled to admit that there is a very striking resemblance between the two. Are not all nations when unengaged in war technically considered as living in *harmony*? Are not all diplomatic affairs carried on by means of *notes*? Are not all ambassadors bound to lay a *base* for their negotiations; and compelled to act according to the *tenor* of their instructions? Do not all belli-

gerant powers, when tired of squandering the wealth of a nation and wasting the blood of a people, begin to approach each other by means of *overtures*? In conformity to last remark, it is a common observation, that the gain or loss of a great battle makes the high contracting parties change their *tone*.

In interior matters of national affairs, we find the oppositionists continually exclaiming, that their legislators "have brought things to a *very high pitch*, and endeavoring to make them *sing small*;" while all propositions receive their character from their relation to the motive; and it is sufficient objection to any reformation that *it don't suit the time*.

But if any one doubts the influence

of music on government, we beseech him to reflect upon the extraordinary effect of the Marseille's Hymn, which unsettled the wisest heads of France, and had almost "untuned the spheres." In England the power of "God save the King," and of "Rule Britannia," are well-known, and are enough to breed a rebellion.

It must be admitted in the abatement of this theory, that Nero was a desperate cruel King, and at the same time, that he was "a good stick at a scrape on a fiddle." With this and similar deductions which we are free to make, we consider our theory as abundantly established.

The harmony of a government may be disturbed in two ways. The music itself may be bad, as in anarchical and despotic governments, or the music too good may be spoiled by bad performance: this last may arise either from the incapacity of the legislator to *keep time* with his *band*, or from stopping too *flat* or too *sharp*, and thus throwing all the performers wrong. Success in both arts depends a great deal on the quality of the instrument. The trumpet should not have a harsh, crackling sound; the fiddle should be well strung, and the horn the best that could be afforded. Much, likewise, depends upon the management of *crescendos* and *diminuendos*; let a subject gently lie when it does not fit the humor of the times, and not to strain

the *forté* till it equals the New York opera, as if the whole house were ready to follow in chorus. There is nothing more important to either music or politics than that each individual should be adapted to the part he is to play. A financier may be termed the organ blower of a nation, and he should understand perfectly well how to *raise the wind*. A master of ordinance will be all the better to know something about the *canons*. Office-seekers of the present day should be ready to take any *part* offered them, and should be able at all times to follow in a *round* with the greatest degree of facility.

It is a part of an excellent policy to be always provided with a number of voices, which, when the subject lags, may fill a *pause* and run an *extempore* of any required length without breaking down. Such instruments do good service, and make as much for the benefit of a legislator as for any other public speaker.

There is much more that might be added in confirmation of this musical theory of government; but gentle reader, doubtless, you now require a *rest*, as well as we, ourselves; it being full time for us to come to a *pause*, and that this conviction prove a *bar*, we forego a further extension of the subject, and in order that we end in *con spirito* and not weaken our few remarks on this subject by a feeble *coda*, we stop here.

NAPOLEON OFF CAPE USHANT.

What of the night—ho! watcher there
 Upon that armed deck,
 That holds within its thunderous lair
 The last of Empire's wreck,
 E'en Him, whose capture now, the chain
 From captive earth shall smite,
 Ho! rocked upon the roaring main,
 Watcher, what of the night?

The stars are waning fast, the curl
 Of morning's coming breeze,
 Far in the east begins to furl
 Night's vapors from the seas.
 Her every shred of canvass spread
 The proud ship plunges free,
 While bears afar with stormy head
 Cape Ushant on her lee.

At that last word, as trumpet stirred
 Forth in the dawning grey,
 A lonely man with step unheard,
 Made to the deck his way;
 And leaning o'er the poop he gazed
 Till on his straining view,
 That cloud-like speck of land upraised
 Distinct but slowly grew.

Well may he gaze, until his frame
 Maddens to marble there.
 He risked renown's all grasping game,
 Dominion or Despair.
 And lo! in vapours furled
 The last of that loved France
 For which his prowess crossed the world,
 Is dwindling from his glance.

Rave on, thou wild resounding deep,
 Whose billows round him roll,
 Thou'rt calmness to the storms that sweep
 This moment o'er his soul.
 Black Chaos swims before him spread
 With trophy-shaping tones,
 The councils's strife, the battle's dead,
 Rent charters, cloven thrones.

Say, Proud One, could the loftiest day
 Of thy transcendent power
 Match with the soul—compelling sway,
 That aids thee in this dreadful hour;
 To hide beneath the show
 Of calmest lip and eye
 The Hell that wars and works below,
 The quenchless thirst to die?

The grey dawn crimsoned into morn;
 The morning flashed to day,
 And the sun followed glory—borne
 Rejoicing on his way.
 Yet o'er the ocean's kindling flow

That muser cast his view,
 While round him awed and silent stood
 His fate's devoted few.

He lives perchance the past again,
 In that fierce hour, when first
 Upon the astounded hearts of men
 His met'or presence burst.
 When blood-besotted anarchy
 Sank quelled amid the roar
 Of thy far-reaching musketry,
 Eventful Thermidor.

Again he grasps the Victor's crown,
 Marengo's carnage yields,
 Or burst o'er Lodi breaking down
 Bavaria's thousand shields;
 Then turning from the battle's sod
 Assumes the consul's palm,
 And seizes giant Empire's rod
 In solemn Notre Dame.

But darker thoughts oppress him now;
 Her ill requited love,
 Whose face as beauteous as her brow,
 Brought blessings from above.
 Her trampled heart, his darkening star,
 The cry of outraged man,
 And white tipped rout and wolfish war,
 Loud thundering on his van.

Oh! for that sulphurous eve of June,
 When down the Belgian hill
 His bristling guard's superb platoon
 He led unbroken still
 How would he pause and quit their side
 Upon destruction's marge,
 Nor king-like share with desperate pride
 Their vainly glorious charge?

No, gladly forward would he dash
 Amid that onset, on,
 Where booming shot and sabre clash,
 Pealed o'er his Empire gun.
 There 'neath his vanquished eagles lost
 Should close his grand career,
 Girt by his slain and slaughtered host,
 He lives for fetters here.

Enough, enough, in moonlight's yellow light,
 Cape Ushant melts away.
 E'en as his kingdom's shattered might
 Shall utterly decay.
 Save where his spirit-stirring story
 In years remotely dim,
 Warms some pale minstrel with his glory;
 To pour a song for him.

CHAPEL HILL, May 8th, 1854.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

Though we do not arrogate to ourselves the ability of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," we nevertheless, intend taking the position they occupied—that of critics—and doubtless like them, we shall get for our trouble and officiousness, a pretty severe drubbing, from some young Byron, in our midst—(as yet however, in embryo.)

But we essentially differ from them in many respects. In the first place, and principally, our **INTENTIONS** are widely different. Whilst theirs was the promptings of selfish ambition, that which "would drag angels down," the feelings of the miserable reptile, which, when it sees the noble young bird of Jove, first fledging his wings, and making those attempts at flying which too plainly prognosticate his ethereal flight, writhes in its chagrin, and endeavors to retard his upward course by its loathsome coils and poisoned sting—ours is that wholesome pruning, which would lop off those dead branches which not only suck the sap from the tree, but so disfigure its symmetry and beauty.

In the second place, we aim at different objects. Their shafts were directed at literary imperfections, and doubtless, their barbs were envenomed with malice and envy. While we on the other hand, in perfect good humor, but at the same time in earnest, intend to strike, at what we **THINK** faults in our social circle—at ourselves. And now, having fully set forth our position, we will plunge—in medias res.

During a residence of four years in College, we have frequently had our attention called to the following fact, which we

have, never till now, had the courage to openly condemn, probably from fear of the imputation of selfishness.

But now that our College sands are well nigh run out, and satisfied as we are, that we can be accused of no such motive now, inasmuch as we can possibly gain nothing by it—we will boldly speak of an evil, the existence of which every man in College acknowledges, **AND IN HIS HEART OBJECTS TO.**

We think there is not enough formality and etiquette in College! Understand us fully. Do us not the injustice, to suppose, that we would advocate the adoption, or recognition of any contemptible foppery or puppyish dandyism, nor again any far fetched conventionalities of fashionable life, nor that stiff-necked chivalry, which often "over-steps the modesty of nature." The days of tom-foolery and Quixotism are past, and an era of common sense has, we trust, assumed its reign. I hope our republican corps, are too well known to advocate any such weakness.

But we do contend, and we are not alone in the belief, that there is a most decided want of **MANLY, DIGNIFIED FORMALITY** in College, which is so essential to the character of a gentleman which alone can generate mutual respect, and without which, the vitality of society is merely nominal. General Washington, and Chief Justice Marshall were any but aristocrats, they, on the other hand, were beloved for their urbanity, and their social and domestic virtues.—But there was an impenetrable **SOMETHING**, about them, beyond which no one

could go. It was their DIGNITY in a great degree, that made them the men that they were.

Whilst, however, we are the disciples of Washington's politeness, we are not of Lord Chesterfield's. The cold, polished, icicle, foregoes the appellation of gentlemen, and deserves that of—fop. But it will probably be said, "would you have us become old men before we are boys?" By no means! Far be it from us, to depress the bouyant spirit of youth, and make cold the delightful intercourse which exists between College-boys, and which makes our College-days the happiest in our lives. We only wish to FILTER the delicious honey, lest it vomit us with its sweetness.

We are, or at least, should be, RATHER men than children in the University, for generally speaking, the most of us, after leaving here, have to encounter the difficulties and responsibilities of men, and consequently looked upon as such. Would it be amiss then-if we were to throw off our childish ways, to practise among ourselves the deportment of MEN, and extend to each other that deference and courtesy, which is the "open sesame" to polite society, the world over?

Social intercourse, and the interchange of courtesy, serve to polish our manners, and refine our tastes, in fact, they are the germs of society, and the decline of the one is indicative of the downfall of the other. But just so soon as they are run into excess, then their legitimate aim is controverted, and a different result from that intended follows. The old and trite adages, "familiarity breeds contempt," "distance lends enchantment," &c., &c., have much more truth than poetry in them, too much unlimited intercourse, and unrestrained carelessness of all etiquette, whilst our characters are forming, must of necessity generate, boorishness of manners, which, in an otherwise well-

bred person, is considered by the man of the world as the most inexcusable of polite attainments.

The tendency of these remarks must lead directly and plainly to the legitimate aim of them—COLLEGE VISITING.—There is too much of it—it is too indiscriminate—it is pernicious both in its tendencies and per se.

We all know that by the principle of Infinitesimals, things are judged and regulated by comparison. White is only white when compared with other colors, and a bright sun-shiny-day is enjoyed much more by having a cloudy day, now and then. We are so constituted that our nature recoils instinctively from any thing in excess. And this is strikingly so in College visiting. We, (the old-time folks used to say,) come to College to study, and once in a while, to relax our minds in agreeable intercourse with our friends, but, if a stranger, or even ONE OF OURSELVES, were to give his opinion, he would be obliged to say, that we come to College to BORE each other, and study once in a while by way of variety. There should be, by all means stated times for visiting; if such were the case, those hours would be looked forward to with anxiety and pleasure, and friends skulking each other's company, could while away the tedium of College life, and burnish still more brightly the chain which bound them together.

But instead of this being the custom and understanding, ALL times are used indiscriminately for visiting, and there is in truth, NOT ONE HOUR OF THE DAY, that the University student can call his own.

This should not be so. The text-books used, often require a long and continuous stretch of the mind, and when the student has by repeated efforts succeeded in chaining down his attention, in pops some miserable loafer, who not regarding the gentle hint of a locked-door, hammers

away most perseveringly, and CONTINUES CALLING OUT, reminding us forcibly of a certain

"Peri, who at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate."

until the martyr within is obliged to open his door in self-defence.

Again—we think College visiting is too indiscriminate. "Be friendly with all, be intimate with few," is an excellent aphorism, and a fine exponent of the mind from which it emanated.

We frequently hear the remark, "College is a **SPLENDID PLACE TO STUDY HUMAN NATURE.**" Pshaw! "Study your text-books," as Mr. Calhoun once advised a promising young sprig here, who wrote to him, and asked him to "mark him out a course of reading." Much has been said elsewhere about the selection of proper associates; of that we shall say nothing, not assuming in the slightest degree any dictatorial position, and being moreover of the opinion that in all cases, it is more expedient to leave such matters to each one's free choice, and our sense of propriety. But we very much doubt whether a very extended circle of acquaintances is much calculated to engender that platonic affection, which is so desirable in binding closely those few, who deserve the name of **FRIENDS.** This brings us thirdly and finally, to our last assignable objection. It is pernicious in itself and in its tendencies.

General visiting, to the even partial neglect of a student's more legitimate duties is most certain to beget habits of idleness, indolence, and in many instances mischief; and in the meantime associations may be entered into and habits formed, which prove a serious injury in after-life.

We hope these remarks will be taken, as they are intended. After long observation, are these conclusions arrived at, and they are made with the purest intentions,

and in good humor. There are no personalities indulged in, and no CUTS intended for any particular class of students, (**EXCEPT THE BORES.**)

We hope they will be productive of much good not on account of any merit in themselves, but that like the cackling of the (other) Roman geese, they may awake the sleepers to their danger.

BIOGRAPHICAL ITEMS, INCIDENTS, ETC. ETC., ETC.—It is a pleasant duty, "the labor we delight in" for the novelist to bring out in bold relief the virtues and fine points of his hero, and though conscious it is but fiction—an idle phantasy—which is intended to touch the better feelings of his readers, and please their fancy, still his intimate association with his creation, makes such inroads upon his thoughts, that like the German metaphysician, he becomes wedded to it—his beau-ideal.

But if the novelist experiences these emotions over the mere creature of his brain—what must be the feelings of the truth telling biographer, as he recounts the actual deeds and noble traits of his subject? The exploits of our Revolutionary heroes should be a subject, the bare mention of which would touch a chord of admiration and respect—I had almost said reverence. It should be a theme, near which memory loves to linger, and pay a passing tribute to the memory of those names who are synonymous with our liberties. It is said that, when in old times, a warrior fell in battle, a chaplet of flowers was placed on his grave. It was a beautiful custom, and a touching demonstration of the appreciation of the deceased. Even in stern old Sparta, the pass of Thermopylæ was looked upon as a sacred spot, and the inscription, "O, stranger, tell it at Lacedæmon, that we died here in obedience to her laws," is still visible on the time worn monument erected there.

But is this beautiful custom still in ex-

istence? Alas! we must make the humiliating confession, it is not. Men of disinterested motives, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, perform deeds unrequited, for which, in old times they would have been almost deified.

We are too neglectful of our great men. Amidst the crash of spinning jennies, the gingle of coin, and the utilitarian spirit of the day, the soft and modest pleadings of virtue for her reward are fast stifling, and the generous fountains of the heart are sealing up.

There were names of Revolutionary times, in North Carolina, that have silently glided from the knowledge of men without scarce a passing tribute, and in no part of the State is that fact more lamentably true than in the Cape Fear region. But thanks to the perseverance of some, there seems to be a better day dawning. The Legislature at its late session created a new county, and called it after that illustrious patriot Cornelius Harnett. The act, though simple in itself, was a grateful one to the people of that section, and shows that there is at least a disposition on their part to perpetuate the name of one of the greatest men of his day.

But whilst we are grateful for this act of legislation, we ought to be under peculiar obligations to that individual, who "though he be not able to raise a suitable monument to the illustrious dead, yet desires to cast at least one stone upon the grave, with the ardent hope, that the pile will grow, by similar accessions until its head be lost in the clouds."

Mr. Griffith McRee of Wilmington, a gentleman of no less elegant attainments than "Cape Fear feeling of '76," has lent the aid of his nervous pen, to bring up to our recollection the names of some revolutionary patriots who have been shamefully neglected in our national histories.

The name of Timothy Bloodworth, though well-known in Wilmington, is not

as intimately associated with patriotism and virtue as it should be. For the benefit of those who have not seen Mr. McRee's "Memoirs," (in the Wilmington Daily Herald,) we will subjoin a few of the leading facts of his history.

"Timothy Bloodworth was born (of English parentage,) in New Hanover county." Of his private character, "he was distinguished for his acquisitive mind and the variability of his talents." He was a member of the House of Commons in 1779; and the Continental Congress in 1786-'87; and also a Senator in the State Legislature in 1788. Of the Convention on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, convened at Hillsborough, July 21st, 1788, Mr. B. was an active member. "Of his oratorical powers, Mr. McRee speaks—"He could not electrify the Hall by bursts of oratory, he could not grasp the nerves of the heart, like a master the strings of the harp, but with instinctive sagacity, he fastened upon the points where danger seemed to lurk." Of his love of freedom the biographer writes—"As a mother presses her new-born babe to her bosom, as she startles at the thought of peril, as she folds its robe about it, that the wind may not visit its cheek too roughly, even so did Mr. Bloodworth regard the recently regained liberties of the people, with a love as jealous and unbounded."

Some of his political principles are thus set forth—He distrusted the control given to Congress over elections—he thought that trials by jury were not sufficiently secured in civil causes in the Federal Courts. And that great precaution should be used in granting powers—He feared the sovereignty of the Federal Government would annihilate that of the States, that the powers of Congress would prove dangerous to State-laws. He thought that Northern and Southern interests divide at the Susquehannah. Time has yet to de-

termine how far right or wrong he was." "He represented the Wilmington District in Congress in 1790-91. He was Senator in Congress from North Carolina from 1795 to 1801. The last office of public trust he held was Collector of Customs for the port of Wilmington."

* * * * *

CORNELIUS HARNETT.—Mr. McRee has also written a biographical sketch of Cornelius Harnett emphatically the "Cape Fear Hero." And whilst we blush to acknowledge that Wilmington has not paid those sepulchral honors to the dead which his actions deserve, we with pleasure noticed a resolution of the "Wilmington Historical Society," a short time ago to erect suitable monuments to the memory not only of Harnett, but also of Lillington, Moore, and Howe, who were his brave associates. "Cornelius Harnett was born 20th April, 1723." "He was born in the land of Sydney and Hampden," and inspired by their principles, he transplanted the drooping germ which they watered with their blood to a more genial soil where it now blooms in luxuriance and beauty. Coming to N. C. when almost an infant, he may be with propriety considered as a native of it, and happy be she when she can be able to number many such in her family-circle. Nursed in the cradle of chivalry, he never disgraced the spurs with which he was knighted—ushered into political existence when there was a need of "good men and true," he at once assumed and maintained a position, characterized by consistency, an inordinate love of liberty, and a corresponding opposition to oppression. At the first tap of the drum he fell into ranks, and always led the van both in debate and battle. Mr. H. possessed the confidence of the PEOPLE to an extent that seems incredible.—So impressed were they with his integrity and patriotism, that there was no proposition made without getting his consent and

co-operation—no Committee of which he was not the Chairman—no petition for redress of grievances—no declaration of rights of which he was not the author.—And in proportion as he was dear to the patriots; was he odious to the British. In evidence of their hatred of him, we extract the following fact. "When Gen. Clinton came South, and whitened the waters of the Cape Fear with the sails of his fleet, he issued from the Pallas Transport, a proclamation to the people of North Carolina, offering a general pardon to all who should recant their political heresies, and return to their allegiance to their King, with the exception of Robt. Howe and Cornelius Harnett."

Mr. Harnett held every post of honor and trust that a confiding people could confer upon him, and never did he prove unworthy of, or betray the confidence reposed in him. So high an estimate did the State at large place upon his legislative powers that—"In the year 1770-'71, Mr. Harnett represented the borough of Wilmington in the Provincial Assembly. In 1772, Gov. Martin appointed under the royal authority, Commissioners to run the Southern boundary in the Province. The measure was censured by the popular House, and Cornelius Harnett, Robert Howe, and Maurice Moore were constituted a Committee to prepare a remonstrance to His Majesty King George.—On December 4th, the Assembly met in Newberne, and Mr. H. was placed on the Committee of Correspondence. In 1774, he was of that band of patriots HENDERSON, BURKE, ASHE, JOHNSTON NASH, IREDELL, MOORE, and others who resisted the demand of the British Government, for establishing a Court system, favoring the inhabitants of the mother country, to the exclusion of creditors this side of the Atlantic. Nov. 23, 1774, the freeholders of the Town of Wilmington met at the Court House and appointed a Committee of Safe-

ty with Harnett at its head. Subsequently a joint Committee from the County of New Hanover was appointed to co-operate with the Town Committee. Of this body consisting of some of the first men of the day, Mr. H. was confessedly the master-spirit—the centre of the circle—its very soul.

In 1775, occurred the downfall of the Royal Government in North Carolina; and at the meeting of the Provincial Congress at Johnston Court House, Mr. Harnett was chosen to discharge the duties of the Executive Department of North Carolina—virtual Governor—to fill the vacancy occasioned by the flight of Governor Martin. On April 12, 1776, (an era to be remembered by all North Carolinians) in the Provincial Congress at Halifax, CORNELIUS HARNETT, made that famous "REPORT ON THE SUBJECT OF INDEPENDENCE," winding up with the following resolution:

* * * *Resolved*, "That the Delegates for this Colony in the Continental Congress, be empowered to concur with the Delegates of the other Colonies in DECLARING Independence, and forming Foreign Alliances, reserving to this Colony the sole and exclusive right of forming a Constitution and Laws for this Colony; and of appointing Delegates from time to time, (under the direction of a general representation thereof) to meet the Delegates of the other Colonies, for such purpose, as shall be hereafter pointed out."

But, it is needless to enumerate the positions he held during those troublesome times, suffice it to say, that he was incomparably the first man of the Cape Fear country, and second to none in the State, being as Josiah Quincy called him "the Samuel Adams of North Carolina." But after a life of self-devotion, and chivalrous patriotism seldom to be met with, he went the way of all flesh, and now sleeps quietly on the banks of that river, whose name he so honorably upheld whilst living. "In the Northeast Corner of St. James' Churchyard in Wilmington, lies the body of one,

than whom, a nobler and purer patriot never lived. The rank-grass grows over his grave, and almost hides it from view, as if it would conceal from the stranger the forgetfulness and ingratitude of the town. Two simple brown stones, discolored by age mark the spot—upon the largest, which is an upright slab, is inscribed:

CORNELIUS HARNETT.

DIED APRIL 20TH, 1781.

Aged 58 years.

"Slave to no sect, he took no private road,
But looked through nature, up to nature's God."

But whilst we see much to admire in this man, a devoted and unselfish patriotism—a scrupulous observance of honor and honesty—an uncommon share of domestic and social virtues—still there was a stain upon his character, a frailty rather than a fault, which we should rather lament, than censure—he lived and died an INFIDEL. He obtruded his views upon no one, strenuously fought for freedom of conscience, but wrapt in his cloak of infidelity, he laid him down to sleep, without having the blessed hope of an immortal and shining light, to guide him "through the dark valley of the shadow of death."

But let us fondly hope that in the humble and unpretending grave where Harnett is now sleeping, that his frailties and imperfections may be, buried, that oblivion may draw a friendly veil over them, and transmit to posterity nought but his virtues.

"When cold in the earth, lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then,
Or, if from their slumber, the veil be removed,
Weep o'er them in silence and close it again."

"BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHARLES MANLY, LATE GOVERNOR OF N. C., BY JAMES M. CLEVELAND."—This article, kindly handed to us by Gov. Swain, we

with pleasure insert, forbearing to make any comments, as the name of GOVERNOR MANLY is so well-known to our readers as to render unnecessary any introductory remarks of ours.

CHARLES MANLY,

LATE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"BASIL MANLY, the father of the subject of this Sketch, was born and raised in St. Mary's County, Maryland. He removed to North Carolina before the American Revolution, settled in the County of Bladen, and was a bold and active partizan Officer, holding the commission of Captain in the Militia services during the War.

"He married Elizabeth Maultsby, of Bladen; and, on account of ill health, removed to the County of Chatham, where he died in the year 1824, at a very advanced age—universally respected as a man of great decision of character, of high moral courage, and the most inflexible love of justice and honesty. Having enjoyed but very limited means of education himself, and witnessed, during the stormy period of the Revolution and the years which followed, the signal advantages possessed by men of letters, he devoted all the energies of an industrious and frugal life to the bestowal on his sons of a liberal education. He lived to accomplish, with great gratification, this cherished object of his heart; and his pious amiable widow—a woman of extraordinary mental endowments—still survives, to rejoice at the results of their joint efforts and sacrifices and prayers, in witnessing the eminent success in life of their three sons:—Charles Manly, the late Governor of *North Carolina*; Basil Manly, who was graduated at the South Carolina College, at Columbia, with the highest honors of the Institution, and is now President of the Alabama University; and Matthias Evans Manly, who was graduated at the University of North Carolina, with the highest honors of that Institution, and is now, and has been for several years, one of the Judges of the Superior Courts of Law and Equity in the State.

Charles Manly, the oldest son, was born in the County of Chatham, on the 13th day of May, 1795. He was prepared for College by that excellent classical scholar, and rigid disciplinarian, the late Rev. William Bingham, at the Pittshoro' Academy, and entered the University, at Chapel Hill, in the year 1811. During the whole of his college course, he received

the first distinction in all his classes, was regarded as one of the best declaimers in college, and graduated in 1814, with the first honor of the senior class.

"The late John Haywood, of Raleigh, attended the Commencement of that year, as one of the Visiting Trustees, and, attracted by the college reputation of this young man, engaged him as a private tutor for his sons.

"This situation was highly acceptable and advantageous to young Manly; for, besides enjoying the favorable regard and friendship of Mr. Haywood, the most popular and influential man of that day in the State, he thus procured means, without calling upon the narrow income of his father, to prosecute the study of law. He continued in this double occupation for two years, and still cherishes, with undiminished respect and affection, the memory of his early friend and patron, that great and good man, the late John Haywood.

"He was admitted to the bar in 1816, and to practice in the Superior Courts in 1817. During the latter year, he was married to Miss Charity H. Haywood, daughter of William Henry Haywood, and thereupon settled permanently in the city of Raleigh, and commenced the practice of law.

"Soon after coming to the bar, he was elected by the Justices, over a popular competitor, County Attorney for Chatham, the duties of which station he discharged very acceptably to all concerned, for many years, until he resigned.

"Upon the death of General Robert Williams, he was appointed his successor as Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the University; and, in that capacity, has been signally instrumental in so arranging and managing the finances of the Institution as to place her in a position of eminent prosperity.

"During the sitting of the Legislature in 1823, the reading Clerk of the House of Commons resigned. The late John Stanly, then a prominent member of that body, sent immediately for Mr. Manly, and after a short consultation nominated him for the office. He was elected, and continued for many successive sessions, by unanimous re-appointment, to discharge the duties of that station. He was subsequently elected Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, which office he held, always without opposition, until the year 1842, when the Democratic party having a majority, dismissed him, together with the other Whig officers of the House. At the ensuing election, under a

Whig dynasty, he was re-elected Chief Clerk, and so continued until he resigned in 1848.

"In the year 1823, the joint American and British Commission established under that article of the treaty of Ghent relative to the claims of American citizens for slaves and other property taken away by the British, during the war of 1812, assembled in the City of Washington: Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, and Henry Seawell, of North Carolina, being on the American side, and George Jackson and John McTavish on the British side of said Commission. This body appointed Charles Manly, Clerk to the Commission. This post, connected as it was with the Diplomatic corps at Washington, was a very desirable one to a young man. It afforded him a passport to the best society, and enabled him to form the acquaintance of many of the most eminent men of that day. Mr. Manly held this place for twelve months, when, discovering that it interfered materially with his professional pursuits, he resigned it with great regret. He now devoted himself to his profession with ardor and success.

"The Alumni Association of the University invited Mr. Manly to deliver the first "Annual Address" before that body, at the College Commencement of 1838. The invitation was accepted on very short notice, yet the Address and style of delivery will be long remembered by the crowded auditory present on that occasion, as one of the very happiest efforts of chaste as well as popular elocution.

"Unambitious of political distinction, he was never a candidate before the people for any office until the year 1840, when he was elected a Whig elector of President and Vice President of the United States; and in the Electoral College of that year cast the vote of North Carolina for William H. Harrison and John Tyler.

"During the heated political campaigns of 1840 and 1844, Mr. Manly was a decided but not vindictive partizan, and rendered efficient service to his party as a member of the Whig Central Committee, and as Chairman of that committee in the memorable campaign of 1840.

"In the year 1848, without the employment on his part of those electioneering arts sometimes practiced, he was nominated by the Whig Convention as their candidate for Governor of the State. The election being by popular suffrage, he canvassed the State with great satisfaction to his friends, and with marked ability, and was elected. He was installed into the

office of Governor on the first day of January, 1849, and served his constitutional term of two years. In 1850, he was again unanimously nominated by the Whig Convention for re-election. In consequence of that want of ardor in a party confident of victory, as well as some sectional divisions in the Whig ranks on questions of State policy, he was beaten by the Hon. David S. Reid, his Democratic competitor.

"Governor Manly, in the vigor of health and mature age, has resumed the practice of his profession. Greatly distinguished for his social virtues, of benevolent disposition, of urbane and polished manners, beloved at home and respected by all, in the enjoyment of a competency secured by honest industry, economy, and prudence in his affairs, he lives the unaffected exemplar of a well-bred gentleman and a good citizen.

"EDITORS DRAW."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS—ORIGINAL POETRY, CLIPPINGS, ETC.

ALONE—A NOVEL—By Marion Harland.—Here comes a book, trumpeted throughout the length and breadth of our land as one of the first novels of the day. We sat down to it, as to a "rich feast, laden with wine—with fat wine on the lees," and arose disappointed. Truly there are, who seem to be born "favorites of fate," and among them we are inclined to place Miss Harland. To be in the fashion, we endeavored to discover her claims to the highest rank among American novel writers of the present age; but through three hundred and eighty-four pages of "Alone," and eight pages of the opinions of the press, we could not find it. The latter, excepting a *dissentiment* in the Methodist Quarterly Review, are covered with that stuff which "raises mortals to the skies." The Rev. modestly objects, "that some of its conversational sallies are too strongly marked by passion and *hyperbole* (!), and that the chapter on the rocky Mount meeting, appears to contain a sarcastic fling at revivals of religion."

The prelude to Alone is a grave-yard,

sincere mourners, &c., &c. This is very well premised, and finely executed. We are brought to realize the condition of the orphan—beautiful, fifteen—alone—

"Alone—alone, all—all alone—
Alone on a wide—wide sea;
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

But the sincere mourners go about their business, and we find Ida Ross under the guardian care of Mr. Read and daughter, who both seem well read in world craft. Any one can see the object of this antithesis at once, and the effect is unpleasant.

We have neither time nor inclination to enter upon an analysis of the book. We would simply hint that the very opening of the plot presents some phenomena, which, if not impossible, are, at least, very improbable.

The youthful Ida soon forgets the sentiments which must have been instilled into her breast by a religious and loving mother, and is an overmatch in meanness for Mr. Read and Miss Josephine. For an *Al-bon-i* affair she assumes the oratorical attitude—her form dilated, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing, and pours a flood of feminine invective on the devoted head of Mr. Read. And after the spell is off, we are almost tempted to echo the words of the thunder-struck guardian—"Is the girl mad in good earnest?"

We have a saving clause in the dedication about "artistic skill in the plot."—This is well. For we may console ourselves with the fact that the authoress *knew better*, but did not deem it necessary to show her "artistic skill" in this production. She meant to copy nature, pure and truthful. To this we owe the painful prominence of nearly all the characters. With a true F. F. V. instinct, each struggles for the highest place, even to the grandiloquent Mr. Pinely. Mr. Lacy's moralizing brought on a fit of yawning,

Charley's eccentricities something akin to disgust, and we absolutely sickened of the "Dana Clique." After careful perusal, we would sum up our impressions somewhat as follows:—"Alone," over-rated, a little in it that is passable, much that is trite; a constant oscillation between bombast and bathos; much sentimentality and tweedle twaddle, and as deficient in *natural* as in artistic delineation.

The call for a sixth edition bespeaks its popularity, and its religious tone explains it.

So struck are we with the beauty of the following piece, taken from an exchange, that we insert it:

"WHEN I AM DEAD."

In the dim crypts of the heart, where despair abideth, these words seem written. A strange meaning—a solemn intimation unfolds itself at their utterance. Four monosyllables—how much of gloom ye convey. How ye speak in funeral tones of the extinguishment of earthly hope—of the spirit that has struggled in vain, and is painfully quiet now,

"When I am dead!" is uttered calmly; but what a calm—such as the tornado leaves when silence broods over desolation.

The voice pronouncing the despairing phrase has not all the mournfulness from itself. The listening ear hears something more; for from those words the groan of high aspiration quenched, and hopes pale and bleeding upon the sharp rocks of adversity, come up phantom like, amid the ghastly scenes of the buried past.

"When I am dead!" We have heard it often like the pealing bell that tolls the body of the departed to its final rest. The last word "dead," lingers strangely, and echoes sadly in the ear, and through the portals of the sympathizing soul. Dead—dead—dead—and the world grows gray, and the heart stills, and the eye moistens, to that mysterious sound.

The spirit trembles before the rushing flood of conflicting emotions which follow the dark echo, and essay to glance through its import. But the echo fades amid encircling mists, and the spirit turns back confused with blindness.

Even the echo of death cannot be penetrated.

The few feet of mould that composes the grave, are wider than the globe, higher than the stars. Not the mind's eye, nor the anxious soul can glance through the barrier—the boundary between Time and Eternity.

"When I am dead." More or less signifies resignation or dependent wo, a fulfilment of nature, or a perversion of its end, may these words express, though sad they are at best.

When the aged man, whose steps have grown feeble in the walks of goodness, and whose hands tremble, with the fruits of his oft given charity, utters these words, they fall from his lips as a prayer in heaven. In them his will harmonizes with his destiny; and the tear that starts for a superior soul above, to leave its clay, glistens in the light of happiness that gleams out of the heart, at the prospective reward of the future.

The lips, too, that never pressed the rim of the fount of Nature's Poesy, may murmur, "When I am dead!" but death to such an one is better, perhaps than life. His heart holds no music, chiming in cadences to weal and wo—his inward existence is void, and the rough surface of his being checkered, though not brightened by the half stray thoughts, darkens but little with the panoply of the tomb.

How different, when youth, glowing with beauty of soul and heart, rich with the treasures of mind, and warm with sympathy for all of loveliness, sighs, like the south wind,— "When I am dead." A spirit seems to wail its anthem, and an eclipse of the noontide sun to fall upon the picture of a high nature checked in its purpose—turned from dulcet waves upon a coral reef, against the rocks of a destructive shore.

"When I am dead!" It is as mournful as the plaint of a ghost on the tempest and midnight wind. But we must all say it sometime; for the grave lies at hand, yawning through a bed of thorns, or gleaming like a white avenue of hope leaning against the stars.

"When I am dead!" Strange and fearful import hath it to the utterer, but it is a weak phrase only to others, the great world. Who speaks it? many think the single going forth of a soul will move none—all will be as before.

When he, and you, and we, gentle reader, are folded in our shrouds, friends dearest and those who loved us best, will flow. The heart that beats with rapture against our own, will freeze above our memory in a brief time—briefer than woman's trust, or man's period of goodness.

But it is well thus: tis the world's custom and nature's law. We weep not for the dead but while they die. We shall not be with them; and it may be good, we go early to their narrow homes.

TO THE PIPE.

By use unfitted and by nature more,
Shall I, forsooth, the giddy heights explore;
Essay to climb with labor and with pain
The steep which men of parts with ease attain
Forbear, ye critics—let your censure smite
A foe more worthy, and a theme more trite.
In happier days, when "beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from your heart the homage of a sigh,"
Remember now, how ye essayed to move
Your prosy mind to forge the lay of love;
And sympathy 'll usurp the critic's place,
Each error pardou, and each fault efface.
But here defence I cease; for what doth need
Another's pity must be poor indeed;
And what is goodly in itself, should go
Forth to the world, without excuse in tow
My numbers then, I to the breezes fling
For weal or wo.—'Tis of the Pipe I sing—
A friend to all, it is our first design,
To show its power o'er the youthful mind:—
Then when the youth to man's estate has
grown,
And boyhood's years to "ages past have flowu."
'Tis ours to show how happily it throws
A gleam of sunshine o'er life's varied wocs:—
And when at length the hand of time is seen
In hoary ringlets and decrepit micn,
Its cheering power we will sing again,
If not in smooth, at least in grateful strain.

'Tis bleak December, and the winds in play
Through crack and cranly urge an easy way
While to its force the ice-bound branches yield,
And flocks unsheltered wanton o'er the field.
Mark the lone student, as he seeks to find
The hidden meaning of some obscure line,
His napless vesture, backless books, and torn
And room ill furnished, show a lot forlorn.
In vain, alas! he ponders o'er the page,
Then muttering curses on the *stupid* sage,
He lays with nervous hand the volume by,
And on the embers turns his restless eye,
Musing thus, his 'customed pipe he takes,
And in the bowl a living coal he rakes—
Then as the smoke ascends through middle air
His mental forces for the war prepare
Anew;—as joins in battle hostile foes,
In doubtful conflict mind and matter close,
Till in his brightened eye and face serene

You read his triumph and his joy, I ween,
His labor over, fancy lends her aid,
And want and sorrow in the distance fade,
While wreaths of smoke encircle his pale brow,
Along time's pathway golden visions glow.—
The friendless student's now the man of state,
And noisy rabbles on his footsteps wait;
His country's history's pregnant with his name,
And distant ages will his fame proclaim.
'Mid thoughts like these the laboring student
finds

His joy and comfort, nor his lot repines;
Then gently lays him down and dreams anew,
The glowing scenes his fevered fancy drew.

In western sky the smiling orb of day,
Sinks slow to rest, and his last lingering ray
With rosy tints adorns the sluggish cloud
Ere night enfolds us in her sable shroud.
Relieved from toil the farmer hastes to find
In happy home that joy and peace of mind,
Which is the part of married life to give,
Which many hope for, but which few receive.
The busy housewife, with providing care,
Substantial viands for the lord prepare,
As round the hearth the cat in sober mood,
And whining hound, await their share of food.
His hunger, 'peased the wonted pipe attends,
And as the smoke in' lazy ring ascends,
Schemes of to-morrow wanton through his
brain,

And dreams of riches hold their willing reign.
But as his little ones about his knee,
Play and prattle in their heart-felt glee,
Watching the circles as they upward rise,
In silent wonder or with glad surprise,
His dreams of lucre wing away their flight,
As kindlier feelings, kindlier thoughts invite,
And while the smoke in rapid circle moves,
His fortune praises and his lot approves,
Blest with plenty and with friends like these,
No more I wish for in my happy ease;
Let others seek to guide the conquering car,
And earn a bubble in tumultuous war,
Or with the voice of eloquence relate
The future glories of the growing state;
Or from the jaws of endless misery win
Souls now withering in the grasp of sin.
Blest as I am, I'll be content to stray,
With humble footsteps o'er life's chequered
way,

I've heard it said the earth-born giants strove,
Once on a time to storm the throne of Jove,
With brawny arms the ponderous rock they
bring,

And Ossa and Pelion on each other fling,

In lively scorn the monarch held their toil,
Nor sought he then their vain attempts to foil.
Of wealth and fashion, rear at thy command,
Temples superb, but not in them are found,
(Where ribbons flutter and loud organs sound,
Where maidens go their lover's forms to view;
Where lovers go to see their maids so true;
Where matrons go, arrayed in lace and pride
To show their charms and others to deride;
Where, in a word, the flesh in splendor shines,
But where the soul in nakedness repines.)
The noblest of all things—a God-like mind,
Proof 'gainst the snares of all the world com-
bined.

By goodly culture oft a poorer soil,
With richer harvest crowns the farmer's toil,
And thus we find the grace religion gives
In lowly minds more fitting place receives
Than in the breasts of those whose only care
Is how to spend with ease the passing year,
In yon white cottage that is scarcely seen,
Embosomed low amid the leafy green,
Its gray-haired sire I see, whose pious face
Shines with the glory of redeeming grace.
His scanty hair, white as the driven snow
In waving ringlets reach his neck below;
Upon his knees two rods of birchwood lay
To guide his footsteps tottering with decay.
And last of all, but not the least, I ween
A well-charged pipe within his hand is seen,
Which he enjoys full soon—and as the breeze
Wafts on the vapor through the leafy trees,
As cloud on cloud appears then melts away,
Communing with himself the holy man would
say—

"Like these, the anxious cares of life's brief day,
As vain, as fleeting as the smoke doth seem,
As vain, as fleeting is our earthly dream."
But when the hillock grew to mountain size,
His forked lightnings flash along the skies,
Till crushed and mangled in his wrath are
driven

The daring rebels from the gates of heaven.
Hence, we should learn to move in proper
sphere,

Nor chide the powers that have placed us here,
Envy not those who higher circles grace,
And scorn to look upon plebeian face;
For as we rise temptations grow amain,
And cares and sorrows follow in our train.
The simple rustie to the world unknown
Is happier oft than monarch on his throne.
As when we seek the mountain top to gain,
With ease we clamber up the sloping plain,
But when ambition led, we higher rise
The rugged way the straining muscle tries;

At length with toil the highest point we reach,
And lovely landscapes far around us stretch,
Enraptured vision ponders on the sight,
And looks o'er nature with a vast delight;
But now the chilling blasts benumb the limbs,
The ice-reflected rays the eye sight dims,
Till ill at ease we seek with hasty stride
Again to trace the rugged mountain side.
The stalwart farmer, ign'rant of the show,
Pursues his labor on the plain below,
While gentle breezes fan his heated brow,
And in his veins the healthy currents flow.

How hard our fate did not the power of God
Dispel the darkness of our dread abode,
Softens our woes untold and cleanse the soul,
With fear emerging from its earthly mould.
Religion, where art thou! the mighty hand.
In meditation deep he strives to see
Down in the depths of dark futurity;
He ponders o'er his thoughts so oft that now,
Bewildered, in a maze, he knows not how,
Celestial visions in his fancy rise,
And heaven's bright concave meets his longing
eyes.

My task is finished—thee I grasp again,
Thou rare ideal of my laboring brain.
Gods! what a calm steals o'er me, as I draw,
The airy nectar through a three foot straw,
Now all dissolving in a trance I lay,
And on a cloud my spirit floats away.

***** **APPROPOS.**—We insert the following lines, which are “not so bad:”

Oh, there is not in the wide world a pleasure so
sweet,
As to sit near the window and tilt up your feet,
Pull away at the *Cuba*, whose flavor just suits,
And gaze at the world thro' the toes of your
boots.

HEERE I LOVE.

BY F. NICHOLS CROUCH.

I know a lyttle hande
'Tys ye softest in ye lande,
And I feel yts pressure blande
Whyle I syng;
Lyllie whyte and restinge nowe
Lyke a rose leaf on my brow,
As a dove myght fan my browe
Wyth its wyngs.
Welle! I pryze all hands above
Thys dear hand of heere I love.

I know a lyttle foote
Very eunnyngly 'tys put,
Yn a daynty lyttle boote
Where yt hydes;
Lyke a shuttle it ever flyes
Backe and forth before myne eyes
As yt glydes.
Welle! I pryze, all feete above,
Thys deare foote of heere I love.

I know a lyttle harte
Yt is free from courtlye art,
And I owne yt every part
From all tyme;
Ever yt beats wythe musyque's tone
Ever an echo of myne owne,
Ever keepyng myne own
Holve tyme.
Welle! I pryze, all hearts above,
Thys deare heart of heere I love.

We are constrained to think our good
President is becoming most too “Democratic,” if he has such correspondents—
read it:

COLUMBY KOUNTY, East Florady. }
Dec. 14th, 1854. }

Ginral Pearce—

Mi Deer frend—

I
have had a liken fur u fur a long time so
havin Jist attendid a most inturrestin cas-
shun uv our Kounty Kourt i wil gin U the
perticulars—fust sute Bil Wox sude jo
Gra fur 4\$ an 31 sense—Bil got the Gudg-
ment jo sward he wudnt pa it—the presid-
in squire sade as how he shud pa au then
he tuk holt o jo an whaled im like hel
which pleses the poppulashun verry much
the squire mister Biles is a mity brave
strong man sir he is hel in a fite an that is
my obgett in riting U this letter is to let
U no sumpthin about im an to request a
Kummishun fur im fur kaptin in the fust
forses U kal fur agin Kuby—
yore loving frend

WM GLASSGALL

N'B—thar war 2 more kases at that
Kourt l by Lusy Waluce agin jo Higs
she sed jo ode her 1\$ an 50 sense fur work
an sarvice an *hard labor* dun at *divers*
times &c but when the Koart axd her
what sort o labor it war she sade he hadnt
any biznes axin questions an she kaulec im
a sore ide beest—i tel U what president

it war skerry times—the Koart sade she war in contempt an ordered the Konstabel to take her out but Lusy fit the offiser lik 1 o the ole blu hens chickens til her cloze purty nere all got tore off an i kant tel what wud a happend if ole misses Blizer whos a mity nise ole lady hadnt kum with a grate white sheat an throne it ovur Lusy —then 4 men kotch her an karryed her out.

Tuther kase eended in a nise file 2 i wud gin U the detales but mi leter is gittin 2 long—president i wil gin U notis be4 our nixt koart so U may kum out an se the fun i no it wil be refreshin to U to kum.

Yore frend

GLASSGALL.

REMEMBRANCE.

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea ;
So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the lov'd
To the ends of the earth.

'Tis with hesitation and regret that we are forced to make mention of a fact, whose existence is owing to no want of proper principle, but which we are charitable enough to belief, is practised by those who do not *think what they are doing* we refer

to the practice of taking papers from the "Reading Room." It is needless for us to tell them they are coolly taking *what does not belong to them*. The Reading Room is almost entirely filled with the Exchanges of the University Magazine, with the addition of some other papers, which are paid for, by the subscription of a *very few*. We by no means wish to restrict the use of the Reading Room to only those who subscribe ; it is free to all, all are welcome, but we sincerely trust that gentlemen after satisfying their *own* curiosity will leave the papers to be read by others who are just as anxious to read them as they are, and that on no consideration, any part of a late paper, much less the whole of it, be taken out by any one, especially those who refused to pay the small sum of 25 cents for its support.

Our exchanges are all punctual. We notice on our new list, "Graham's America Monthly," which needs no comment of ours, being as well known as it is. "Oglethorpe University Magazine," "The Carolina Cultivator," "Saturday Evening Post," "Ellsworth American," (Maine,) and Weldon Patriot.

THE
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No. 4.

GOVERNOR NASH.

Of ABNER NASH, the second Governor of North Carolina, after the change of government, but few memorials have been preserved, and but little is known beyond the general traditional remembrance of his talents, and of his sacrifices in the cause of Liberty. In Wheelers' History it is stated that his family was of Welsh origin, and that he was born in Prince Edward county, Va. A lawyer by profession, he became the first Speaker of the Senate in North Carolina, and in 1779, the second Governor of the State. From 1782 to '85 he represented Jones county in the Assembly, and was elected by the Assembly a member of the Continental Congress from 1782 to 86.

He was twice married, first to the widow of Gov. Dobbs, and second to a Miss Jones. He resided in New Berne at the time the British, under Major Craig, took possession of the town, and in the flight and general confusion of his family that ensued, his books and private papers were lost or scattered abroad. This misfortune accounts in a great measure for the meagreness of our information in regard to him and his career. A few isolated letters of him are all that now remain, for which the reader is referred to the Life of Gov. Caswell, in the March No. of this Magazine, and to the Memoir of Gov. Burke, in the present.

VOL. IV.—No. 10.

Gov. Nash entered the Revolutionary struggle a man of large property, and at its close had lost it all. His health also was entirely broken by the anxieties and labors which he underwent more especially while he was Governor of the State. A better illustration of the disordered state of the public finances, and the private losses and hardships of that day, cannot be given than in the declaration of Gov. Nash's widow, "that his salary, while Governor, was scarcely sufficient to purchase a calico gown." Being naturally of a delicate constitution he soon yielded to the consumption of the lungs which fastened upon him, and put an end to his life in 1786, while on his way to Philadelphia to take his seat in Congress. He is said to have been a man of very high order of intellect, not much given to hard study, except when he had an important case to manage—then he threw into it all the powers of his mind, and rarely failed of success.

His brother, General Francis Nash, fell in the battle of Germantown, and their honored name is preserved to the State in the county of Nash, erected in the year 1777.

This slender account of one of our most honorable and distinguished revolutionary patriots, is compiled from Wheeler's History, and from a letter written by his son,

Judge Nash, our venerated Chief Justice, to Gov. Swain. To Gov. S. we are also indebted for the original of the following pleasant letter from Gen. Howe to Gov. Nash, on the appointment of Gen. Greene to the Southern army, and with which we close this sketch—

Camp at Gotoway, New Jersey,
October 23, 1780.

DEAR SIR—Your obstinate silence to two letters which, upon my honor I have written you, had determined me to write you no more, but the command of the Southern Army having been given to my friend Gen. Greene induces me to retract a Resolve, [which to own the truth was painful to myself,] and to introduce him to you as every way worthy of your Respect and Attention. His appointment to command in my country is a circumstance as pleasing to me as I am certain it will be servicable to Carolina, for I think I may venture to pledge myself to the State, that Gen. Greene will deserve success whether he obtains it or not.—The means, however, my dear Sir, should be given him, or nothing can be expected even from him. The deserved influence you have, both personally and officially will, I doubt not, be exerted to support him both in the Cabinet and the Field. The Occasion will be emergent, for you will most assuredly be formidably attacked, and your very existence as a State de-

pends upon your utmost Efforts and strenuous endeavours, and every thought of Expense should be lost in the importance of the Object. It will be essential to the General, and to the common cause, to have the most minute information of the situation of our country, its resources, its strength, the Temper of the People in general, the Characters of private and public Influence, and the general and particular affections of the People in every county, as to our cause. All these, Dear Sir, you can give him, and by which you will benefit the service, and do justice to a man from whom you have as much to expect as from almost any man living, if you support him properly.

Would to Heaven my aid could be given to my country, in this, her time of Exigence, but devoted to Duty as I am, I have no option, and must move as I am ordered. My time, as I have many letters to write, admits of no addition, except my warmest wishes for the happiness of yourself and Family, which, be assured is truly interesting to,

Dear Sir,
Your Excellency's sincere friend,
And most obedient servant,
ROBT HOWE.

P. S. I forgot to mention that I wrote you by Post, an official letter, informing you what I thought the Enemy intended against you.

His Excellency Abner Nash, Esqr.,
Governor of North Carolina.

GOVERNOR BURKE.

THOMAS BURKE, the third Governor of the State of North Carolina after the Revolution, was born in Galway County, Ireland, about the year 1747. He was the son of Ulick Burke, (of the Tyaquin family,) and Letitia Ould, sister of Sir Fielding Ould. He received a liberal education, and was bred to the profession of

Medicine in his native country, but from some unexplained family dissensions, left his father's house and emigrated to Virginia when about seventeen years of age. For some years, he resided in Richmond, engaged in the study and practice of Medicine, and judging from his own account of himself, with much industry

and success. "Becoming convinced however that in this country it was not a field in which the most plentiful harvest might be reaped, he resolved to study law, which promised more profit, and yet much less anxiety." Entering upon his new studies with equal energy, in a short time he qualified himself for admission to the Bar, and removing to Norfolk, practised in the same courts with Thomas Jefferson, with whom he maintained a correspondence for several years.

There are still remaining many records and private letters of Gov. Burke from which it is easily gathered that he was a man of most noble and generous temper, particularly calculated to adorn social life, and to secure the love and admiration of many warm friends. He was an accomplished writer, and ready speaker, and his acknowledged and commanding abilities seem to have established his reputation and influence at an early age. Being a distant relative of Edanus Burke, afterwards member of Congress, and a Judge of So. Ca., Gov. Burke became his early and efficient friend and patron, and conducted a kind correspondence with him to the close of his life. In 1770, he married Mary Freeman of Norfolk, who is said to have been a lady of great personal beauty and grace, though unhappily not otherwise calculated to make his happiness in domestic life. In 1772, they removed to North Carolina, and settled in the neighborhood of Hillsborough, Orange county, naming their plantation Tyaquin, after the family seat in Ireland.

At the very commencement of the difficulties with Great Britain, he threw himself with ardor on the American side, and soon became one of the leading spirits in the struggle that ensued. In a letter to a lady in Ireland, he writes—"the spirit of liberty breathes here even to enthusiasm, and every peasant knows the rights of freedom, better than many in the British Senate. What our present disputes with

the mother country may end in, I cannot guess, but we think ourselves extremely ill-used, and are determined to be free at all events." He first attracted public notice in Virginia, entered actively into the public service. He represented the county of Orange in various political conventions of the day, and in 1776, sat as delegate in the Provincial Congress at Halifax. In the formation of the Constitution of the State he took a distinguished part among the able men who were association in that work, and in December 1776, was appointed, (with William Hooper and Joseph Hewes,) delegate to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, where he served till his election, by acclamation, to the office of Governor of North Carolina, in June 1781. It appears that he left his seat in Congress and went as *amateur* to the battle of Brandywine, and his election to the Chief Magistracy of this State may in some degree have been due to the patriotic ardor thus manifested.

The following letter to Burke from his predecessor in office, Gov. Nash, gives a good idea of the condition of public affairs, at the date of his election :

Newbern, July 5, 1781.

DEAR SIR :---I had the pleasure to receive your favour of the 28th, last evening, and am very glad to find the choice of the Assembly has fallen so judiciously on a Gentleman of your activity, experience, ability and public spirit. It was what I expected from the voice of the members, after I had declared my fixed resolution to resign, or rather to serve no more, for it was a task my health was by no means equal to, and besides, I had found by experience that the Executive powers had been so divided that it was impossible to govern with any advantage to the people. With regard to the things you desire to be informed of, I am to observe that previous to the August Session, Gen. Caswell had the appointment of the officers whose business it was to handle public money, and these men were not accountable to me, but to him and the Assembly. Their bonds were put into the hands of the Board of War, who were empowered to call them to account---

From August to February session, all the power of controlling and directing the staff of the army—the county commissioners of Provisions, District Superintendents, and money holders of every denomination is lodged in the Board of War, and they, no doubt, can give a satisfactory account of that Business. As to the warrants, it had never been the custom for the Governor to make returns of them to the Assembly. I did it, however, to the amount of near ten millions to the Aug. Assembly, but as no notice was taken of it, or use made of it, I discontinued the custom, supposing that the Assembly depended on the Treasurers to attend and take their credits in settlement for the warrants taken up; this of course would give an infallible and perfect view of the warrants and persons accountable. Since Febr. the disorders of the Country have been very great, many public stores are no doubt lost, and but few acquired. Of the Losses, I have received no return, nor do I know of anything acquired except a cargo of Salt which at my instance Mr. Hawkins purchased with some country pork, no part of the stock in trade.—This salt, Mr. Speed tells me they are exchanging for tobacco. It would be well, I think, to think of the expediency of such a barter.— Since my appointment I have never received a return of the strength of the Militia from the Brigadiers. In short, the Executive power has been so divided and sub-divided, that like the rays of the sun, it lost its force, and men not knowing who to obey, obeyed nobody. I inclose you a kind of proclamation for the discharge of Militia prisoners. Some of ours from Charlestown have arrived. They say three regiments from Ireland are arrived at Charlestown, but tell no more news. Bonds are returned I believe, for all sums issued on warrants, excepting £256,000 to Maj. Genl. Caswell.

I wish you all imaginable happiness and success in your administration,

With the highest respect,
Your Excellency's most obt. sert.
A. NASH.

From this it is evident that Gov. Burke succeeded in troubled times to a disordered Government. The difficulties pointed out by Gov. Nash, he seems to have experienced in his turn with equal force. In two short messages transmitted to the Assembly soon after his entrance upon office he expresses himself as hampered

and annoyed by the division of power alluded to in Gov. Nash's letter, so much, that if the Assembly should persist in their unconstitutional requirements and restraints he would at once resign an office which nothing but an ardent desire to be of some service to his country had induced him to accept.

In writing as well as in action, Gov. Burke was singularly forcible and direct. He goes directly to the point and expresses himself in well selected energetic words, disposed in a remarkably smooth and flowing style. Perhaps we shall do him greater justice in allowing him to speak for himself, and therefore give entire one of the messages before alluded to :

State of North Carolina, *July* —, 1781.

To the Honorable, the General Assembly,

GENTLEMEN—

You have been pleased to elect me to the office of Chief Magistrate of the State, a Dignity which I never aspired at, which is destructive to my private happiness, utterly repugnant to my Inclinations, and subversive of the very foundations of all my private prospects.

Having no family or Personal connections among you, and having been so long absent in public service as to be even personally known but to very few of you, and having not even been present at any period of your session before the Election, I cannot presume that I was chosen for any other reason, than that I was thought possessed of some Talents that might be serviceable to my country in her present critical circumstances.

I am placed by your choice in a point of view peculiarly conspicuous, and in times the most arduous and Critical. Every citizen of this State, and of the United States, will look up to me for the most Vigorous exertions of the Powers of Government against the Common Enemy. Acts of the General Assembly restraining my constitutional power will involve me in disputes, and prevent my proper exertions. Such acts indicate also such distrust of the Person of the Chief Magistrate, as plainly shows that he does not possess that Confidence which is Essential for giving Efficacy to his Authority. Without such confidence he cannot be sufficiently useful, in times like the present, when so much must depend upon Vigor and

decision to which a prompt and willing obedience are principally necessary. The Person who has not that Confidence is, for that reason, unfit for the office of Chief Magistrate.

The Act passed this Session, "Entitled, An Act for draughting the militia to re-enforce the Southern army," contains a clause, in my opinion of the above nature, and which may involve the Governor in the dilemma of either disobeying the Constitution or the law. This I had the honor to represent in a former message, and I doubted not that it was the Effect of mistake or inadvertance, and that it would be explained accordingly; but the General Assembly have thought proper to persist, after Consideration of my message, and I can no longer attribute it to mistake or Inadvertance. I must, therefore, conclude that the sentiments which induced them to elect me are altered, and that by holding the office I prevent some Citizen in whom they could more fully confide and who therefore could render more effectual services. As nothing induced me to accept the appointment, but the wish to render effectual service to my country, so nothing shall prevail with me to hold it under unconstitutional restraints that may embarrass my measures and prevent my usefulness, or to the prejudice of my country by keeping some more confidential man out of her most important office.

If, therefore the General Assembly persist in requiring me to consult the Council of State in the dispositions to be made of troops after they are embodied, and thus absurdly to divide the Supreme military Command; or in restraining the Executive power, from arraying and employing the force of the State for its peculiar defence, within any particular number, which are plainly done by the section before mentioned. I request that they will appoint a committee to receive from me the great seal of the State, and the surrender of the office of Chief Magistrate.

Unfortunately for himself and for the Commonwealth for whose best interests he so energetically and judiciously labored, Gov. Burke's honorable and successful career was suddenly and sadly closed. On the 12th or 13th day of September 1781, he was surprised in his house* at Hillsborough by a party of Tories, under

the command of the notorious David Fanning, but on that day headed by his coadjutor O'Neil, hurried off to Wilmington, then in the possession of the British, and delivered to Major Craig. From this misfortune may be dated the cloud that obscured the remaining years of Governor Burke's life, and which renders the duty of his biographer delicate and painful.—The following message from him to the Assembly in April '82, gives the most succinct and reliable account of his capture.

"Staying a few days at Hillsboro' on my way to Salisbury in order to complete the disposition I had ordered in that part of the country, during my short stay, I received intelligence of the enemy's intention to surprise Gen. Butler, who lay with a small party advanced some distance on the South side of Haw river; and knowing that his force and equipments were not sufficient for the necessary resistance, and unwilling to risque any action until we should have a proper force collected, I sent him orders to retreat secretly, and take up a secure position behind Haw river, which he happily effected. The enemy disappointed in their enterprise pursued towards Hillsborough in hopes of falling in with him, and on their march were informed by their connections in and about Hillsborough, that I was there with little or no force, and they instantly made me their object—forgetting or perhaps not knowing the danger of leaving Gen. Butler with a force in their rear: for which ignorance or neglect, they suffered very severely on their retreat, and came very near being utterly routed.

The covered country thinly inhabited and chiefly in the line of their march by people well affected to them, or indifferent to both parties enabled them to move from a considerable distance unobserved. A dark night, and a foggy morning with the neglect of the patrols who were ordered on the roads leading to the town, enabled them to invest it in the surrounding woods, and a little after sun-rise about five hundred entered on all sides. We were in no condition to resist. We had few or no effectual arms, but few men even including the townsmen, who were all peaceably in their houses, and no number was in any place collected. A scattering fire was for some little time kept up, but my house soon become the principal object of attack. To escape was impracticable, and

* A small building on the lot then belonging to William Hooper, since occupied by the late Mrs. Walters.

resistance was in vain. Yet the savage manners and appearance of the men made me expect nothing but massacre, and I preferred dying sword in hand to yielding to their barbarity. Thus resolved, attended by Captain Reid, my aid-de-camp, Mr. Huske, my Secretary, and an Orderly Sergeant of the Continental line, and armed only with our swords and pistols, we sustained for some time a close and a hot fire, until at length Captain Reid went through their fire, and brought a gentleman in the uniform of a British officer up to me, to whom after repeated assurance of proper treatment, I gave up my sword. This gentleman had much difficulty afterwards to preserve me from the violence of the men, but being joined by some Highland gentlemen, whom I had formerly made prisoners, and who remembered that they had been treated with humanity, they at length were able to cover us from the fury of our assailants. Thus I became a prisoner, and after a tedious and distressing march in which we suffered every injurious extreme, which to describe would only too much affect your sensibility, we arrived at Wilmington, where I was put in close confinement as a prisoner of State."

From Wheeler's History we learn that Gen. Butler endeavored to intercept the march to Wilmington, overtaking them at Lindly's Mills on Cane Creek, where a sharp conflict ensued in which Fanning was severely wounded. But he succeeded in making good his retreat with his important prize. From Wilmington, Gov. Burke was transferred to Charleston, where Gen. Leslie was in command. By affecting to consider him only as a prisoner of State, the British placed Gov. Burke on a different footing from their prisoners of War, and precluded all chance of release by exchange for an equivalent. He was *paroled* to James Island, at that time infested by large numbers of Tory refugees and desperadoes, to whom Governor Burke, from his past history and official station was an object of deep and inveterate hostility. To repeated applications from this unfortunate gentleman to the British Commander for a *parole* to his own or some other Southern State, or to

be exchanged for an equivalent, or, if all these should be refused, for a transfer to some other place, where his personal safety at least might be secured, and himself no longer subjected to daily insult and degradation, he received no direct answer from the British officers, but was given to understand that none of his requests could be allowed, and that he was to be detained indefinitely for the purpose of retaliation, should David Fanning or any other Tory marauder be taken and suffer punishment. The close confinement of a high-spirited and refined gentleman, and his *parole* only to limits within which he was in constant danger of assassination, was in contravention not only of all just and generous principle, but also of recent precedent. There are extant some very affecting letters from Gov. Burke to his friends in North Carolina, representing the injustice and the danger of his condition, and entreating assistance and relief, not only for himself but for some fellow-captives, among whom were Captain Reid and Mr. Huske who were taken prisoners with him. It is difficult to resist the impression that in the neglect of his friends and the apparent tardiness and feebleness of their efforts in his behalf, are unmistakeable traces of the genuine old North Carolina nonchalance and inactivity. In a letter to L. H. DeRossett, Esq., from James Island, Nov. 1781, he writes—"I persuade myself that I have no personal enemies, because I am not conscious of ever having been influenced in my public character by private passion or resentment, nor of having injured an individual." And to Willie Jones from the same place, in January 1782, he writes sadly enough: "If the silence of my friends arises from neglect or forgetfulness, I shall feel it as a severer evil than any which I have yet encountered." Commenting in the same letter upon the information which had just been conveyed him that he was to be detained for the purpose of

retaliation, he adds,—“the only request I shall make my country on this ground is that regard to me may not for a moment suspend what they may deem the necessary execution of the laws. I can suffer whatever may be inflicted by the enemy, and can die if necessary.”

It would perhaps have been better had Gov. Burke remained fixed in this high resolve, and contempt of death. But stung by the indignity with which he was treated, and by the reflection that he was detained without limit of time, as a hostage for the safety of miscreants and others, and well convinced that his life was in continual jeopardy from the licentious royalists who surrounded him, many of whom were fugitives from justice under his own government in North Carolina—he at length decided that his *parole* was cancelled by these circumstances, and resolved to make his escape. This purpose he effected on the night of the 16th of January, 1782, and two days after, on arriving at a place of security, addressed the following letter to Gen. Leslie in explanation of his course:

January 18th, 1782.

SIR—You will please to recollect that I wrote to you on the 30th of last month, requesting a *parole* within the American lines, and informing you that my person was in great danger from the refugees who were exceedingly licentious, and to whom persons of my political character are peculiarly obnoxious, and, therefore, if granting my request was inexpedient, it would be necessary to remove me to some place where my person might be safe. You were not pleased to answer that letter, and I found myself still exposed to men who are but too well known to be little restrained by moral principles, and whom I had seen commit even murder with entire impunity. Deeming it exceedingly probable that they might conceive some violent design against me, and knowing that fear of punishment could not restrain men who felt themselves secure even against discovery. I felt every hour, during sixteen days, all the apprehensions of assassination. As my representation to you had not procured your notice so

far as even to induce you to answer me, I saw no prospect of being released from my dangerous situation, and I concluded that such neglect of my personal safety would justify my withdrawing my person. But tho' I carried this resolution into effect, I do not thereby intend to deprive you of the advantage which my capture, by the rights of War entitle you to.

I propose returning to my Government, and there to expect an answer from you to the following proposition:

I will endeavor to procure for you a just and reasonable Equivalent in exchange for me, or, if that cannot be effected, I will return within your lines on *parole*, provided, you will pledge your honor that I shall not be treated in any manner different from the officers of the Continental army, when prisoners of war.

This proposition will, I hope, be satisfactory, and will leave you no doubt that in withdrawing, I had no dishonorable intentions.

There can indeed be no doubt that Gov. Burke was treated with great indignity. We are at some loss to account for the fact that a man of his eminence and station should have been so disregarded. In various statements of his situation, prepared for the satisfaction of his friends and the public, he testifies that on one occasion the party he was with at his quarters, was fired upon by the refugees in the presence of the British soldiers, and one man was killed at his side and another wounded: nor were the murderers brought to justice. How far he was justifiable in withdrawing his person from such a situation, we do not take upon ourselves to decide at present. It is certain that at first, at all events, he was sustained in his decision by honorable men. Gen. Greene appears to have sanctioned it, and entered at once upon negotiations for his exchange. Gen. Leslie, however, seemed in no hurry to reply to the propositions of his late prisoner, and Governor Burke's impetuous temper little brooking further slight or delay, he proceeded to Salem and gathered up the reins of government once more. This step, we must think, was most unadvised.

From Salem he addressed the following letter to Gen. Greene :

January 31st, 1782.

SIR---I arrived here last night, and find no prospect of an assembly, competent to business. I perceive the State is in very great derangement, and to reform it is an herculean task. I tremble to undertake it, and yet I cannot reconcile it to my republican principles to decline it. Indeed, I perceive my presence in the State will prevent the legal administration by any other hand. Was it not for this, I believe, notwithstanding your opinion, that I might proceed previous to hearing from Gen. Leslie, I should decline acting until I had a certainty that the equivalent in exchange for me had been sent in, and received by the enemy, because this would remove even the scruples of delicacy with which I am still much distressed. Nor does it entirely satisfy me, that Gov. Wright [of Georgia] who departed from his *parole* on the same ground of danger to his person, still acts, and no equivalent has ever been rendered or even offered.

I will immediately apply myself to restoring peace and internal security to this State, and to the making such disposition of its resources as may be assisting to the army under your command.

This precipitancy in proceeding to administer the Government, while the delicate matter of his return to his *parole*, or his exchange, was still unadjusted is not easily excused even on the ground which he repeatedly urges in his letters that spring—love of the public service, and anxiety to serve the State at a critical period. The British General made some difficulty about receiving an equivalent, and the business was not finally concluded for several months. Meanwhile, the public, to serve whom he had risked so much, looked coldly upon him. Doubts and insinuations were not spared by his enemies, and though he struggled to rely upon his own consciousness of integrity and honorable action, he could not with his quick and fine feeling, long sustain the implied disapprobation of the whole community. His private affairs had suffered greatly in his absence, his wife and

infant child having been exposed to danger and dependent on the kindness of friends. It is touching to see his high spirit dejected and broken, as in his letters written during the session of the Assembly in Hillsborough, April 1782, he announces his determination to retire from the public service, "which has hitherto brought me nothing but disquiet, misfortune and poverty." His letters of explanation and justification are able and eloquent. The following dignified remonstrance with Col. Otho H. Williams, seems to have been called forth by uncharitable comments then in active circulation :

Halifax, March 28th, 1782.

SIR---It gives me pain to expostulate with a gentleman for whom I had much esteem, on part of his conduct that seems to me to derogate from his candor and discretion; but the manner in which you have taken the liberty to speak in your passage thro' this State relatively to my escape from the enemy, makes it indispensable.

You have, I am told, thought proper to say, that I had misrepresented the opinions of General Greene and his officers; that I had left headquarters precipitately, by which, and taking upon me the administration of Government, I was considered by the army as having acted in a manner disgraceful to the State, and to the United States. How far injuring or insulting an absent man, and relatively to an affair so circumstanced as mine, comports with the character of a gentleman, will easily be decided by a man of true dignity of mind, which widely differs from an overweening arrogance. And whether you have thought proper to suppose me destitute of the qualities requisite for maintaining my rank in Society, or to deny them, is an enquiry of no importance, as either would lead to the same consequences—but at present the matter, as to the insult, must rest. As to the injury, give me leave to say that you are mistaken in the conjectures which you advanced for facts. I made no representation at all of the opinion of the officers at camp, except that they deemed the leaving a prisoner on parole exposed to assassination would justify an escape, but that they did not know that it applied to me, because they perceived I was equally influenced by another motive, the ap-

prehensions of close confinement, but did not advert to its being as the subject of retaliation for criminals, and that upon the whole, they thought the enemy had a claim of change for me. You sir, who were at the time Adjutant General, can scarcely be ignorant that this was not a misrepresentation. I will venture to assert, it was the only opinion of the officers which was ever made known to me, and that it was contained in a report which Gen. Greeneshewed me, but which he did not put into my possession. Gen. Greene's opinion, so far as he disclosed it to me, was that he considered me in a situation delicate, critical and distressing, involved in a dilemma which obliged either to bring my honor question, or to sacrifice my life, that had he been in my place, he should rather have abided my Fate than incurred the strictures of friends and enemies; and in order to put the matter on such a footing as to prevent my enemies, open or concealed, from having it in their power to tax me with a base or mean intention, he advised me to the measures which I have since pursued.

This was the opinion I represented and pursuant to which I acted, and he is too much a man of Truth and honor to leave it in any man's power to infix so injurious a stigma as that of misrepresentation on me, even if I had it not from under his name. If Gen. Greene did not communicate this opinion to you, you might conjecture that he intended some other; but you are not justifiable on conjecture merely, to assert that it was a misrepresentation.---- Upon what principle you could say or suppose that my departure from camp was precipitate, I cannot discover. I think you can scarcely be uninformed that I remained as long as General Greene thought necessary, that he accompanied me as far as Jackson's borough, and ordered escorts to attend me to Charlotte in this State.

Your candor did not go so far as to suggest to you that it was necessary for me to hasten to the place, where the Legislature of the State, to whom alone I was accountable, were expected to be then convened, nor that I had a family peculiarly anxious and distressed in consequence of an imprisonment which threatened me with the worst of consequences, and in which I was neglected as well by the armies as the councils of America. These circumstances might have been expected to occur to a man of candor, even had the fact been that I departed precipitately, and had there been any reason for my loitering, idly, near a camp merely to await the strictures of a few of-

ficers, and very few, I hope will be so indiscreet, who, like Colonel Williams might take great liberties in pronouncing, concerning the mode of my escape, forgetting that while a prisoner the army, tho' triumphant, had utterly neglected me, and who, I doubt, would have made themselves very easy if I had been privately murdered, or publicly executed. I am free to declare, sir, that I pay no regard to the opinions of such men, tho' I have the highest respect for those of men of candor, which I suppose and hope the generality of the officers of the army to be, and which I ever thought Colonel Williams. Men of candor will scarcely expect me to have remained in a situation which was deemed too dangerous by some of the most intrepid officers of the army after I had given notice of my situation and apprehensions, nor will they expect, that neglected as I already was, and with the example of Colonel Haynes before me, with the evidence before me, of the contempt and harshness with which the Militia were treated, and the impunity which the enemy experienced in all those cases, nor, I say, will they expect that I should remain in the power of an enemy, who had certainly marked me out as a subject of retaliation, should the Civil Laws, which could not be dispensed with, be excepted.

They will not expect me to have sacrificed myself to the opinions of an army who had no regard to my situation, when closely confined as a prisoner of State, and neither knew nor enquired my fate. And I am also free to say that an officer of that army when he speaks of my escape, ought to speak with some diffidence and modesty. He ought to remember that he can never be in so unprotected a state, he ought to remember that an individual who desires no protection from a corps is with an ill grace required to sacrifice himself, for the advantage or convenience of that corps. Be assured, sir, that I felt the neglect with which I was treated, and the more keenly, when I was persuaded I had merited, even as an individual, some regard, and as an officer and magistrate of high rank, I was certainly entitled to it. Nevertheless, I could prevail on myself to remove from a danger which was by every one considered as imminent, until I had the clearest conviction that the enemy never considered the Militia and Continentals as reciprocal hostages, but that the latter were treated with great politeness while the most contemptuous distinction was, wisely in them, however it may be in us, made with respect to the former. Let me

remind you, too, of a remark obvious enough, tho' it seems to have escaped you. I knew that the case admitted by the officers to justify an escape applied to me, tho' the officers did not feel it, they did not perceive it. Their opinion, was what I asked, their judgment I was not amenable to, nor did I submit to it. I knew I was in the predicament they supposed, and therefore even in their opinion, justifiable. I doubt not, upon fuller information their hypothetical opinion will be absolute.

As to my resuming the Government, I have no doubt that the candid and sensible part of mankind will approve it when they know the reasons which induced me thereto, even tho' it had not been agreeable to General Greene's opinion, those reasons, are immaterial to you. I shall give them to my country, because they have a right to them, and to my friends whom I wish to satisfy. My enemies, if I have any, must, I think, be destitute of candor if they will not confess that I was impelled by a sense of duty, and regard to public weal, to take upon me a disagreeable, difficult and injurious service to prevent derangements, whose consequences might be felt even by that army, who, you say, have censured me, a fact which you will allow me to doubt, as well from my informations from thence, as from my opinion of their candor and rectitude which cannot admit that they would censure, rashly, and without information, what was approved by their General.

I hope, sir, after considering this letter that I have a right not only to request, but to demand that when in future you speak of this matter you will be cautious not to assert that I have misrepresented the opinion of General Greene and his officers, nor that my departure from Camp and resuming my Government disapproved by Gen. Greene. As to your own opinions, if you will rashly form them in affairs wherein you seem to be very ill informed, and deliver them without the discretion of a man of sense or the candor of a gentleman, I am persuaded they will soon be of no weight, and will give very little pain to,

Sir, your humble servant.

April 12th, he writes thus to General Greene:

"I am exceedingly obliged to you for the interest you take in an affair which has given me more uneasiness than any other incident of my life, because of my apprehensions lest I should not find it practicable to convey just ideas of the circumstances, and consequently

the malicious may find room to attribute my conduct to improper motives, a fate I fear it will not be possible for me to avoid." "I myself never had a doubt that my escape was justifiable, and I always deemed the proposition made to General Leslie merely voluntary, and intended only to prove that my motives were not dishonorable. No proposition can be clearer to me than that a prisoner of war surrenders to save his life from a prevailing enemy, and that the immutable condition of his surrender is the protection of his life. That this condition must be annexed to every agreement into which he enters as a prisoner of war, and that no engagement as such a prisoner can oblige him to surrender his life to an assassin or executioner.

"These positions I am persuaded cannot be controverted, but the difficulty must always be in proving that the danger existed. From the nature of the case, proof is unattainable, and to risque the experiment would be to submit to the evil. No application could be made even to the Country of the prisoner, because he is within the enemy's power, and they cannot be supposed to admit it, indeed, by the by, the letter I wrote giving notice to my Country, was suppressed by the Enemy. All that can be expected is such circumstantial proof as will satisfy the wise and candid; and to such as know the character, principles and practice of the people I was exposed to, and shall attend to the peculiarity of my situation, my danger will never appear doubtful. I have no doubt that had I remained until after some events that have taken place here, I should have been sacrificed with so little ceremony, that you could only attribute it to the rage of Irregulars. The matter upon the whole must be left to each man's strictures. I shall regard those of the candid and sensible with great deference, those of the arrogant, ignorant, or malicious, I must learn to despise. I have no other doubts of your success in the exchange, should the enemy admit it, except what I suggested in my letter of the 5th of March. If they persist in refusing it on reasonable grounds, I believe it will be best to let the matter rest at the point of negotiation. But you are by far the best judge of the whole matter. They unfortunately place a higher value on me than my own country did; but a little time will make me of no value to either except as a more obscure individual, for I am preparing as fast as possible to take a final leave of all public business, happy that our affairs are in so promising a situation that I can indulge my inclination for retirement without

giving room to suppose that I am moved by apprehensions for our success.

When you conversed with me in your chamber at Mr. Ashburn's on this affair, and read to me the advice you intended to give me, I asked you if after writing the letter you recommended, I should be at liberty to act, and you will probably recollect that the result of our conversation was an answer in the affirmative: that the expression *my government*, not *country*, or *State* related plainly to my office, and not the region: that as it was left to General Leslie to answer and bring the matter to a point as soon as he pleased, it rested altogether upon him, and if he neglected or refused to answer me, I had no farther concern with him. After this, I had no doubt that I had reserved, as I intended, the liberty of acting, if I found it necessary for the public service, and when I left you, it was my intention, and I avowed it to every one I conversed with after that conversation, to dispose of my time and talents in such manner as would best promote the common cause, nor did I in the least doubt that I had your opinion in favor of the resolution, and from thence I drew much consolation. I remained full of this opinion until I received your letter of March 18th; that letter seems to bring it into doubt, though it also admits of a construction that you lament, the consequences of my having acted pursuant to an opinion, which was intended to place my conduct in as favorable a light as possible. It will give me deep concern if all this time I have been acting contrary to an advice which I intended to follow as closely as possible, or if I deviated from it, it should be by not acting at all. This deviation I probably should have made, had I not found myself on my arrival in a very critical dilemma.

This change of resolution in a character so inflexible as mine, will no doubt appear extraordinary to you. I will in some part account for it tho' the entering into all my reasons for it would be tedious and uninteresting. I became acquainted with such circumstances as opened my Eye to the folly of having devoted my time and care to the service of the public, in prejudice to my private affairs to such a degree as to threaten consequences extremely distressing. It was easy to perceive that I was sacrificed to difficult dangerous and important trusts only because I was supposed to have talents to execute them. I could say harsh things Sir, but it would be to no purpose. I had not reached Salem before I had fully settled it with myself to seek for a

quiet retirement wherever it could be found.— Full of these sentiments, I waited the assembling of the Legislature, in patience and silence, to whom I intended to resign. They did not meet, and I intended then to have removed into some other State, until the next meeting, in order to prevent the embarrassment arising from my presence. When we perceived that no house could be made, the Speaker of the Senate suggested to me that his office which threw on him the Administration, must expire with the Assembly of which he was Speaker, to which the annual General election would put a period. After that, if I refused to act there could be no executive. I perceived that great derangement must ensue, and much injury to the public could scarcely be avoided. I perceived much to be done in consequence of your letters, and requisitions for the support of the Army, and that preparations were necessary for a vigorous campaign. I could not reconcile it to myself to suffer evils to happen which I could by any means prevent, even if I was under no engagement to the public. But I was under an engagement to discharge my duty unless I was disqualified for it. I could not be disqualified unless my escape was unjustifiable, and I was consequently still a prisoner. I really neither could then nor can now be of opinion that my escape was not justifiable. If I could, I would go in to the Enemy's lines at all hazards. You see now my dilemma. I could not justify declining to act, and thereby leaving the public without a necessary Magistrate, without establishing contrary to any judgment that my escape had been unwarrantable, and that I was still a prisoner, and ought to go in to the Enemy. I found myself under a necessity of postponing my determination until a Session of Assembly could be held, but every day since has more and more confirmed my determination of retiring as soon as the Legislature could elect a successor. Upon the whole, Sir, necessity obliged me to act, but I always consoled myself with the idea that I had your approbation.

"I sent orders to the Commissary General to send forward immediately the Beeves you required, and which by returns in my possession appear to be on hand, also to deliver the pork to the Quarter Master General to be transported as you desired. I also directed him to commute as much of the specific supplies as could be spared, into West India Commodities to be sent to you also. I required his precise answer to be transmitted to you, and you have it here

enclosed. You perceive he deems the West India Commodities of more importance to you than the pork, and proposes therefore rather to commute it all for them. If you are of a different opinion, we shall prevent him; if you agree with him, he shall be empowered to proceed. I shall see him in a few days, and hope to be able to adjust the matter with him more to your satisfaction.

No person seems to think of contracting, nor is it to any purpose to enquire for any contract until assurances of payment can be given: then, be assured Sir, contractors will be readily found. I can only conjecture upon what the Assembly will do, but I hope they will fall upon some mode substantially to comply with Mr. Morris's requisitions."

"I am convinced that you have been furnished with the Supplies from this State that you required, especially as I know we abound in the articles you want—except Rum, which is scarce for the present. But our business is seldom well timed, and therefore we lose the advantage of our resources. All the collections were to be made after my return, and then the season was too far advanced. The fattened animals had been all sold, and it was too late to stall beef, because the long forage was exhausted, nor could hogs be fattened before the weather would become too warm to save them. A considerable quantity, however, has been collected, but very far short of what might have been if required in due Season.

"I have just received reports of the landing of some British Troops at Beaufort in this State, but not authenticated. I can see no object for them, and can scarce credit it.

"There is still in this State a Col. Fields, of Col. Hamilton's Corps (as I am informed). He ought to have been exchanged for Col. Little of our line at the former exchange under the cartel, but the Enemy's Commissary of prisoners has shuffled the matter off to this hour, and he remains here still, on *parole*, and Col. Little still remains a prisoner. I enclosed you some papers from Salem which explained the treatment the latter received from the Enemy. In order to teach them not to trifle, I shall order this Mr. Fields into close custody, unless they will bring the affair to a conclusion immediately, for if they refuse to exchange him, he must be considered as a Traitor:—this indeed I should long since have done had I not expected that some measures would have been taken with him in another line. He has always been

considered as a dangerous man. I request, sir, that you will direct the Commissary of prisoners to inform the Enemy of this resolution, and that they must send the certificate of Col. Little's exchange for Fields by the return of the messenger who carried my letter respecting Bryant, otherwise I shall execute my resolution.

I am, &c.,
THOS. BURKE.

It is impossible not to sympathize deeply with the writer of these spirited, dignified and energetic letters. If he had acted injudiciously there is ample evidence that he had reason to believe himself justifiable, and sustained by those to whose opinion he had deferred.

There are two counts in the indictment preferred against Gov. Burke by honorable men. First, that he broke his *parole*, and second, that having done so, before either his friends, the public or the enemy had delivered their verdict and established his position in consequence, he still advanced upon his dubious way, in proceeding at once to reassume his official station and to act therein.

In the matter of his *parole*, being sustained by precedent and the peculiarity of his circumstances, he would probably have been fairly acquitted and justified if he had chosen to await patiently the verdict; and if we cannot concur in the precipitancy of his zeal to serve the State in a time of danger and difficulty, let the warm ardor of his patriotism be his best defence in the eyes of posterity.

In December of that year Alexander Martin, late Speaker of the Senate, was elected to the office of Governor, and Gov. Burke thenceforward resided upon his estate near Hillsborough till his death, which, if his worldly task was done even in the prime of his days, we cannot think occurred unhappily for him on the 2d of December, 1783.

His only child is still living, Miss Mary W. Burke, of Marion, Ala., a lady whose talents, attainments and virtues, are wor-

hy of her lineage. Mrs. Burke was married a second time—to Major Dogherty, who had been an officer in the American army.

As before hinted, Gov. Burke's private fortune had been irremediably injured by his unselfish devotion to the service of his adopted country.

His long captivity had borne still more heavily on his means, and it is a fact not very creditable to the justice of our State, and perhaps still further illustrating its character for tardiness in some respects, that after Gov. Burke's death, the land which should have been at least the inheritance of his daughter, was appropriated, at the suit of Col. Hamilton, of the British army, to pay for Gov. Burke's necessary expenses and debts incurred on James Island. James Hogg, of Hillsborough acting executor and guardian for the child, several times urged upon the Legislature, the services and sacrifices of the father, and the fact that the State still owed him part of his salary due while he was a member of Congress. To repeated applications no answer was returned from the Assembly, nor was any notice taken of a debt due alike from generosity and justice—and which to this day is undischarged. In a number of interesting letters to Burke from Cornelius Harnett, written from Philadelphia, in 1779, while he was in Congress, there is constant reference to the losses which all men in public life at that day, cheerfully sustained in the struggle for independence. An extract from one of these letters will serve to illustrate the times, and afford a fair specimen of Harnett's manner to his more intimate friends.

—“For —'s sake come on to relieve me Nov., but at farthest the very beginning of Dec., and make that domestic creature, White-Hill, come with you. In fact I cannot live here. The prices of every necessary have advanced 100 per cent since we parted. I shall return indebted to my country at least \$6000 dollars, and you very well know how we lived.

Do not mention this complaint to any person. I am content to sit down with this loss, and much more, if my country requires it. I only mention it to guard you against difficulties which you must encounter on your return, unless the General Assembly will make suitable provision for your expenses at least. I know they will be liberal, they always have been in their allowances to their servants. Could not Hooper, Nash, Johnson or *some such*, be sent with you. Believe me they will be much wanted. I acknowledge it is cruel in me to wish you to return; you have already suffered more in your private concerns, than any man who has been in the delegation for some time past.—But you have this consolation; that should you fail of receiving your reward in this world, you will no doubt, besinging Hallelujahs in the next to all eternity. Tho', I acknowledge, your voice is not very well calculated for that business.

Adieu, my friend, may you be happy. You will believe me when I assure you that your happiness will be a very great addition to my own. I know you hate professions—so do I.

I am, dear sir,

Your affectionate and obt. ser.,

CORN'S. HARNETT.

Among the men and women of that period, who were eminent for intellect and worth, Gov. Burke was admired and caressed—distinguished no less by his social accomplishments, than by his ability as a lawyer and a statesman. In Griswold's "Republican Court," a work of no little interest and value. There is some account of a celebrated belle who reigned in Philadelphia during the years that Burke was a member of the Congress, holding its sessions in that city—Miss Esther Vining, whose friendship the most distinguished men of the day were proud to deserve and obtain. We find among Gov. Burke's papers, abundant evidence of an agreeable correspondence maintained with this accomplished lady, and with other fair ladies to the influence of whose attractions he seems to have been peculiarly susceptible. Had his "gentler stars" united him to a spirit congenial with his own, this record of his fortunes might have been different.

We learn by a letter from Miss Burke, that her father was "in person, of middle stature, well formed, and much marked by the small pox, which occasioned the loss of his left eye: the remaining one being a fine expressive blue." That a young man who had left his home at seventeen years of age, should, in a foreign land, without patronage or friends, within fifteen years, have achieved so brilliant a success, so eminent a position, is in itself

a remarkable and attractive story—strongly contrasted with the clouds that overshadowed his early life, and again closed darkly around his latter days.—However, he may have erred in the discharge of what he conscientiously believed his duty to himself and his country: the memory of this gallant Irishman shall ever be dear to the State in whose service he perilled and lost so much.

C.

HUGH M'DONALD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 469, 1853.

WHEN the brigade imbodyed at Wilmington, it consisted of nine thousand and four hundred, rank and file: twelve Colonels, six Majors, forty-eight Captains, ninety-six Lieutenants, forty-eight Ensigns, two Drummers and two Fifers to every Captain's Company, one hundred and eighty-two Sergeants, eight Quarter Master Sergeants, and Sergeant's Major to each Regiment, one Drum Major, who was an old gentleman from Elizabeth, by the name of Alex. Harvey; one Fife Major, an Englishman, by the name of Robt. Williams, a master of all kinds of music and genteelly bred, who had been transported from England before the war, for cursing the royal family; eight Doctors, eight Adjutants and one Brigade Major, a hatter from Hillsborough, besides Sutlers and Paymasters.

On the 1st of November, we received orders to march to the North and join

the grand camp, commanded by Washington. About the 15th of November, we marched from Wilmington, under the command of Gen. Frank Nash, and proceeded to the Roanoke river and encamped about a mile and a half from the town of Halifax, in Col. Long's old fields, who was Commissary General of the North Carolina troops. There we remained about three weeks, when we received orders to turn back and go and meet the British at Augustine and prevent them from getting into the State of Georgia, and proceeded by way of Wilmington. On our march, we lay one night on the South side of Contentney creek, where there were living an old man and woman who had a number of geese about the house; and next morning about twenty of their geese were missing. They came to the encampment inquiring about them; but getting no information among the tents,

they went to the General, who said he could do nothing unless they could produce the guilty. On his giving them ten dollars, however, they went away satisfied; and I am very sure that I got some of them to eat. Being a sleepy headed boy, I always went to sleep as soon as the fires were made; and, having done so now, about midnight, a Mr. John Turner, a messmate of mine, tried to waken me, which he found difficult to do; but, being a strong man, he lifted me up and kept sticking pins in my rump until I was fully awake, when he said, "D—n you, go to the kettle and see what you will find there." I went and found it was fowl flesh and very fat. I did not understand it that night; but knew what it was next morning when the old people came to camp inquiring for their geese, the General, after paying them ten dollars, gave the men strict orders to be honest or he would punish the least offence of that kind with severity.

We proceeded thence to Wilmington where we stayed two days; and thence by Lockart's Folly to Georgetown, when we got to the boundary house, we encamped for a short time to rest, and Col. Alston, a wealthy gentleman of the neighborhood, came to see Gen. Nash, and told him that he could show him a better camping ground, which was an elevated neck of land covered with hickory and other good treewood. The trees were covered with long moss from the top to the ground; and of this we made excellent beds. There we stayed about a month waiting for further orders, where we cut and cleared nearly a hundred acres of land. During our continuance here, those who had been enlisted by our Major McCrae for six months and returned during the war, applied to their Captain for this discharge; but he was not aware that any in the camp had been enlisted for six months. They then applied to their old Captain, who had been promoted to the rank of

Major; but he told them, in reply to their just request, that he would have them put under guard and punished according to the martial laws. This rebuff they were forced to bear and remain in silence; but concerted a plan for their own relief; for in the morning it was found that nine had deserted, some of whom were never taken, notwithstanding the claims resting upon them. Arch. Bone acted as pilot to these deserters—the rest were late deserters from Scotland, viz: John Currie and Arch. Crawford. Three were colored people, Gears, Billy, George and Jack.—The other three were McDonald, George Thomas, and Zack.

From this pleasant place we marched for Charleston, S. C., and crossed the Pee Dee at a place called Winyaw, about half way between Georgetown and the inlet. Thence to Charleston, and there we had orders not to go any farther towards Augustine. We then marched back across Cooper river to Hadrell's Point, opposite to Fort Sullivan, where we lay the remaining part of the winter and spring until March 1777, and where we were fed on fresh pork and rice as our constant diet. About the 15th of March, we received orders to march to the North and join Washington's grand army. We marched to Wilmington, N. C., and thence to Halifax, where we crossed the Roanoke river. After leaving the ferry and marching up the river about two miles, we came to a fishery; and, the commanding officer having desired leave for his men to draw the seine, which was readily granted, by drawing it once, we drew so many that you would hardly miss from the pile caught, what we took for our breakfast.

We then marched on, and crossed the Meherrin, at Hick's ford. Next morning my friend Hilton asked me if I would not like to see old Janus, and I told him I would, "Well, I can show you his shape," as he was going that morning to see his wife and family. I told him that I did

not know that he had a wife. He said he had and I should go with him to see them. On our way we went by the stables where old Janus stood, or rather his skin newly cased with crystals for eyes; but he looked so firm that you would scarcely venture up to the stall where he stood. We went on to Mrs. Hilton's who lived with her mother and two sons, where we stayed two days. Mr. Hilton then took a couple of horses and a negro to bring them back, which we rode until we overtook the Brigade. As we passed through the State of Virginia, we could scarcely march two miles at a time without being stopped by gentlemen and ladies who were coming to the road purposely to see us. We stopped two days at Williamsburg and rested. We then marched on and crossed James river at the town of Richmond, where there were fishers; and, we having got leave there also to draw the seine, every man took as many fish as he wanted. While passing through the town a shoemaker stood in his door and cried,—“Hurra for King George,” of which no one took any notice; but after halting in a wood, a little distance beyond, where we cooked and ate our fish, the shoemaker came to us and began again to hurra for King George. When the General and his aids mounted and started, he still followed them, hurraing for King George. Upon which the General ordered him to be taken back to the river and ducked. We brought him back and got a long rope, which we tied about the middle, round his middle, and sesawed him backwards and forwards until we had him nearly drowned; but every time he got his head above water he would cry for King George. The General having then ordered him to be tarred and feathered, a feather bed was taken from his own house, where were his wife and four likely daughters crying and beseeching their father to hold his tongue, but still he would not. We tore the bed

open and knocked the head out of a tar barrel, into which we plunged him head long. He was then drawn out by the heels and rolled in the feathers until he was a sight; but still he would hurra for King George. The General now ordered him to be drummed out of the West end of town, and told him expressly that if he plagued him any more in that way he would have him shot. So we saw no more of the shoemaker.

We then marched on until we came to the Potomac river; but, early in the morning, when we were getting to the river, we were halted and all the doctors were called upon to inoculate the men of the Brigade with the small pox, which took them until two o'clock. We then crossed the river at Georgetown, about 8 miles above Alexandria, near the place where Washington city now stands.—There we got houses and styed until we were well of the small pox. I having had the pox before, attended on the officers of my company until they got well, but what is very strange, in the whole Brigade, there was not one man lost by pox, except one by the name of Griffin, who, after he had got able to go about, I thought he was well, imprudently went to swim in the Potomac, and next morning he was dead. About the last of June we left Georgetown for Philadelphia.—About twelve miles from Baltimore, I was taken sick and helpless in the road. Lieutenant Dudley, Sergeant Dudley and some others stayed to bury me, when it was thought I would die; but, seeing that I was not dying nor coming to my senses they took me on their back, turned about, until they came up with a wagon. The doctors saw me, but would not venture to give me anything, as they did not understand my complaint. I lay so until about midnight, when our sutler, who had been gone for four days after a load of whiskey, came into camp. Lieutenant Hadley got some spirit, about a spoonful

down my throat, which he thought helped me. He then gave me about a wine glassful, and in about fifteen or twenty minutes I came to my speech. Finding that the whiskey helped me, he gave it to me until daylight, at which time my complaint was discovered to be the measles. I was then put into a wagon and carefully nursed by Lieut. Hadley, until I got well. Going on our march, about two miles above Susquehanna river, I saw an old woman with her son and daughter about twelve years old, and on hearing her speak to them in my mother tongue, I asked her how she came here. She thanked her Maker, that she had met with one who could talk with her, and told me that her son had been transported for a frivolous crime, committed in his own

country, that he had been sentenced to be sold for seven year's servitude in the State of Maryland, and that having no other son, and not willing to have a separation from him for ever, she had followed him here with her little daughter. I told him if he would enlist with us, he would finish his servitude at once. He said, if he thought so, he would do it. I told him that no man dare take him out of the service, and I would ensure him. Upon which I gave him two dollars and told him he should have the rest of his bounty. Before night the old woman said she would go also, and when I urged her not to do it, she was determined, and going for her baggage, she returned to camp that night.

GOLDSMITH'S CRITICISM ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

Let not the charge of presumption be brought against us for honestly differing with Goldsmith in his criticism of Hamlet's Soliloquy. We would not—if we could—injure in the slightest degree, his reputation as a writer. If on no other account—because he is our favorite author. But, though his style may be ever so good, both for its idiosyncrasy and the substance it contains, yet he never was a very accurate critic. And though Shakspeare's reputation cannot be advanced, nor Goldsmith's diminished, by any thing we may write, still it will be interesting to see how unjustly the latter criticizes Hamlet's soliloquy. It has been ad-

mired by many who delight in Shakspeare, yet we have never seen an attempt to vindicate it against the charges of Goldsmith. Whether this judgment is blindly submitted to through veneration for the critic, or because the admirers of Shakspeare did not think the criticism worthy of notice, we cannot say. But let us proceed to the criticism. "The soliloquy in Hamlet, which we have so often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiment, the argumentation, or the poetry. Hamlet is informed by the Ghost, that his father was murdered, and there-

fore he is tempted* to murder himself, even after he had promised to take vengeance on the usurper, and expressed the utmost eagerness to achieve this enterprise. It does not appear that he had the least reason to wish for death; but every motive, which may be supposed to influence the mind of a young prince, concurred to render life desirable—revenge towards the usurper; love for the fair Ophelia and the ambition of reigning. Besides, when he had an opportunity of dying without being accessory to his own death; when he had nothing to do, but in obedience to his uncle's command, to allow himself to be conveyed quietly to England, where he was sure of suffering death; instead of amusing himself with meditations on mortality, he very wisely consulted the means of self-preservation, turned the tables upon his attendants and returned to Denmark. But granting him to have been reduced to the lowest state of despondence, surrounded with nothing but horror and despair, sick of this life, and eager to tempt futurity, we shall see how far he argues like a philosopher."

In the first sentence the critic says, "the soliloquy in Hamlet, which we have so often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of absurdities, whether we consider the situation, the sentiment, the argumentation or the poetry." Whether or not, it is "a heap of absurdities," we shall presently see.—Let us begin with his situation. "Hamlet is informed by the Ghost, that his father was murdered, and therefore, he is tempted to murder himself, even after he had promised to take vengeance on the usurper, and expressed the utmost eagerness to achieve this enterprise." Here is a conclusion, that neither the fact, nor the premises justify. It is true that Hamlet was informed by the Ghost that his father was murdered by his uncle, but it does not follow that, therefore, he wished to murder himself. Such was not the

fact. There were a host of troubles that pressed sorely upon him, and weighed down by these, he could scarcely do otherwise, than consider whether life or death were preferable. When this world is a source of continual misery, when nothing is left the poor victim, but to pine away in brooding over his own evils, when there is no earthly comfort or consolation to the weary soul, then may he very well think of trying another world—another mode of existence. Such was the condition of Hamlet. His father—the King—was murdered by his uncle, the honor of his mother stained and a plot laid against his own life. The marriage of his mother, to his uncle, followed close upon the death of his father, so closely that the funeral meats served the wedding-feast. But, even though he had promised the Ghost of his father to revenge his death upon the usurper, and, though he appeared very "eager to achieve this enterprise," yet the wavering and irresolution of Hamlet are very natural. His feelings—when he made this promise—must be taken into consideration. He did not coolly and calmly resolve to revenge his father's murder, but, when his feelings were wrought upon to the highest pitch by the recountment of the Ghost, then he determined on bloody deeds.—But, though he had decided what course to take, sometimes doubts and gloomy thoughts would arise, and he did not know what to do. Shakspeare, somewhere says, that resolutions, which are made in a passion, die away as soon as the passion is over, which supported them. This may account for Hamlet's irresolution.—But the critic goes on to say, "it does not appear that he had the least reason to wish for death; every motive, which may be supposed to influence the mind of a young prince, concurred to render life desirable—revenge towards the usurper—love for the fair Ophelia—and the ambition of reigning." I think, we have shown

that there was some reason for his considering the question, whether it was better to live or die. But let that be. Certainly every motive did not concur to render life desirable. *If* there were such motives as the critic has represented, we should have to suppose Hamlet a second Nero, before he could render life desirable. He would be obliged to wade through a sea of blood of near relatives. But all of these motives did not exist.—His love to Ophelia was not real; it was only a mask for his madness. And he succeeded so far, that Polonius assigned to the King this, as the cause of his madness. “Ambition of reigning” was a thing so far from his mind that he seems scarcely ever to have mentioned it. How then can the critic say “every motive, which may be supposed to influence the mind of a young prince, concurred to render life desirable?” But this is not all.—He further says, “besides, when he had an opportunity of dying without being accessory to his own death—when he had nothing to do, but in obedience to his uncle’s commands, to allow himself to be quietly conveyed to England where he was sure of suffering death—instead of amusing himself with meditations on mortality, he very wisely consulted the means of self-preservation, turned the tables upon his attendants and returned to Denmark.” This is so unjust and absurd that it needs no comment. So much for Hamlet’s situation. The critic next proceeds to consider the argument of the soliloquy. “In order to support this general charge against an author so universally held in veneration—whose very errors have helped to sanctify his character, among the multitude, we will descend to particulars, and analyze this famous soliloquy.

Hamlet, having assumed the disguise of madness, as a cloak under which he might the more effectually revenge his father’s death upon the murderer and

usurper, appears alone upon the stage in a pensive and melancholy attitude, and communes with himself in these words:

“To be or not to be, that is the question—
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep—

No more—and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep? Perchance to dream; ay there’s the rub;

For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,

Must give us pause; there’s the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and seorns of time,

The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th’ unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne

No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pith and moment—
With this regard, their currents turn *envy*

And lose the name of action.”

We have already observed, that there is not any apparent circumstance in the fate or situation of Hamlet, that should prompt him to harbor one thought of self-murder; and therefore these expressions of despair imply an impropriety in point of character.” Now *we* have observed that there is some cause of his considering the question “to be, or not to be,” and therefore these expressions of despair do *not* “imply an impropriety in point of character.” “But supposing his condition was truly desperate, and he saw

no possibility of repose but in the uncertain harbor of death, let us see in what manner he argues on that subject. The question is, 'to be, or not to be'—to die by my own hand, or live and suffer the miseries of life." Thus far the critic is correct in his exposition of "to be, or not to be." But the next step, he misses the meaning wofully. He says very truly that Hamlet "proceeds to explain the alternative in these terms:

"Whether it is nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?"

But he mistakes the meaning of the alternatives altogether. For he says, "here he deviates from his first proposition, and death is no longer the question. The only doubt is, whether he will stoop to misfortune, or exert his faculties in order to surmount it. Hamlet certainly does not *deviate* from the question of life and death. The critic says that "death is no longer the question." but death simply was not the question at all. It was "to be, or not to be"—life and death. And, when Hamlet says,

"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer,
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"

he only means to state his proposition more fully—to tell what "to be" is, viz, "to suffer the miseries of life." The other alternative is in these words:

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
And, by opposing, end them,"

That the way, Hamlet means to "and his troubles by opposing them," is nothing more than to fall by his own hand, and thus "not to be," is quite obvious from what immediately follows,

"To die, to sleep, &c."

How then, and where does Hamlet leave the subject? The critic continues, "he now drops this idea and reverts to his reasoning on death." He never had this

idea, and, therefore, could not drop it.—In speaking of his being deterred from committing suicide, by the fears of what might succeed death, the critic says, "this might be a good argument in a heathen or Pagon, and such indeed Hamlet really was; but Shakespeare has already represented him as a good Catholic, who must have been acquainted with the truths of revealed religion, and says expressly in this very play,

"Had not the everlasting fixed,
His cannon 'gainst self-murder."

Surely the critic need not wonder at Hamlet's fears of what he might be after death, even though he was a "good Catholic" and a sincere christian. Goldsmith, in his intimate acquaintance with Samuel Johnson, must have learned that the great champion of truth and morality was ever afraid of death. Not of the simple act of *dying*, but of what he *should be after death*. He never suffered his friends to broach that subject in familiar conversation. On one occasion he became furiously mad with Boswell for mentioning it, and wished not to see him again under a day. "Let me not see you to-morrow." If, then the great Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith's friend, was so afraid of death, why might not the heathen Hamlet, or the "good Catholic" have his fears likewise? We can see no impropriety in this. Goldsmith ridicules, or at least makes the attempt to ridicule what Hamlet says about death,

"The dread of something after death
Makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

To say nothing of the sin of suicide, this consideration alone ought to deter any one from taking that step. After censuring this part of Hamlet's speech, he proceeds, "Nor is Hamlet more accurate in the following reflection:

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,"
A bad conscience will make us cowards,

but a good conscience will make us brave. It does not appear that anything lay heavy on his conscience; and from the premises we cannot help infering, that conscience in this case was entirely out of the question. Hamlet was deterred from suicide by a full conviction, that, in flying from one sea of troubles which he did know, he should fall into another which he did not know." I think, we might very well apply to Goldsmith, what he said of Hamlet, viz., that he was not very *accurate* in these reflections.—He says, "a bad conscience will make us cowards, but a good conscience will make us brave." This is very true in respect of mere animal courage, or that bravery which would make us dare to meet a foe; but there is some difference in braving a mortal enemy and death. None but the true christian possesses the courage that fears nothing—not even death. But this is not all, he further says, "it does not appear that anything lay heavy on his conscience; and from the premises we cannot help infering, that conscience was entirely out of the question." If "conscience was entirely out of the question," how did Hamlet come to the conclusion that "in flying from one sea of troubles which he did know, he should fall into another which he did not know?" Surely not by any process of reasoning. Shakespeare does not pretend to make Hamlet see through the veil which separates life and death. For how is it possible for our finite faculties to reach beyond the pale of this world and compass the infinite? It seems to us that "conscience is rather used in the sense of consciousness. It was the *consciousness* of what was to be after death, that makes Hamlet conclude rather to bear the ills of this life than the unknown ills of another.

Goldsmith next proceeds to throw the whole argument and soliloquy into the syllogistic form; and the result is that he

makes a confused and jumbled mass more absurd than he thought the soliloquy.—It is so long and tedious that it is worse than useless to quote it. He so obviously mistook the meaning in more instances than one, that it is impossible for his premises to be correct; and were his premises always correct, his conclusions are not. But let us next consider the expressions used by Hamlet: "This soliloquy is not less exceptionable in the propriety of expression, than in the chain of argumentation." In our opinion, if the expressions are equal to the argumentation, they will do very well. But let us go on. He says "to die—to sleep—no more," contains an ambiguity, which all the art of punctuation cannot remove: for it may signify that "to die," is to sleep no more; or the expression "no more," may be considered as an abrupt apostrophe in thinking, as if he meant to say, "no more of that reflection." Now, though "all the art of punctuation," fails to interpret this expression, common sense may.—When Hamlet says, "to die—to sleep—no more," he means to say, not that "to die" was to sleep no more, nor, "no more of that reflection," but simply that "to die," was "to sleep;" and to sleep the sleep of death, was to "be no more." That this is the meaning, is obvious from what he says a moment after, when he reconsiders the latter alternative—death:

"For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we are shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

This seems clear enough to us; but Goldsmith must have tried to see how little he could understand of this "famous soliloquy." The truth is, he did not understand it at all. He mistakes Hamlet's meaning in the very out-set, and proceeds to criticize the rest of the soliloquy in accordance with his misunderstanding of the first part. Of course, this would make it appear very ridiculous and ab-

surd. In attempting to expose Shakspeare, Goldsmith has only displayed some of his own defects. He certainly might have better understood Hamlet's soliloquy if he had given it a close and attentive perusal. The general meaning and argumentation are easily perceived. It is true, some of the expressions and figures may be questioned and censured; but not in terms of unqualified disapprobation and wholesale abuse. But let us take a short review of this soliloquy, and then we will drop the subject.

Hamlet conversing with himself says, that the question is "to be, or not to be—life and death; and then proceeds to state what "to be and not to be" are, more fully. "To be" was to bear the miseries and misfortunes of life; "not to be," was to put an end to them by opposing them—"to die." He concludes that death is preferable so far as it relates to this world; but when he considers what

might be the consequences of death—the ills of another world, he changes his judgment and says, "it is better to suffer present troubles, than fly to others I do not know." Nothing, but the fears of what might succeed death, could deter him from suicide. He ascribes these fears to conscience or consciousness. I think this is the sum, substance and meaning of Hamlet's soliloquy. This has ever been considered one of Shakspeare's best plays; for ourselves we are not prepared to make any criticism upon it. But we think that those who undertake to criticize any of Shakspeare's plays, should study them long and closely, lest they betray the weakness of Goldsmith. But one thing is very certain—no matter how many critics may rise—unless man changes his nature—the fame of Shakspeare will last while time does.

H.

MAHOMET.

That the religion of Mahomet, and at present the almost universal religion of Arabia and many other countries, was founded or reduced to the Koran by a fanatic, is unquestionably true; but the principles involved in it, and the celerity with which it was propagated and embraced by the tribes of Arabia, prove that he who originated it was a man possessed of no small degree of talent and genius. The persecution to which Mahomet was subjected, the derisions, scoffs and sneers which he suffered from his former friends

and relations, the indignities offered to his person and to the persons of the few followers, who braved the ridicule and scorn of their countrymen in sharing the fortune of this out-cast, the dangers to which his life was ever exposed for the first four years after declaring his religion, a religion altogether unknown to the Arabs before, undoubtedly prove him to have been a man of no ordinary energy, perseverance and decision of character.—Though an exile from his home a wandering out-cast from society, derided by some

as a madman, hunted by others as a monster, reviled and despised by all. Yet his faith was never once shaken, the belief that he would finally triumph over those by whom he was then persecuted, remained firmly fixed in his mind.

But while he was thus driven, he scarce knew or cared whither, his little band of followers were slowly increasing, and it is as wonderful as true, that we scarce find an instance on record where he was ever deserted by any who once embraced his creed, and united their fortunes to his. It does seem that there was Divine Agency at work with Mahomet. His almost miraculous escapes from assassinations when it appeared that nothing could save him from the impending danger, would almost prove to an unprejudiced mind, that some Divine Guardian Spirit was ever his attendant, rescuing and preserving him from all danger.

Mahomet is represented to us as a man whose early life was guided and governed by the strictest rules of morality, as a man of unflinching integrity, and unwavering in those principles by which he was actuated ; but he is also represented to us as but a mortal man, and unable to adhere to those wise and unexceptional laws, which regulated his course of life while in adversity, when reverse of fortune so suddenly placed him triumphant over his enemies, when he was able to retaliate upon them for the disgrace and hardships he had suffered at their hands. This is true, but nevertheless there were extenuating circumstances which, though they will not altogether free him from the imputation of cruelty, should at any rate detach from his character the stain which under ordinary circumstances would and of right should attend him. When driven from Mecca, the place of his nativity, he was offered shelter and protection for himself and followers by the inhabitants of Medina, and from this time his rise was. While but a few years previous

he was a beggar, now he was opulent, enjoying all that wealth and power place at the disposal of man. Even now for a time that moderation and temperance, which had characterized his life heretofore, did not at once forsake him, nor in fact did it ever entirely, though he had changed from peaceable persuasion to the more powerful argument, the sword, though a continued stream of gold was ever pouring into his coffers, the tribute paid by these tribes whom he had brought under subjection, though a fifth part of the plunder, taken in the wars he was ever carrying on, was set apart at the pleasure and discretion of the prophet. Yet, as fast as received it was distributed in charitable purposes, and not merely among those who had been his followers from the first, who had stood by him in the darkest hours of his adversity, sharing with him the denunciation of his countrymen, together with all the perils of starvation and exposure to which, for so long a time he was subjected, but those who were his former enemies, whom he had forced to acknowledge his authority, by the almost invariable success of his arms were equally recipients of his favor and charity, but notwithstanding the prosperity and affluence to which he had attained, no luxuries were allowed either to himself or his family, but he still maintained that plainness, almost rudeness, which often brought upon him the ridicule of those princes against whom he was waging war.

Let what may be charged to his memory, the crime of cupidity and avarice sure never can be, with truth and justice. Mahomet has been branded as an impostor, in one particular, he may, perhaps, have been deserving of this appellation. In claiming to have been the prophet of God. We admit that he was imposing on the credulity of his superstitious countrymen, but whether he deserves the censure we generally bestow upon imposters

is questionable. When we consider the principles involved in that religion which he was propagating, how closely allied to ours, the immense amount of good it was working among those who embraced it, we are compelled to grant to him in indulgence which to others would be denied.

We should not be too harsh in judging him, when we consider the time and country in which, and the people among whom he lived; when we consider that he was an unlettered man, a man destitute of even the simplest rudiments of learning; when we consider the disadvantages under which he labored in compiling the Koran, all demanding leniency at our hands, we should, I say, grant to him some indulgence, which we could not consistently grant to all.

We should remember that Mahomet did not profess to institute a new religion, but merely to restore that which had descended direct from God. He had heard passages of the Holy Scriptures read by christian Sectarrians, and had become convinced of the purity of the doctrines therein taught. He saw in comparing it with the religion of his people (which was the worst form of heathenism, that it possessed insuperable advantages over theirs; that while theirs was a mere form from which they could possibly derive no benefit, that that of the christians was calculated to raise them from that demoralized and degraded condition in which they were plunged, and place them in a position, if not equal to that of civilized nations, at least superior to that of any heathen nation. But why it may be asked did he pretend to receive the Koran through communications direct from God? In this, without doubt, he acted deceptively towards his people, and often deceived himself, but let us recollect that he was not a christian, that he had not had instilled into his mind those christain precepts in his youth, which we learned

in a christain land, a land in which heathenism is unknown, and known only to the worship of the true and living God, are blessed with. In his youth he was surrounded by friends and relations whose religion was the grossest Idolatry, who were ever ready to shed their last drop of blood in its defence, and we could not consequently expect his principles to be as pure as ours. In establishing Mahometism, he had to combat and overthrow the long established religion of his country; the prejudices of his countrymen had to be struggled with, and it was only by some bold stroke, some powerful appeal which would work upon their superstitions, that this could possibly be effected. In the beginning he intended to deceive others, in the end he was the deceived. His mind had become so wrought upon, and his thought so fully engrossed with the cause in which he had embarked that he had brought himself to believe that his dream, the workings of a frenzied imagination, were divine revelations.

So anxious was he that idolatry should be abolished, and that the people should kneel only to the true God, that he even went so far as to prohibit pictures and images of the saints and living beings, being kept in the house of any one, under penalty of incurring the displeasure of Allah. He saw merely a rough outline, a faint glimmering of the great doctrines of the Bible, yet he had seen enough to assure him of its utility, to assure him of the justice and equity inculcated by its holy precepts and principles, and to arouse in his bosom an enthusiasm, which actuated him to devote his life, his whole soul and energies, to disseminate what he knew of it, among the heathen, his countrymen.

Every country has produced its Hero, there was Hannibal the Carthegenian, Alexander of Macedonia, Napoleon of France, Washington of America, Cæsar the Ro-

man and Mahomet of Arabia. Each country boasts her own as being the greatest, but to decide impartially, we must follow them through the whole course of their lives, more especially we must look to their conduct in times of prosperity. Alexander sunk in a drunkard's grave; Cæsar met his death by the patriotic hand of Brutus, who "loved Cæsar, but loved his country more;" Napoleon's life was one continued series of wars for personal aggrandizement and self-interest; Mahomet is one of those noble, disinterested few

whom success and prosperity was unable to render giddy, and whom power failed to corrupt; whose lives were devoted to their country and their country's interest, who never in ambition's struggles for self, lost sight of this one magnanimous object. Who can read the life of Mahomet without having their feelings and sympathies enlisted in his behalf? If there be any, sure I am not of the number.

PEDRO.

CHAPEL HILL, April, 1855.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

Hope and Memory once contended for the heart of Olivia. She was young, and Hope plumed herself for an easy victory. No cloud had as yet risen upon her path, and no blight had yet fallen upon the flowers that were bursting in pristine beauty at every step. To her the past was yet as nothing, and Memory had no talisman to awaken the slumbering chords of her heart: but Hope was the angel of her existence that led her from joy to joy, from beauty to beauty, and seemed to hover around the flowers she was gathering, ever ready when wounded by the thorns, that lie concealed amid their brightness, to win her away to some sparkling fountain, and steep in the honey-dews of oblivion, the wound pierced by the poisoned arrow of the treacherous deceiver.

When, with a weary step, she turned away from the pursuit of some fancied

happiness to find peace in slumber and forgetfulness. Hope was ever by her couch with the promise of a better morrow, a painless pleasure, a thornless flower. With Hope she had given the seeds to the bosom of the earth, and with Hope she had gazed upon the young buds that were just bursting into beauty and loveliness. Hope pointed her to the richness of the full-blown flower; but told her no tale of its faded splendor, for she knew, alas, that like her own reign, it, too, must soon pass away. Hope was chosen and Memory turned with a tear from the victory of her rival.

The beauty of many summers had faded, and Memory again returned to contend with Hope, for that heart. But it was changed, the dreams had vanished, the flowers had withered, the fountains were sealed, and the conqueror had departed, the fires of love he had kindled

upon the altars of that heart had expired, the altars were overthrown and the idols were broken. Memory sought the couch.

Silent and unconscious she lay gazing upon the dying splendours of the setting sun as if happy in the thought that ere long she should follow its departing light.

Her dark and beautiful eye tho' chilled in its warmth and dim'd in its brightness, was still lovely in its faded brilliance, and her fair hair rested on her pure and delicate bosom like the floss sunbeams said to have been intertwined with the marble ringlets of the "Madonna of Guido!" while that sweet smile, the last trophy of the conqueror's triumph—still lingered on those parian lips, as the ivy elings to the mouldering ruin. Yet so lifeless seemed it, that it vied in coldness with the young flower of spring that is frozen in its splendour, and which turns from the warm sun lest the kindness that would restore it to its lost loveliness might destroy it forever. Memory approached her couch and sought to arouse her from the silence of her slumbers. She won her back to the sunny hours so long departed, and sought to awaken bright dreams of their forgotten radiance. She brought the fragrance of the flowers she had loved in her childhood—the echoes of flute-like notes which her own bright bird had warbled in her ear, and dearer than all

the holy words of kind and tender hearts long since forgotten and unheeded, the smile again played upon her lips, and the eye sparkled with a faint sweet radiance as she looked up and blessed Memory, that she had sought her in death with a balm for the wounded heart. When the morning rose again, Memory sought for Olivia, (for Memory never resists our dreams,) and she found her rival Hope, but Hope too was changed. She had triumphed and her trophy was a ruin, her laurels were seared and her wreathes faded, but she had come again with her silvery tones to woo rest and peace for the dying sufferer; not with the fading joys of time, but with the spotless pleasures of a brighter and better world—with the fragrance of unfading flowers and the wealth of unaltered affection, where sorrow can bring no change and sadness, and suffering can never come.

The night again returned, and the pale moon-beams fell upon a turfless grave.—The lovely, the gentle, and the beautiful had faded away, like the rainbow's last ray—Hope wafted her pure spirit to the gate of Paradise and joyed as she entered upon the promised happiness forever.—Memory strewed the first flowers of spring upon her grave and watered them with the precious rain of the bleeding heart.

"SALBUS."

REVIEW OF POPE'S ELOISA TO ABELARD.

It would be vain and arrogant in us to attempt to give a critical review of so universally known and generally read work as the celebrated poem of Pope—his *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, should we do so in the hope of gaining applause; but we are satisfied that our intention will be fully appreciated by a generous public, when we declare it to be our purpose not to enter into any logical or minute critical detail, for we are fully aware of our total inability so to do; but only to give a few crude and imperfect thoughts and general notions of that pre-eminently excellent production of an ingenious, fertile and comprehensive mind, with these feelings and this confidence in the readers of this article, we essay to begin our task whether for success or for failure.

In every species of composition the first thing to be done is to seek out and enquire into the subject and its nature.—This is as it should be, for nothing is more natural or important: otherwise the composition would be like to a man talking, reading and reasoning without a head. But in this particular kind of writing, poetical, we find almost an exception to general rule—we are not confined so closely, or in same degree to the theme—we have a much wider dominion. For proof of this proposition we refer the curious to the *Lutrin* of Boileau and the *Rape of the Lock* of our Author. But it must not be inferred that the poet can write or imagine without being guided by some beacon—he is only not necessitated to watch it so narrowly, for his is a smoother sea and a more favorable wind.

Of the subject of this piece of Pope, we must say, that we regard it as having no inherent or intrinsic importance; but the use to which it is dedicated, is most happy and judicious. We entertain this opinion, although it seems directly contrary to that held by many, nay, by some of the best critics of modern times.—Among them we may number Dr. Johnson, who has given it to be his opinion that, "It is so judiciously chosen that it would be difficult, in turning over the annals of the world, to find another which so many circumstances concur to recommend." This opinion, although that of an indisputably great man, we conceive to be conclusively and satisfactorily refuted in the subjects of the two poems above cited—the *Lutrin* and the *Rape of the Lock*. The former the best of Boileau, the latter, one of the best of Pope. Dr. Johnson, when he made that remark, ran into excess, we fear, from a desire to avoid the dictates of a prejudice against a poet, to whom, we opine, he has never done justice. In our opinion, Pope only looked after his subject as a pillar of clouds by day and a pillar of fire by night to guide through the boundless provinces of his imagination.

The poem is an amorous one—the offspring of a highly cultivated, elevated, chastened and plastic imagination, colored by the pencil of a master in his art.—As it is one of this character, much refined address and exquisite skill is requisite in the artist to disguise all circumstances of an indelicate nature, that may be inherent or in any way associated to it.—To the subject many have objected and

many still object alleging that it has an immoral tendency. Now, this will appear so only to those who are acquainted with the circumstances of the story of Eloisa and Abelard and are fastidious or over modest—or as a learned professor of our acquaintance would have it, half civilized; nothing in the poetry itself, either immoral or any of its cognate qualities can strike the general reader, nay I may say the most careful. We must not consider the amours of those lovers, for the very good reason that the poet does not consider them, nor does he wish to do so, but confines himself to those of the mistress after her retreat from the world and seclusion in a convent—after her appointment as abbess of a nunnery founded by her husband. Therefore in a commentation on the work we must confine our considerations to the author's intention—

"In every work regard the writer's end
Since none can compass more than they intend."

In point of poetical excellence, this poem is regarded as far superior to any of the other productions of Pope. The opinion is just, if it be the end of poetry to portray the actions of all the active principles of man's mind, save those of the understanding; which description is subject to or confined within certain limits including such rules as are cognizable and amenable only to a certain, as yet imperfectly defined, standard called Taste. As a proof of the poem's excellence, we would suggest to those who are not willing to peruse the whole, to read however hastily, the first eight lines. We will repeat them for the edification of some of our readers, if not for that of all:

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins.

Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat,
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

In these lines the true genius of poetry is clearly discernible and forcibly impressed on the mind of the most careless and cursory reader. True judgment united to the most severe and rigid critical acumen and chastened taste, the most scholar-like elegance as well as beauty of diction, a happy and truly graphic description, pleasing numbers, and rounded periods, are perceptible in every verse.

Some other parts of the poem are pictured so very like nature that we almost forget our corporeality and imagine ourselves minds only in close companionship with that of the author. Throughout the entire work we see him seemingly holding nature in one hand and copying it with the other, so nice are his strokes and his colours so happily blended. We are almost led to the belief that his art is superior to nature itself.

In corroboration of our opinion, it would be better that we should instance the authority of poetical critics. We will cite the opinion of two. Dr. Warton and Mr. Bowles. The former says, "He conceives it to be the most highly finished and certainly the most interesting of the pieces of Pope." The latter declares it to be his belief that "it is infinitely superior to any thing of the kind ancient or modern." The decisions of such judges cannot but be highly commendatory to those unskilled in the art, nay, I may say to the most subtle connoisseurs. Such opinions are no doubt, those of every reader of the piece, who has any spark of the poetic genius. To refute them if possible would require more genius and more critical acumen than has ever yet appeared. Johnson might try it; his taper would only burn in vain—his lucubrations would prove futile and his purpose abortive.—But happily for the present century we have no such critic; none to be influenced by the blindest prejudice.

The plan of the work is unexceptionable, and we should say, unsurpassable.—Every topic comes in regular order and in their appropriate places. The transitions are smooth, easy and without interruption, presenting one entire and harmonious whole. The adjustment of the parts most exquisite. In very fact it may be regarded as a masterpiece of poetry, one having no superiors and very few equals.

Two lessons in human nature are forcibly, fully and unexpressively taught—the irresolution of woman and her irrefragable love. It demonstrates clearly and conclusively that her affection when once firmly fixed waxes stronger and stronger until by separation it amounts almost to distraction and even finds a place in her above that of her maker. In her devotions the image of the object of her affections flits constantly before her mind; and never are her offerings to her God pure and unadulterated. For instance, listen to Eloisa :

“All is not Heaven’s while Abelard has part
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart,
Nor pray’rs, nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.”

She implores the name of Abelard, never to pass her lips, “in holy silence sealed;” entreats her heart to hide it within its close disguise, urges her hand not to

write it; and appeals to her tears to wash it out, if it be written. Such were her feelings and such the agitations and tumults of her mind. Wretched, miserable was she in consequence of her love. But all her entreaties and prayers were in vain—they could avail nothing—her love was too powerful.

“In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates and her hand obeys.”

Reader, one more remark and we have done. Do not such considerations as above alluded to, claim the attention of every reasonable and just man? Are they not worth his deepest thoughts? If they are, read Pope’s *Eloisa to Abelard*. There you will find description of that invisible cord that unites woman to man—you will see how strong and how lasting it is—not the frail fibre that connects brother to brother, brother to sister, and sister to sister, which is easily broken by time and distance. When you read, think; think deeply, clearly and powerfully.

Thus we have reviewed this work of double excellence—excellence of matter and excellence of composition. We have given but a brief, succinct, and crude review—not such as the subject demands, but such as our time, and, no doubt, the reader’s patience will permit.

RUTH HALL—A DOMESTIC TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY FANNY FERN.

It is surprising how easily a book can be gotten up at the present day, i. e., how small an amount of writing it takes to constitute one. Ruth Hall is before me, a work of four hundred pages, which, if the leaves were properly filled out, and the margins less deep, would sink to two hundred and fifty. What the object of the "Tale," is, I am not prepared to say—it shows beyond a doubt, how a brave hearted woman can combat, and combat successfully, with a cold and selfish world,—but whether the sad history of Ruth Hall represents either in part or whole, that of Fanny Fern, or that sprig of fashion and heartlessness, Hyacinth, her reputed brother, I know not. However this may be, certain am I that it has created a sensation among the novel-reading portion of the community, in accordance with the old kitchen proverb that "a new broom sweeps clean." And this sensation prevails to a greater extent among the "fair," than elsewhere, owing, no doubt, to that sympathy which binds members of the same class together, or better, perhaps, because women can reflect the sentiments of women, in truer lights than others. The fact that a woman guided the pen, is stamped on every page of Ruth Hall—there is not that manliness, so to speak—that unity of design—that perfect relation of parts about it; which we find in the productions of more vigorous writers.—But if Ruth Hall does not appeal to the head, it does to the heart; and whether

she is a real or fictitious character, few are so mean spirited as to read without emotion, the narrative of her trials and sufferings, nor fail to recognize the power of a true woman's love, which can light up with joy and comfort, the darkest corner of earth.

The first part of the "Tale" is exceedingly *simple*, and one is hardly interested before he gets half through the volume. This is an objection, not because the former is not as interesting as the latter part, but because the two do not bear that relation to each other in this respect, which they ought—many of the observations are trite in the extreme, and the style is of that nature which is peculiar to Fanny Fern—childlike simplicity.—After these general remarks we will proceed to examine more minutely the merits of our author in this, her new publication.

The childhood of Ruth Ellet, was passed under the eyes of a cross-grained miserly father, her mother having come to her death, as we suppose, when Ruth was quite young. Soon after her return from the boarding school, where her simplicity was so great as to lead her into several innocent errors, she became the wife of Harry Hall. The married couple lived twelve disagreeable months with the parents of the aforesaid Harry, at whose home Ruth became the mother of Daisy, her first-born; but on account of family dissensions they soon removed to a neighboring cottage, where Daisy died of the

croup. The associations about the place being any thing but agreeable to the mother, they next removed to the city, where Ruth gave birth to two other children, Katy and Nettie, after which happy events a most unhappy one occurred—the death of their noble father, Harry Hall. Although the parent, parents in law, and brother of Ruth were wealthy, she was now forced to support her two children and herself by the sweat of her brow. After undergoing many and severe trials, the narration of which constitutes the greater part of the volume, Ruth becomes celebrated as a writer under the name of “Floy,” and the “Tale” ends with her retiring from the world in affluent circumstances.

Such is a summary of the life of Ruth Hall, the heroine of *Ruth Hall*, the ‘Domestic Tale.’ As in the characters of almost all such persons there will be found something worthy of praise, so in the present instance there is much to be pleased with, while, in our judgment, there is also much to condemn.

I know not why it is, but novel-writers of the present day, contrary to what might be supposed to be the case, have a predilection for representing their leading characters as personifications of simplicity—perfect children of nature. A better illustration of this than the early life of Ruth Hall, could not be furnished. While at her boarding school this quality was so fully developed in her, that on account of it she was led into some unpardonable errors, and was often imposed upon by her classmates. She must have been, at this time, a good large girl, as the saying is; as is evidenced by the fact that her compositions were taken down in short hand by the village editor for publication in his paper. Such a character is little in accordance with the present age of young Americanism, nor, omitting any objection that may arise from the preceeding observation, is it less reprehensible, for

it fails to show nature in her true colors. Simplicity is a quality we admire wherever it is found, and especially in woman, where it is found so seldom, but there is an end to everything—a virtue carried to an excess often becomes a vice,—and simplicity, unmixed with some knowledge of the world, will render one a butt for the wag, and a prize for the thief. I was forcibly reminded, while reading this part of *Ruth Hall*, of the old man mentioned by Addison in one of his papers, who in this attribute of character, seems to have rivaled our heroine. This simple old fellow on one occasion was walking along one of the streets of London about dusk in the evening, when, on observing a man, behaving in a quite affectionate manner towards a woman, he raised his hands in silent supplication to Heaven, that there was so much Christian charity yet in the world, mistaking the embrace of the lover for the bestowment of alms. This is not the only instance in *Ruth Hall* where we conceive a character to have been improperly drawn, but we will say more of this hereafter.

The lady-readers of our author will tell us that we have now come to the most interesting portion of the book, the death of Daisy. If *Ruth Hall* represents Fanny Fern to the letter and if the first born of the aforesaid Fanny died of the croup, then it is doubtless proper that Daisy should have come to her death as she did. It seems to me, however, from the general character of Fanny Fern’s writings, that she seeks to move her readers to tears when she would fail to interest them in any other way, and this, perhaps is the secret of the success of her writings with the fairer portion of the community, whose eyes are ever ready to drop the tear of sympathy. Such a practice is often resorted to, especially by female writers of this class, and, like charity, it covers, in the eyes of some, a multitude of sins. We may be charged with want of

candor, but we cannot forbear expressing the opinion, and will hold that opinion to be correct until the contrary be shown, that Daisy is introduced to see how many sweet things can be said of the dear wee one, and her death brought about to furnish an occasion for displaying depth of pathos—or, perhaps, in the future Ruth saw that she was the mother of two other children, and she thought, no doubt, that a woman, with two babes, dependant on her own exertions for the support of the three, was a fate hard enough for *her* brave, patient heart to bear up under. But this is merely a matter of opinion, not of fact, and we proceed from these comparatively unimportant remarks to those parts of the work more deserving of attention.

It seems to us that our author has given birth to too many characters. She is of necessity, obliged either to drop them, or to kill them off. This is a very convenient way of getting rid of a disagreeable customer, and is frequently made use of.—I have often thought how deplorable would be the condition of many of our 'Domestic-Tale' writers if they were deprived of the power of life and death over their characters. You have, perhaps, both heard of and experienced what is called the tediousness of the introductory portions of the prose writings of Sir Walter Scott. Paradoxical as it may seem, were it not for this very tediousness, his tales would lose half their interest. He holds his personages up to the view, the character of each is distinctly drawn so accurately, that when they are brought out upon the theatre of *action*, they act in such a manner as the previous delineation of these characters would warrant.

Early in the "Tale" Mrs. Leon is introduced, who promises to play a distinguished part. But her exit is as sudden as her introduction, and we hear no more of her until we are more than half through the book, and the manner in which we there stumble upon her, evinces great

want of skill in our author. Mrs. Hall and her two children, taking a walk one afternoon accidentally passed by some hospital, when Nettie, being attracted by the flower-grounds, she enters the place, and there finds the dead body of Mrs. Leon. Apart from the objections now under considerations, this is open to the farthest objection of bearing too great an improbability. We forbear comments so far as this is concerned, and proceed with our review. Mr. and Mrs. Skiddy are the next persons to whom we beg leave to call attention. This amiable pair have a few chapters to themselves, in which are described, with much effect, several domestic scenes, and are then consigned to what, in the estimation of every one, will be considered a worthy oblivion. Our friend, Mr. Bond is the last pop-and-go character we shall call to your notice; and while we are at this part of our subject we would respectfully ask of any reader of Ruth Hall, if he had sufficient acumen, to make out what that mysterious noise was in the aforesaid Bond's room, the cause of it, and the consequence thereof, to speak logically—we confess we were unable altogether to understand it. Our author leaves it unexplained, and we are somewhat inclined to the opinion that it is inexplicable. It is unnecessary to adduce more examples to show a want of combination in the volume before us.—This is the most glaring defect in the plot, and she has, therefore, failed in writing a *novel*, as every one must who labors under this disadvantage.

One of the most unnatural things, perhaps, in the whole "Tale," are the puns put in the mouth of Nettie—they will be found, by the lovers of the curious, in the eighty-second chapter. I have heard members of the senior class of the University of North Carolina, make worse and as spoken by a child some six or seven years old, it is absurd in the extreme. We have little to say of the persons supposed to be represented under fictitious names, as belonging in no wise to the province of a reviewer.

SEARGENT S. PRENTISS.

It was on a bright day near the close of April; being the time appointed by Prentiss to address the citizens of Holmes. Many had gathered there to hear him sustain the position he occupied. He was rejected from Congress, his seat being contested; it was decided against him by the Speaker's vote. The people demanded a new election. He was canvassing the whole State, having at that time one congressman. It required a vast amount of energy to do this. Prentiss was not the man to shrink from difficulties, but encountered them with a boldness that might inspire the most inactive.

He was to address the most intelligent audience he ever appeared before. He knew this was the time to make his most brilliant effort. Old men who had retired from the political arena, to spend the evening of their existence in the peaceful pleasures of the family fireside were present. Add to this the martial bearing of the chivalrous sons of Holmes, who had assembled in immense numbers. A splendid band had been procured for the occasion, and its martial strains floated lazily through the atmosphere, as if it wished to enthrone the young "Southern Statesman," in a halo of glory.

Some distance in front of the orchestra sat the graceful orator of the day, the lion of the State, and the exposé of the outrageous insult offered to the dignity of Mississippi. On his right hand sat an ex-senator, who had once more left the bosom of an interesting family to hear this "forest born Demosthenes;" on his left was the Chief Justice of the State. A

living sea seemed to be spread before him. He beheld a stern and hardy people, who nourished him in his infancy, rejoiced with him in prosperity, and were now determined to share the hardships and cruelties of his adversity. Can any one divine the emotions that agitated his bosom and vibrated the tenderest chord of his heart? None but a grateful Statesman can tell the feelings, that struggle like manacled giants, when surrounded by true and unwavering friends. Prentiss' countenance the index of a most noble heart plainly told that it was with difficulty, he restrained his feelings.

At length he arose. The air was rent with the enthusiastic vociferations of admiring thousands. A wave from his hand and all was silent as death, even breathing itself was well nigh suspended. His clear and deep toned voice broke the awful silence.

He lavished worthy and well-timed encomiums on the county, complimented the fair sex, and then claimed their indulgence for the space of two hours. He wished to know, if a man must be proscribed for political opinions by men who were deeply saturated with party malignity? Why were his credentials thrown aside, and party spirit allowed to predominate? Why should he be stigmatized as a political heretic, and sent home regardless of his credentials and the people, who sent him there to represent them?—Must the bulwark of State pride and dignity, be trampled on, and no resistance offered?

Such were the questions he proposed

and discussed most ably. The response to the speaker's decision was terrific. He was returned triumphantly to the National legislative halls.

It was a magnificent sight to see the wronged representative of such a law-abiding and country loving people, nobly vindicating himself from false charges brought against him. Well did he perform his task, and much to the gratification of all present. He dealt severe blows, and each told for itself. Never had he made such an effort, not even in the trial of Willks, or when he piled "Pelian on Ossa" in Adams county. He knew he had many friends present, and this speech disarmed every one of enmity. Never before had he spoken to so intelligent and unbiased an assembly, and well might his genius attempt its noblest flights; flights which can bear comparison with the finest specimens of oratory that adorn the annals of the world. He was embarked in a true cause, and could not prove recreant to it, and himself, and his constituents.

In Congress he lead a brief and brilliant career, which drew applause from his most embittered compeers. He was destined to be cut off in the full vigour of manhood. His unwearied exertions broke his constitution, and left his family, as a legacy the fame he had won; an unsullied character, both in private and in public life; a stern integrity, which nothing could deter from a conscientious performance of his duty.

He is dead; and none have offered a tribute to his memory. No eulogies were pronounced; no bells tolled mournfully over his dark and premature fate; no monumental slab marks the spot where he rests; the squirrel chatters over the sacred spot, and the huntsman ignorant of who sleeps beneath, pursues his game.—The winds howl melancholly through the wilderness; the mighty river rolls on as calmly, as if no patriot slept near its bank; the wild flowers bloom and fade away, emblematical of man's greatness. So has Prentiss, leaving behind him vestiges of his eloquence, which remind one of the stalk dismantled of its flower.

"Left to tell where the garden has been."

The only excuse that can be offered is, his State has yet to learn how to appreciate his greatness. The only relic that now can possibly be found, save a few speeches, is a marble slab reared by woman's affection; on it never shall be seen the engraved characters of a State's gratitude. Though she can boast of his genius, yet she can never produce the biographer of her wronged son. Though the palsied hand of tradition may hand him down to posterity, giving a vague and indefinite idea of the man, yet they shall look in vain for some suitable memorial left behind. He was a

Statesman, yet friend to truth! Of soul sincere,

In action faithful, and in honor clear!

PRINCE RUPERT.

This fiery spirit bursts upon our view at Nottingham, the place where Charles the first raised the standard that deluged England with the best blood of her sons. Ere we can ask who he is and whence he came, he dazzles us with the brilliancy of his exploits, we are borne along with him with fearful rapidity over fields of war, sweeping armies in our course, and spreading terror and desolation over the land, hence o'er the Mediterranean sea, the Spanish main, to the courts of France and Austria, and again to England, where, in peace, he lays him down to die.

He first saw the light in the beautiful city of Prague in the year 1619. His parents were Frederic, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, and Elizabeth, only daughter of James the first of England. They had lately accepted the kingdom of Bohemia, but it was soon rudely torn from them and its new born liberties crushed. In the battle of Prague four thousand sacrificed their lives to liberty, and the worthy few who survived, died upon the scaffold. The princely Elizabeth, the "Pearl" of Britain, now saw her darling hopes vanish, and herself reduced to the necessity of taking flight over the rugged mountain passes through the wintry snow. She escapes with her young charge to Holland, and the next we hear of him is at the University of Leyden. Here we learn that our Prince became well grounded in mathematics and religion, and was, indeed made Jesuit proof, so that those subtle priests with whom he had been much conversant, could never make him stagger. Here also he displayed such military genius, that at the age of four-

teen he was made commander of a regiment. In the same year he was permitted to share the stern realities of war at the siege of Rhyenberg under the Prince of Orange; and we find him also bearing off the palm at the last tournament on record. Next, he is at the battle of Flota, where with a gallant band of volunteers, led by English chivalry, animated with his spirit they dashed at the charging enemy. On, on they rushed, their white plumes waving like a foam and met and repelled and bore down the Austrian cavalry." Onward still through the thick coming masses, Prince Rupert alone, madened with excitement plunges: he is surrounded, pressed, overpowered and made prisoner. He is conveyed to the castle of Lintz, a fortress of great strength situated on the Danube, and there confined for three years. The entreaties of his mother for his release are vain; the stolid indifference of his brother, for whose cause he is now suffering, the negotiations of his uncle offer nothing to hope for. His friends were denied access to him; he was tormented with Jesuit proselyting, tempted with splendid offers to abjure his religion; but none of these things could move him. A more potent artifice was soon resorted to, in order to shake his firmness.

The governor of the castle had a daughter, an only, cherished child, who (says his biographer,) lived in his stern old Castle, like the delicate Dryad of some gnarled tree. The story of his bravery and misfortune touched her imagination, and we find her soon, by the banks of the "dark rolling Danube," "all attentive to

the god-like man," as he poured forth some warlike tale. This was a gleam of sunshine through the warrior's gloom—a holy remembrance whispering peace amid the fiery commotion of armies. Those who saw him afterwards madly scouring English plains, storming English walls and fortresses, little knew what charm was in his heart that caused him to regard the person of woman as sacred, that made her honor his highest ideal, his watchword and the guardian of his own through life. Still he was firm in his belief and purpose. In this now pleasing retreat his great soul yearned for England—the land of his youthful dreams—the home of his adoption. When calumny, superstition and envy recount his errors, let this be remembered.

Prince Rupert is set free. He flies to England to Nottingham, where Charles has raised his fatal standard. For four days a terrible storm beats upon that blood-red flag. Charles and his followers are gloomy and wavering. They seek earnestly to avoid the dread crisis. They appeal to Parliament, but in vain. They are answered by grievances and accusations.—The spirit of liberty is awake, earnest, inexorable. Kingly prerogative is becoming insufferable: it must be limited. In this struggle shines forth the greatness of the English character. The liberty-loving and the loyal spirit, each conscious of the nobleness of its claims meet in long and deadly struggle. The cavaliers watchword, God and the king, time-honored institutions and customs arm him with almost sacred fury. To the Roundhead the alternative is liberty or death. Whoever reads our own history knows the magic of these words. But the Roundhead soon ceased to fight for that liberty for which Hampden fell; in the words of the historian, it was buried in his grave. As their cause prospered, they became fanatics and intolerant. Ministers of the "word," who delighted in the title of "Boanerges" thundered vengeance from the Pentateuch at the heads of their enemies, Psalm-singing, ranting, anathematizing were the preludes, to every battle. Kill, slay and destroy, were too often the spirit of their text, and indeed, many of their doctrines seem better suited for the other side of Jordan than for the Banks of the Thames, or for any people whom christianity has blessed."

The war has begun. Prince Rupert is at the head of the gallant Cavaliers.—

They fly over England like wildfire. The terror of their name is sufficient to procure them whatever they want. They never wait to discuss abstract questions of rights and wrongs. The Puritans called them "mad devils." The women thought them reckless indeed, but nevertheless a decidedly handsome set of fellows.

At the battle of Worcester, in an incredibly short time they defeated the Roundheads. At Edgehill where the King himself was present, we can hear them in reply to the Puritan psalmody shouting:

"The king has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest,
He looked upon his people and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our lines a deafening shout, for 'God and for the King.'"

Their first charge was irresistible, but it was their misfortune to lose in almost every battle. The spirit that made them invincible ran away with them, and even the stern Prince Rupert could not check it. On the fatal field of Naseby their cause is lost for ever. A gentle sentiment of pity awakens in our breasts at their mournful fate.

Prince Rupert again vanishes from our view. He is now on the sea, with the same power which he had heretofore on land. His naval expedition (says his biographer,) has no parallel. We must look back to the days of the Scandinavian sea-kings for even a resemblance to Rupert's present mission. His was a spirit cast in the old northern heroic mould, resolute, indomitable, adventurous and dauntless.

After numerous wanderings, he returns to his ever loved England. Charles is gone. An usurper has waded through his blood to sovereign power. Where is now that gallant band who once followed him to victory or death. We can sympathize with the aged Cavalier in the gloomy retrospect. The once "fiery Prince Rupert" now spends his time in sedate studies. He maintains neutrality among the divisions which then existed; and at the age of sixty-nine, he died beloved and respected by men of the most differing interests.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

THE FROG AND THE HEN.

Once on a time, a noisy Frog
 Heard a Hen cackling near his tog;
 "Begone!" said he; "your clamor rade
 Disturbs our quiet neighborhood,
 What's all this shocking fuss about, I beg?"—
 "Nothing, dear sir, but that I've laid an egg."

A single egg! and therefore such a rout?"

Yes, neighbor Frog, a single egg, I say.
 Are you so troubled when I'm not put out
 To hear your croaking all the night and day?
 I boast that I have done some little good though
 small;

Hold you your tongue! You do no good at all."
 TRIASTE.

We by no means purpose instituting an invidious comparison between the 'Monthlies' and 'Weeklies,' nor indeed do we intend any reflection upon the important services of either, when we introduce the Hen and the Frog as proxies in our text; though we reserve the privilege of declaring what the facts do evidently justify, that neither are altogether as efficient in their proper spheres as they might be. The necessity of contending for the liberty of the Press as a palladium of our great and good advancement, has ceased to exist, and that which was a sentiment to be battled for against the tyranny of Kings, has now become a principle of action to be violated only when the spirit which gave it origin shall have degenerated into a careless indifference of our moral and political fate. As it is a valued instrument, so should our vigilance be ever active in keeping it bright; and this can be accomplished by extending

our patronage only to those which best give utterance to our own thoughts on passing events; and, may we not say, first to those which, besides being exponents of congenial sentiments and exemplars of pure diction, shall add something to the solid literature of the day.

Newspapers are, indeed, indispensable. They are the messengers as well as the invited guest, without whose going and coming the feast of social converse would not be served. They are the carrier-doves without whose assistance many a loving politician would never have paid his successful addresses to his *she adrowson*---the dear people. In truth, they are the semina of our political and religious *Pinus* which the winds of public opinion and patronage scatter to the four corners.—How much to be regretted it is that some of these are falling upon, and *find nourishment* in richer soil, than the great truth-cultural interest of the community can allow, covering it with a growth inferior to that even from which it came. More encouraging, however, it is to know there are many others, to continue the simile, which improve wherever they fall. If on poor soil, on the comparatively illiterate and confiding populace, they leave impressions of lasting good, and if on richer, on minds accustomed to nobler thoughts, they but perform their office—cover them for a time with pleasing scripts of "town talk," and then decay. "False as a bulletin," however, is as true in regard to papers of this country, and is as often used in common parlance to express the little reliance to be placed upon any

particular testimony, as it was in Europe immediately after the campaigns of Napoleon. Why should not the same progressive spirit which has located a Press in almost every village of the country, and so much improved the execution, both typographical and literary, of these sheets also regard their moral tone?—"You only saw it in a newspaper," is provoking to him who would convince, and who can read the abusive and ungentlemanly language of some editors to each other, with composure? Is not the time to come when such language will not be tolerated, and however excellent otherwise, if they cannot conduct their arguments which are studied and written out in a quiet sanctum, free from the excitement of oral debate, will not a community, so many of whom, even now, frown when they read, extend that frown so far as to seriously affect the *mail book*? So let it be.

But the literary caterer has another dish on his Bill of Fare. "See here, waiter, what's this you call a *le magasin*?" "Well, master, I'm not surprised at your asking, for sometimes they do mistake it for Frog, when served up in this way, but this is chicken, rather of the pullet kind, but would have been a Hen, you know, if it had grown a little longer." We partook, and it was really sweeter than its "ginger bread" appearance advised. We tasted over again the *doux morceau* of College life, and an occasional Revolutionary ingredient did any thing but *revolt* against the fibres of our stomach.

But, to drop the figure, these Magazines are the best conductors of wholesome thoughts we have. Unpolluted, as all properly conducted ones are, by any political or sectarian influences they are gotten up specially for the literary man, and should be made, by a liberal patronage, to exert an equal influence over the forming of taste, that newspapers claim

of forming opinions of public men, &c.—Surely their *smiles* should be tolerated once a month when the daily giggling of others is listened to complaisantly.

EXTRACT

From the State Gazette of N. Carolina.

Thursday, Oct. 1st., 1789.

From the New York Packet.

MESSRS. PRINTERS:—The other day as I sat in the gallery of the Federal Hall, attending to the proceedings of the Hon. House of Representatives, I heard a petition from Baron De Glaubeck, praying that some compensation may be made him for his services during the late war. This gentleman, I am well informed, for a considerable time had no idea of making any charge for his services: but a train of inevitable misfortunes have obliged him to petition the present Congress, for such pay, &c., as he is entitled to by law.

Honorable mention is made of this gallant soldier, in Ramsay's History of South Carolina; but the author, not being perfectly acquainted with the transactions of the Baron, has omitted the relation of several of his exploits, which should make his name dear to every American patriot.

As an American I feel myself bound to communicate to the public, at this juncture, a few facts relating to the Baron while in the Southern army, which (setting aside his previous services to the northward) entitle him to a generous compensation.

After the action in which Gen. Gates was defeated, the Baron, with a handful of men belonging to Arnaud's corps, retreated with General Smallwood, which enabled some of our men to make a good retreat. Col. Washington, aided by this foreign veteran, with but a few troops under his command, attacked a large body of the enemy, dislodged seven or eight hundred men, and made some prisoners.

The Baron, in company with Colonel Washington, charged the King's Guards at Guilford Court House, where the battle was fought between Major-General Green and Cornwallis, and destroyed the whole corps.

After the battle of Guilford, Gen.

Green recommended the Baron to the Governor of North Carolina, and advised him to put the cavalry of that State under his command. The Governor took the General's advice, and accordingly placed the Baron at the head of the cavalry; but to his great astonishment, not a soul among them had a sword except himself; however, in order to supply this great deficiency, he ordered every man to provide himself with a substantial hickory club; one end of every club, he caused to be mounted with a heavy iron band; then to show an example to his men, he threw down his own sword, armed himself with one of the bludgeons, and mounted his horse. After giving his men the necessary instruction in the art of wielding their wooden swords, he marched with his whole body, consisting of four hundred toward's Cornwallis's army, in order to reconnoitre their lines, where he arrived the same day about 1 o'clock. Cornwallis was then retreating towards Wilmington, and his men being fatigued, had halted to take some refreshments. The Baron seized this favorable opportunity, and charged two Hessian pickets, whom he made prisoners; routed three British regiments, to whose heads he applied his clubs so effectually, that a considerable number were killed on the spot, and finally he retreated with upwards of sixty prisoners.

North Carolina is particularly obliged to the Baron, for he protected the inhabitants of several parts of that State from the ravages of Tarleton and his legion of plunderers. About 400 Tories and Britons had possession, while the British army was retreating, of the town of Halifax, which they intended to plunder.—The Baron being informed of this scheme, marched immediately with his club-men to its relief; on his approach the greater part of these miscreants made their escape; some had crept up the chimneys, and were smoked out by his men, who treated them as they would foxes that had been smoked out of their holes.

The facts which I have mentioned are but a few that occur at this time to my memory. They are related merely as a specimen of his enterprising genius. His exploits were so numerous and singular, that I believe he was generally known, both in the Northern and Southern army.

The Baron being a gentleman of rank and fortune in his own country, was bred

to no business, except the art of war. He lifted his sword in defence of American freedom, without any pecuniary motives; he ever supported himself during the whole war out of his own pocket. A considerable amount of his property was captured by the British in different actions, and a number of horses were shot under him, and three times wounded. I hope his request will surely be granted; and I conceive that Congress should not stop here—they are bound by the ties of honor and gratitude to reward him according to his merit.

AN OLD AMERICAN OFFICER.

In the same Gazette of March 13th, 1790, we find the following extract from a letter dated Charleston, Jan. 27:

"I am sorry to inform you that poor Baron Glaubeck is no more. He, some time since, left this place for Georgia by land, and arrived safe at Savannah. He soon after amused himself by showing feats of horsemanship to the inhabitants of the place; but unfortunately in leaping a ditch in a sham attack, upon the little fort below the town, his horse stumbled and threw him with violence against the wall; his right thigh and three ribs were broken; he however supported his unhappy situation with great fortitude of mind, and expired in about three hours after the accident."

At present, a candidate for a diploma in our University is required to attend about 2232 instructions, viz.: 16 a week for 38 weeks, during the first three years of his course, and 12 a week for 34 weeks during the last year. The following tables show the number of instructions given in each of the departments of the University:

494	are in Mathematics,
399	" " Greek,
391	" " Latin,
152	" " History,
148	" " French,
148	by Sermons,
114	are in Bible,
68	" " Chemistry,
60	" " Constitutional Law,
57	" " Rhetoric,
57	" " Logic,

50	"	"	Political Economy,
34	"	"	Moral Philosophy,
34	"	"	Geology, Mineralogy, &c.
26	"	"	Mental Philosophy,

2232

If we arrange these lessons according to their analogies, putting into a class those that afford mental and moral discipline of the same kind, the numbers will be as follows :

938	in Languages, or nearly 42 per. cent.
494	" Mathematics, or 22 " "
262	" Bible or Sermons, or 12 " "
174	" Logic, Rhetoric, Mental and Moral Philosophy, or 8 " "
152	" History, or 7 " "
110	" Constitutional Law and Political Economy, or 5 " "
102	" Chemistry, Geology and Mineralogy, or 5 " "

NORTH CAROLINA—AN AVERAGE STATE.

—Here are some facts worthy of being remembered :

Area of the earth, 200,000,000 sq. ms.

Land portion, 50,000,000 " "

Area of North Carolina 50,000 = $\frac{1}{1000}$ of land portion = $\frac{1}{4000}$ of whole earth.

Area of United States, at time of Revolution 1,000,000.

Area of United States after purchase of Louisiana, 2,000,000.

Area of United States after the treaty of Hidalgo et als, 3,000,000.

North Carolina has therefore been $\frac{20}{40}$ and is now $\frac{1}{60}$ of the Union.

The average population of the globe is 17 to the square mile, and the same is true of North Carolina.

In recent article of a valued Exchange in regard to a sect called "Turners," whose aim seems to be to revive and perpetuate the fame of Tom. Paine, and, in fact, to increase Infidelity generally, we find the following pertinent remarks :

"There are two conspicuous miracles standing in the presence of the earth to-day. They are as inexplicable, without the Bible revelation, as any problems

known to men; they are as true miracles as the incarnation of God, the resurrection of the body of Jesus, or his ascension from Mt. Olivet into Heaven. Neither priestcraft nor superstition created or shaped either of the miracles of which we speak, as now present in the world. We shall show that humanity could not have made either of them.

The first of these miracles is *the art of speech*. There is not now one human being who ever uttered a word without hearing words spoken. There never was one on earth that ever spoke except from previously hearing speech. History has numerous examples which incontrovertibly establish the facts of which we speak. The experiment of Ptolemy in order to discover the original language, the young Frenchman whose case was thoroughly investigated in 1824, by the Academy of Sciences, the history of Casper Hauser, in Germany, cases of loss of hearing and loss of speech in this city, place the facts we now exhibit beyond any successful contradiction.

The moment a deaf man hears, that moment he ceases to be dumb, because he can then acquire the art of speech.—If, then, the progenitors of the human race had not heard speech from some source that possessed the power to speak, the whole human family would have been dumb, so far as speech is concerned, at this hour.

Plato and Aristotle attempted to ascertain the origin of speech, and both gave up the inquiry in despair. But Moses shows from whence man learned the art of speech. He does not commit the blunder of making Adam talk before he heard speech, but says Adam heard the voice or speech in the garden.

All history on this point, all daily observation conclusively proves the fact that man acquired the art of speech from a power superior to himself. There is not one truth in the whole history of mankind that gainsays this invulnerable fact. God taught Adam to speak by speaking to him, and through Adam the human family have retained the power thus acquired directly from the Creator."

The second miracle is "the separate condition, and preservation as such, of the Jews," but we haven't room for more.

ALPHABETICALLY, &c.—See here, stranger, you haven't considered all the advantages of breathing College air, have you?

Come, let us tell you a thing or two, and you may as well prepare yourself to think more kindly of us, for we are about to correct certain impressions, common just now to most Colleges, and, from the lamentable results, we are obliged to conclude that the University has not been spared.

And is it not provoking that there are still a few old fogies in the country who continue to obstruct the progress of the age. They have even gone so far as to whisper in the ears of the uninitiated that the University is no place for *youths*; that the complicated triangular, double-elective-affinity, old-red-sandstone, ideal theory and Judicial act of 1789 course pursued here, cannot be circumvented except by mature minds! Pshaw! And, pray when will they be mature? Shall the youthful aspirations of this fast generation be restrained in the nursery of home till all vestiges of childhood be lost? This is the period of 'first impressions,' and who is not mental philosopher enough to know that, if these be scared by the too warm influences of home, all contracted views thereafter should be attributed to this fact. Then away with the new-fangled doctrine.

Send on the *boys* by all means. You needn't give yourselves any trouble about *protectors*. They are generally too modest to require such attention; so that, if there is any Bell-ringing or Bugle-blowing going on they are 'out of it,' and are too sensible to suffer themselves to be led on as instruments by those who have more dignity than to engage in these things themselves, but not good sense enough to refrain from instigating.

Besides, in common with their seniors, they have a servant to visit them *twice every day*. It's true, they are slightly disturbed about day every morning with

a slamming of doors and a rattling among chairs, tables, &c., but then, they get for this inconvenience a full half gallon of water, and only two to wash! If they should have company, however, the well has been fixed upon the latest improved principles of hydrostatics—some say for their special benefit, others, however, are of opinion that it is intended as an additional ornament to the Campus.

But there's no use trying to enumerate. The half cannot be told. Let us say, however, that if you should find it any trouble to learn the "little ones" their alphabet, you would do well to have them breath this atmosphere a while. Well, we can't say that we see them distinctly floating on the breeze, nor as spectres of departed spirits do they haunt us at night, but in the atmosphere certainly they are as no particles so volatile as to fly across more than one nation, could be stirred as much as they are here without rising; and, as for "haunts," we have seen too many to be frightened by them, but really, in all our "prep" days we never was so bored with A. B. C., as we are here.—"Order is the first law, &c.—everything for order, therefore!

COLLEGE MOMENTOS.—It is but natural that we should desire something more tangible than mental lore; or, at least, something specially intended as a remembrancer of college life, for our contemplation when we shall have left these shades. And thus we account for the custom which is becoming so common, of carrying around our Albums and Autograph books.

Now, we plead guilty to as many sentimental *exposes* as any one, when the feelings which a difference of sex inspires, comes in to excuse us: but really this "My dear friend, our intercourse has been of the most intimate and agreeable character, &c., Hope you'll climb the steep of Fame.

Marry the beloved object of your heart, &c.," is too stale, coming as it often does, from mere acquaintances, and that too of the same sex.

And these Autographs,—Well, they are some better, for we do want to know our friends ages and what professions they expect to follow. But then, how are we to know how much an old-maidish reserve had to do with the one, or a foolish vanity with the other? The truth is, even these are mementoes, unworthy of the intelligence of the parties concerned. Who is it that cannot write his name? We value musical performances, generally, in proportion to the skill of the performer, and why shouldn't we prefer some intellectual effort as a souvenir of true friendship, rather than these hand-organ ways of doing things? Then you'll have your friend to write an article for the 'Magazine;' you'll preserve and have bound the volume in which it appears, and thereby add to your Library a book which will be of more interest to you ten years hence than you can now imagine. And, in this connection, we have thought an extract from De Bow's Review for March would not prove altogether uninteresting:

"An old friend in Georgia, Stephen F. Miller, referring to a very large collection of pamphlets he has been making from early life, advises all students to adopt the same plan of completing their libraries.

He says:

'I have alluded to my success in forming a library on this plan, not to secure any benefit to myself, but to influence others, especially young men, who often obtain pamphlets, and, after perusing, give them away, or permit them to be destroyed. I have lost many in this fashion. Three I particularly regret—the addresses of Judges Berrien and Clayton before the College Societies at Athens in 1828, and the speeches of Mr. Wilde on the tariff in 1832, containing that beautiful sketch of distinguished men, Lowndes, Pinckney, Randolph, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, Forsyth, Gaston and others, whom he found in the House of Re-

presentatives when he first entered Congress in 1816. The materials I have drawn together in the fifty volumes, are sufficient to construct a history of almost any kind.

They are too valuable to remain useless in my hands, and, to make them serviceable to others, I have an idea of presenting them after a while to some literary institution in Georgia, or to some historical society. For the present I often refer to them for facts and reading matter which I can procure nowhere else of so entertaining a character. When I heard of a discourse or other publication which I could not find on sale, or otherwise obtain, I usually wrote to the author, stating my object, and was always treated with civility."

The following are some of the valuable *keimelia* connected with the University. Among them are numbered the productions of some of the first men of the preceding and present generation:

* Hon. Archibald D. Murphy,	1827
Rev. Wm. Hooper,	1829
Hon. John H. Bryan,	1830
Rev. Wm. M. Green,	1831
* Hon. Wm. Gaston,	1832
Rev. Wm. Hooper, (Lecture)	1832
Alfred Moore, Do.	1833
Henry S. Ellenwood, Do.	1833
* Hon. Geo. E. Badger.	— 1833
Joseph J. Hill, (Lecture,)	1833
Walker Anderson, Do.	1833
* Rev. Wm. Hooper, (Sermon,)	1833
Hon. James Iredell,	— 1833
Rev. Elisha Mitchell, (Lecture,)	1833
Hon. Thomas Ruffin,	— 1833
* Hon. Henry S. Pinckney,	— 1833
Hon. Robt. Strange	— 1833
* Hon. Charles Manly, (Alumni,)	1833
Wm. H. Shepard,	— 1833
* Hugh McQueen, (Alumni,)	1833
* Bedford Brown,	— 1833
* Danl. Barringer, (Alumni,)	184
* James C. Bruce,	Do. 184
* Dr. John Hill,	184
* James B. Shepard,	184
* Rev. Thos F. Davis,	184
* Batt. Moore, Esq.,	184

* Hon. John Y. Mason, (Alumni,)	1847
* Wm. Eaton, Jr.,	1848
* Hon. Wm. A. Graham,	1849
* Hon. Jas. C. Dobbin,	1850
* W. W. Avery,	1851
Thos. S. Ashe,	1852
* Hon. A. O. P. Nicholdson,	1853
* James H. Dickson, (Alumni,)	1853
* Gov. A. V. Brown, —	1854

Those starred can be procured from the archives of the two societies.

The following was clipped from a paper published in one of the Southern States and sent to one of the "Corps" by his sister after receiving his Daguerreotype for her birth-day present. Whether it was written for his particular case he has not been able to learn; but, certainly, for an analogous one, and, the application has been so successful, he is led to hope other conversions, equally as happy, may be made. It is surely as sweet as any scrap we have read lately—

MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

THE PICTURE OF MY BROTHER.

BY AMANDA.

Sweet, priceless gift!
 Fond image of my gentle brother dear,
 And tender token of his cherished love.
 How fondly do the magic tendrils of
 Sister's heart, twine 'round the precious gift,
 And press the treasure to her throbbing breast!
 How sweetly glow the soft bewitching thoughts
 That nestle proudly in her bosom and!
 And O, what deep unchanging love wells up
 In her devoted heart. It is a face,
 On which my eyes could ever dwell with new
 And rapt delight, for while I look within
 The quenchless lustre of those love-lit eyes,
 Seems as if a gleam of Heaven is
 Entered in my pensive gaze: for O, from
 Whence could spring such radiant smiles, that
 Now
 Deck thy youthful brow, if 'twere not from
 Heart as stainless pure as infants thoughts?
 Dear brother! chide, O! chide me not, if while
 Gaze enraptured on this pictured face,
 A tear should tremble in my eye, or steal
 From mem'ry's hidden depths. It is a tear

Ot love!--deep treasured love! which wakes an
 Echo from the past, and brings up visions
 Far too bright to last,---Sweet visions of our
 Earlier days, when hand in hand we gather'd
 Flowers bright, or chased the lam! kin in its
 Rapid flight; and I would stop amid our
 Merry sports, and look into thy laughing face,
 All flushed with boyish pride, and wonder if
 A saddening shadow ere could rest upon
 Thy cloudless brow, or quell the sparkling fire
 That burned deep, deep within the liquid wells
 Of beauty's matchless eyes. Those days have
 fled.

And while I view each vanished scene, in
 Retrospection's beaming sky, I turn me
 To this treasured gift, to seek that smile
 I loved so well.---'Tis gone---but in its place
 Sits one more calmly pensive, sweetly soft.
 'Tis the bright sweet smile of early manhood,
 Which tells that childhood's ringing laugh has
 fled

Forever from thy joyous heart, leaving
 Its rosy semblance on those parted lips.
 Alas, the sunny hours we now enjoy
 Will soon be o'er, when farewell's faint, low,
 Saddening sound hangs on each white lip qui-
 vering,

And breathes an echo in each bursting heart,
 When duty bids the softer feelings of
 My nature yield to fate, and tears me from,
 The arms of him I love so well, in whose
 Bright presence clouds dispel, and sunshine
 "Blushes rosy red." Still, I must submit.
 But can I ever cease to think of thee,
 Bright *idol* of our cherished sunny home?
 First let the quivering strings that vibrate
 Through my heart asunder break, and hush
 the

Music of their joyous hopes. Yet, Brother
 It is a fearful truth that we *must part*.
 The gentle zephyrs of my loved old State
 Will play upon thy placid brow, and lull
 Thee sweetly to repose. But ne'er shall I
 Again receive their cooling breath, that oft
 Has wooed me in the starry night to look
 Upon God's wondrous works, and to adore
 The "Great I am." The sunny skies of
 Unknown, distant lands, will wave in beauty
 O'er my youthful form, and as I upward
 Turn mine eyes, sweet thoughts of thee will
 greet

In each glittering ray that brightly cleaves the
 Beaming sky of heaven. Then, gentle brother,
 When twilight throws her dewy mantle o'er
 The bosom of our "mother Earth,"---flings
 broad

Her purple shadows through the leafy grove---
 Clothes nature in her sweetest robes---and calls
 The whispering zephyrs from their ocean-home,
 To nurse the sun-parched plants,---O wilt thou
 Meet me 'neath soft Luna's beams---lift up thy
 Grateful heart in prayer, and watch
 The starry host of heaven? Then when the
 Playful zephyrs softly stoop to kiss the
 Dewy petals of each blooming rose---or
 Sighs a dying requiem o'er the drooping,
 Faded beauties of some cherished bud---
 My plaintive sighs I'll mingle with their soft
 Enchanting moans, and fondly think of thee!
 Sweet brother, thou canst never know how
 much

I prize this pictured image of thy
 Precious self--how closely it is woven
 Round the very textures of my heart strings---
 Or with what rapt delight my bosom thrills,
 As tenderly I press it to my lips,
 And call it *mine*. Tho' youth may pass away,
 And age steal on in balmy silence, thy
 Lovely image still will bloom as brightly
 On the mystic altar of my heart, and
 Memory, too, will fondly cling around
 The cherished trust,---till this sad heart has
 ceased
 To beat---these lips their last faint whisper
 breathed
 And these fond eyes, that once were wont to
 greet
 Thee with their sunniest smiles, are sealed in
 DEATH.

Yes, fond brother, well I thank thee
 For this gift so bright and fair,
 Valued treasure, in my bosom,
 O, how fondly cherished there.

How I love to gaze upon it,
 Sweet enchanting placid face!
 Is it he that smiles upon me?
 Smiles with such ethereal grace.

No, 'tis but his lovely image,
 So exact, and winning too;
 Is it pride that fills my bosom,
 Pride for such a brother true?

Yes, I feel the deep emotion,
 Heave within my swelling breast,
 As with rapture fond I view it,
 View the gifted being blest.

While I press with fond affection,
 To my lips this gift benign,

O'er my senses steals this sentence---
 Mine---the magic picture's mine.

Rise my soul in adoration,
 Rise to God, who framed for thee,
 In thy youth and sunny childhood,
 Such a brother thine to be.

“JOHN, why *didn't* you say the baby was pretty? You are undoubtedly the strangest youth I ever saw. Don't you know that every crow thinks its you the blackest, and in none other way could you so easily secure the entire good will of her whose friendship you crave, than by complimenting the “*dear* delight. And if you had “violence to conscience done” slightly, such peccadilloes are but mole-hills compared with the *Ætnas* interest which a man has at stake sometimes. But apart from all self-interest John, I do more than agree with Stern sentiment, “when a few words would wrest misery from its thralldom I hate the man who could be a churl of them,” I insist that such an one is undeserving the name of a gallant man though the ‘misery’ should be no more than the gratified vanity of a mother. Besides, your scruples are for nought when I recollected that *all babies are pretty*—rose buds are equally pleasing to the eye.”

Now, when you visit again, lay aside such strict constructions of the moral code, and praise the babies I conjure you.

John was very much obliged to his friend for his advice. Certainly he was not aware of this *cordon* so easily thrust aside. He shall beg leave, however, still to believe that “fools *admire* but men of sense only *approve*; and, if the admiration of the foolish is preferable to the silent approval of the wise, then mothers must have less discrimination than our fathers to be bequeathed their children.

—
 This isn't so bad, Monsieur Sophist.

The pliant vine whose tendrils young
 Tenaciously have ever clung

To sturdy oak, with filial love,
Nor winds nor storms can ever move.

Just so the noble hearted youth,
Whose mother's voice—a treasured truth—
He loves to obey—nor sin nor shame
In this base world will taint his name.

EPITAPH ON HUME.—The Tomb of the materialist is a plain circular marble Mausoleum inscribed simply with these words:

DAVID HUME.

One of the students of Edinburg wrote upon it the following impromptu :

Beneath this circular *idea* vulgarly called tomb,
expressions and *ideas* rest which constituted Hume."

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.—There is surely no village in all North Carolina so well provided with religious privileges as Chapel Hill. With a population of 800, it boasts of four commodious churches, representing as many different denominations. The kindest feelings exist between these, and, on all special occasions in either church, the services of others are suspended for that occasion and they attend en masse. This state of things did not actually surprise us on our first coming, for we had been raised in a village about the same size, and it seemed to us almost a matter of positive duty that each churchman should be always talking and acting, not for his own church and none other. They never made any arrangements to prevent the exercises of their respective churches from clashing; and, if any member visited any other than his own, he was a subject for gossip for the week following. We had begun to look upon churches as antagonistic necessarily. We had imbibed the idea that a member of any other church was not as much entitled to our friendship, or even sympathy, as we saw in visiting, in marrying, &c., that each church claimed a prerogative.

But it is a downright slander upon any christian church to charge her with such illiberal policy, however, much some of her village branches may practice it. It is not an uncommon thing, however, for human passions to obtain the ascendancy even in church organization, and a zeal for a particular sect often leads to bolder efforts than a love to God in the same man has ever induced. And it is our doctrine, whether corroborated by any other's personal experience we know not, only we know that, so far as our age extends it is ours, that when the spring bud of the youthful mind is covered over and pressed down by the heavy rock of any exclusive doctrine, it will have its hot-house appearance and more than a three-score-and-ten exposure to a healthier element will be required to restore it to its natural greenness.

We wished merely to congratulate the patrons of this Institution upon this happy state of things, suggested, just at this time, by the completion of the Baptist church on Main street. It is the finest, most commodious and eligibly situated church in town, and forms an important link in the chain of religious facilities.— Besides, we are to have still more interest manifested in the exercises of the Chapel hereafter. A Seraphine is to be deposited there and the talent for vocal and instrumental music is to be cultivated to a greater extent. Let us express the hope, however, for the benefit of our successors that some warming machine may be fixed up before another winter comes on.

"I admire the feelings of him," says Miss Sedgewick in her Preface to *Clarence*, "who said he had rather have an apple from the garden of his father's house than all the fruits of France." We say so too, and, "unless that heart be steel," we defy it's being indifferent to the charms of a native village after a protracted absence.

The following was the result of an inspiration of a female acquaintance so circumstanced, and because of a similarity in our condition (a village to love,) or from *some other cause* it is to us *peculiarly* sweet :

MY VILLAGE.

With heartfelt love for thee, dear spot,
I sing thy charms from spire to cot.
Old Art, of late has used his skill
In Nature's realm, to work some ill ;
But she defies him, lifts her voice,
And all from blade to oak rejoice.
Thy little churchyard, 'neath whose earth
Repose thy sons of noblest birth ;
There, too, the lowly find a place,
When done their work and run their race,
He who has any heart must feel
Its beauties, lest that heart be steel ;
For there bloom flowers of various hue,
There rise the tall, dark fir and yew---
Fit emblems of mortality.
There sings the bird, there hums the bee,
There nature, all her charms hath shed,
To bless the dwelling of the dead
Thy walks---one by yon gurgling stream,
Where grow the violets which seem
Silently to plead, " Crush us not,
Pass on and let us be forgot."
Another takes us to the words,
Where, free from care of this world's goods,
We see dear nature as she is,
All grandeur, all harmony His.
She is, who all her grace bestows,
The source from which her beauty flows,
Thy grove, where lies the village green,
There, troops of many spirits are seen,
Dancing to music of their own,
On carpets thick with daisies strewn.
These, these are only half the sum
Of the charms which to my memory come.
Aye, he who has a soul must feel,
Thy beauties, lest that soul be steel.

WE are inclined to think Tenella's call upon the Poets of North Carolina is having some effect---only listen :

THE BEAUTIES OF CAROLINA.

The hills of Carolina,
How proudly they rise,
In their beauty and grandeur
To blend with the skies.

The vales of Carolina,
How bright is the scene ;
Of their rich golden harvests
And forest of green.

The streams of Carolina,
How gentle their motion ;
As they hurry away,
To their home in the ocean.

The schools of Carolina,
How honored they stand ;
And the teachers who guide them,
The pride of the land.

The girls of Carolina,
Like the land of their birth,
Are twin sisters of beauty,
The Haidres of earth,

The homes of Carolina,
Are happy and blest ;
And the spirits that rule them
Are kindest and best.

The graves of Carolina,
How sacred the shade ,
Where, sleeping in silence,
Her fathers are laid.

Oh, bright are the flowers in my own native
wildwood,

Oh, dear are the friends that I loved in my childhood.

Carolina, I love thee,
Wherever I roam,
What e'er sky is above me,
Carolina's my home.

"SALBUS."

A BIT OF DRAMA.—On a cold day in December, many years ago, there arrived at the wharf in Wilmington, N. C., two jolly fellows, Dick P. and Jo L.—who lived some ten or twelve miles up the N. E. river,—having brought to town, in a small boat, some articles of produce to exchange for family groceries. It was about two o'clock, P. M., when they reached the wharf; so that, as they desired, two or three hours' leisure was afforded them, as they did not intend departing till night. They soon supplied themselves with the articles needed,—among which was a two-gallon jug of "old rye

which, as Jo suggested, would be indispensable on their return.

After taking in somewhat of the last article aforesaid, they filled a "tickler" for immediate use and strolled around town to see the "elephant," ever and anon forming more intimate connections with the contents of the bottle. What objects more particularly attracted their notice I need not relate. They continued surveying the curiosities, however, and remarking on the beauties of the town, till nearly dark, when Dick proposed to *fix up* and return home. Both of them were by this time what modern refinement calls pretty *lively*.

Jo seconded the homeward motion and after arranging their affairs, &c., they seated themselves in their boat and paddled for home. Now it was dark, cloudy and cold, and in order to withstand the latter, they poured down freely of the ever-joyful.

Thus they continued their course, in high spirits, till Chanticleer informed them that day was approaching. Then it was they discovered some anxiety as to their whereabouts. Dick knew the old cock by his crowing to be 'Squire B.'s—one of his neighbors,—but Jo, upon closer observation, remarked that it did seem to be the chicken aforesaid, but if it was he'd be darned if 'Squire B. had'nt been doing a good deal of building since yesterday morning. *They had forgotten to lose the boat from the wharf.*

LADIES, how are you pleased with your tickets this time? A certain young man or two, perhaps more who like things done up' at home, wishes to know if our tastes are not somewhat similar, and whether you would not enjoy the Party equally as much if these same tickets were simply a neatly printed note such as could be executed near home. If so, so express yourselves to the lower classes when you come, and lets have a change for the better.

WE seldom call attention to any particular article, as we consider them all worth reading, and the tastes of our readers will best appreciate what each may select for itself, but we wish simply to say our Leader is over the signature C., and nothing inferior has ever come from that source.

The address before the two Literary Societies will be delivered on Wednesday the 6th June by Mr. Geo. Davis, of Wilmington.

The sermon to the graduating class will be preached on Monday night preceding, by the Rev. B. M. Palmer, Columbia S. C. Bishop Atkinson is expected to deliver an address before the Historical Society, and Mr. William J. Bingham one before the Alumni Association.

From the known ability of these gentlemen, we are bound to expect a rich treat, and all who will give us the pleasure of their company during the first week in June next, shall have an intellectual feast as well as many other good things.

WE take great pleasure in announcing to the readers of this periodical that Messrs. C. Dowd, J. B. Killebrew, A. H. Merritt, J. A. McQueen, C. Sessions and J. E. Sumner, have been selected by their class as Conductors of the Magazine for twelve months succeeding the expiration of our term. No more is expected of us at this time than to make this announcement, though we cannot refrain from emphatically declaring that these are the men who will raise still higher the head of our favorite, and make it speak where it was not before heard.

SOME of our exchanges continue to be sent to Raleigh, and sometimes we get them a month after they should have arrived. Please remember that Chapel Hill is our *locus habitandi*. The following,

besides our regular newspaper friends, have been received: William's Quarterly, Marietta Col. Mag., Yale Lit., Charleston Mag., Georgia Univ. Mag., Southern Repository, edited by the Faculty of Emory and Henry—thank you, gentlemen, for your compliment. The Little Folks at Home is a *little* Mag. for the *little* children and is sweet a *little* to—us, publish-

ed by Graves and Marks, Nashville Tenn. The Monthly Jubilee, published by an association of the Daughters and Sons of Toil, Philadelphia. Scraps of Young America, Jackson, Miss. Murfresboro' Gazette, Goldsboro' American. Erskine Collegiate Recorder, Stylus, Native American, American Organ and Carolina Cultivator.

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A NIGHT WITH A HERO OF '76.

BY A RAMBLER.

'Twas on a chill, damp, dreary evening of last December, in the midst of my vacation rambles, that my horse halted at the gate of a large, antique, yet comfortable-looking farm-house, situated on a slight eminence overlooking a large extent of the smooth and fertile valley of the Catawba. The bright crackling fires that shone from the kitchens and out-buildings, the plump and contented faces of the little negroes who were perched in the doors, and, in fact, the air of cheerfulness and content that pervaded the whole establishment presented a striking contrast to the deep gloom that overshadowed the earth.

My horse was soon given over to a servant and I conducted to the house. After disposing of my wet gloves, blanket and over-shoes, I was ushered into a spacious hall or parlour, fashioned after the olden time; with its oaken floor, large fire-place, high mantle and with a look of neatness and comfort rarely to be found. The effect of the warm, cheerful fire was wonderful: The depression, which the oppressive dreariness of the evening had cast over my

spirits, was soon shaken off and I partook of the general cheerfulness about me. The household consisted of a venerable-looking old man, the patriarch of the family, who had evidently lived with three generations of men and was now witnessing the decline of the third—a son now in the meridian of life and the father of the present family—his spouse and some half dozen hale, handsome and intelligent children. The grand-sire, seated in his large armed chair in the corner, was the very impersonation of true dignity and mature wisdom—a perfect model of his kind.—In him were visible none of the ills of mortality; but, with a frame free from disease and with a mind unimpaired, he awaited calmly the hour when he must submit to the requisitions of nature and be 'gathered unto his fathers.'

A nice smoking supper was now spread upon the board. But, just before we sat down to it, a decanter of 'old Peach'—a *spirit* which had haunted the family cellar for at least thirty years, was placed upon the old-fashioned sideboard, together with honey and the other appurtenances. To this my-

self and Mr. C——, jr., now paid our respects, and with no great degree of reluctance, I assure you, (as he will well remember, should his eye ever chance to meet this page.) The old gentleman was also served with a toddy of the same, fixed up to his liking by his little grand-daughter, a bright-eyed girl of fourteen; when we all sat down to our inviting supper. Grand-papa took his seat at the head of the table and implored a blessing from Heaven. And whilst we were partaking of the good things of the land, which you may suppose my cold cheerless ride had prepared me fully to appreciate, the conversation turned to the stirring times of the Revolution. Our modern Nestor spoke of the great change which little more than half a century had wrought upon the aspect of affairs, of the trials and privations which our heroic ancestors had to endure; and said that, although he had performed his part in those troublous times, still he had cause to be thankful that his maker had spared him to enjoy such an ample recompense for all his labors, to behold the tree, planted in deepest sorrow and distrust, now bearing such glorious fruit—fruit unsurpassed by any in the garden of the Hesperides.

He spoke more particularly of the war in the South, of the operations and designs of Lord Cornwallis and of the many difficulties and distresses which the Whigs experienced from the energetic movements of the rude and fiery Tarlton, but more especially from the treachery and insulting cruelty of their neighbors, the Tories. He said that he was present at the battle of the Cowpens, though then only a youth of six-

teen, that he served with the body of cavalry under Lieut. Col. Washington, and witnessed and shared in the transactions of that eventful day. He spoke in the very highest terms of the conduct of the brave old Morgan, and of the band of patriots under his command. He further added that he was an eye-witness of a personal conflict, which occurred between Cols. Washington and Tarlton at the close of the action. Col. Washington, it seems, in his eagerness to engage Tarlton, the commander of the enemy, had pushed too far forward in advance of his squadron, when Tarlton and two of his aids turned upon him. One of the latter was in the act of striking him with his sabre, when one of Washington's young officers dashed forward upon the enemy and cut him down. And just here, he observed that there was something romantic or rather tragical in the history and subsequent fate of this young man; moreover that a peculiar relation had existed between him and himself; and he promised, after supper, to give me a relation of it. He then proceeded to say that just as Washington was about to throw himself upon his antagonist, a blow was aimed at him by a dragoon on Tarlton's left, which must certainly have proved fatal, had not his little bugler, who was too small to handle a sword, drawn a pistol at this critical moment and dispatched the new assailant. Tarleton now made a violent plunge at Washington; but the latter parried his thrust and they closed into close combat.—Thus they fought for a few minutes with the most deadly fury, when Tarleton received a wound in the hand, and now perceiving his retreating comrades

at a distance, wheeled, and as he did so fired a pistol which wounded Washington in the knee.

He next spoke of the race between Gen. Morgan and Lord Cornwallis for the Catawba, and of the extreme difficulty with which the former escaped with his prisoners. The Earl moved with all possible dispatch up between the waters of Broad river and the Catawba, and used every endeavor to reach the latter in time to intercept Morgan.— However, the intrepid champion of Freedom managed to reach the Island Ford and to land his little army safely on the opposite shore, about two hours before Brigadier General O'Hara, who led the British van, appeared in sight. As it was now sunset, the British Commander, sure of his prey, seated himself complacently on the bank of the stream, and deferred crossing until the following morning. But when the morning came, to his surprise and chagrin, he found the river so swollen by rains that had fallen during the night, that it was impossible for him to effect a passage on that day.

Thus he was detained for forty-eight hours, by which time Morgan was enabled to send on his prisoners and impediments to a place of security, and effect a junction with General Greene. Here the aged veteran took occasion to expatiate largely on the deep concern, which the Mighty Arbiter of the Universe invariably manifested for the cause of Liberty, in that memorable struggle. Here, he contended, was an unmistakeable interposition of the Deity in our behalf; affirming that, had not Cornwallis been kept back by this barrier of water, Morgan and his hand-

ful of troops must inevitably have been lost.

When the waters had somewhat subsided, the leader of the Loyalists dispatched part of his forces, under Lieut. Col. Webster, in the direction of Beattie's Ford; and tried to create the impression that the passage would be attempted there. He, however, broke up his encampment about midnight and moved as rapidly as possible, with the main body, towards Cowan's Ford, a private crossing place about six miles lower down, where the passage was finally effected after a spirited, but ineffectual resistance on the part of the Americans.

At this point in the conversation, our supper was ended, and we withdrew from the table. After having discussed for some time, the various topics of the day, and during one of those pauses in the conversation, which indicate that the subject in hand is exhausted, I reminded my venerable friend of the promise that he had made me, relative to the young officer, who had so gallantly saved the life of Col. Washington, in his affair with Col. Tarleton, at the Cowpens. He then called his granddaughter to his knee, and asked her to fix him up another toddy. After several sips of this, and a few preliminary hems, he thus began—

As my own history is connected, in some manner, with that of the individual in question, perhaps a short sketch of it would not be uninteresting: at all events, I will give you so much of it, as is necessary to a proper understanding of the sketch that I am about to make. I was born in the State of South Carolina, an only child of a respectable

and, at one time, a wealthy planter, who resided in the South-Western portion of that State. As my mother died in my infancy, the whole of my father's affections were centered upon me, and we lived in the greatest ease and contentment, until the rupture between the Mother Country and her Colonies, when my father gave up his life of secluded ease, and took an active part in the cause of his country. In consequence of this the invading army under Gen. Prevost, as it passed by my father's residence, on its route from Georgia to Charleston, burned down the dwelling house and other buildings, carried off all portable property of any value, together with the greater part of his slaves, and destroyed everything else that could possibly be of any use to the owner. As we were now left without a home, and with no very ready means of support, my father took me with him to the camp. There I shared with him the hardships and privations of war, until he fell in the assault made upon the British garrison, at Savannah, by the French under Count D'Estang, and the Americans under Gen. Lincoln.

It was at this time and place, that I met, for the first time, young M——t, (as he then styled himself). In stature he was about six feet one inch; rather spare made, yet with limbs so duly proportioned, and firmly knit, as evidently to give him the maximum of strength and activity; with a forehead lofty and retiring; an eye dark and piercing as the hawks, black hair, and a complexion approaching nearer the brown than the fair; upon the whole, what would be termed a handsome youth. Upon

viewing him closely, you would have taken him to be about twenty-four years of age; although, from his grave and care-worn air, a passing glance would have made him much older.

As he was passing by, he walked just opposite me, now lamenting the irreparable loss of my father, and regarded me for a few moments in silence, but with looks as much as to say—

"I know thee not—and yet our spirits seem,
Together link'd in sympathy,"

Whether he was drawn towards me by the mysterious influence of real sympathy: or by a common feeling of compassion for my forlorn condition—that one of my years should be left, in such dangerous times, without a protector, I know not; at all events, he soon came to take a warm interest in my welfare and, from that time forward, acted towards me the part of both friend and father.

We concluded to continue with our patriotic brethren, and to devote our services and lives—if need be—to the delivery of my native, and his adopted country—to driving the insolent invader from its shores. Shortly afterwards we became connected with the light corps of Col. Washington, whose operations were then confined to the neighborhood of Charleston. My new friend soon attracted the attention all around him. The mysterious veil which shrouded his history—for, though he was ever frank and gentlemanly in deportment, he eluded all efforts to find out either who he was, or what he was—excited their curiosity, and his consummate skill and ability, in all that pertains to war, called forth their admiration. Especially did the latter arro

the attention of his commander, and he immediately offered him promotion; he urged him to accept the place next highest in authority to his own. But my friend refused all regular command, contenting himself with the privilege of selecting, at pleasure, a small body of chosen troopers, and going forth upon any enterprise of daring adventure, which might please his fancy, or which chance might offer. Under the leadership of Washington, we continued to range over the surrounding country, and never lost an opportunity of harassing or cutting off small detachments of the enemy, until the reduction of the capitol, when we returned to the upper part of the State. At the time of the disastrous battle of Camden, our troop was absent on a different expedition, lower down in the State, and thereby escaped the general rout of Gage's army on that occasion, but came near being cut off by various parties of the victorious Britons. We, however, eluded them, and afterwards formed a part of the detachment under Gen. Morgan, sent by Gen. Greene, who succeeded Gates in the command of the Southern army, to the Western extremity of the State, for the purpose of giving the friends of Liberty an opportunity of repairing to its standard. Our regiment was the most efficient part of Morgan's forces, in dispersing the numerous bands of Tories, that were collecting in all parts of the country, and committing the most wanton outrages on the persons and property of the Whigs. It also acted a conspicuous part in the affair at the Cowpens, as you already know, and afterwards made good its retreat, together with the main body, to the Northern bank of the Catawba.

Late in the evening of the day succeeding this event, a party of some ten or twelve finely mounted dragoons—myself of the number—rode up into the camp of Gen. Davidson, near Cowan's Ford. My friend—for he was the leader of the troop—had gone out upon an enterprise of a peculiar nature—and one, too, full of hazard and daring—which led us beyond the river and into the neighborhood of Cornwallis's camp. After a few minutes delay, we procured a large flat and some of the General's men to manage it, crossed the river and proceeded on our way. On our rout, we picked up a straggler from the quarters of the enemy, and from him succeeded in extorting the information, that Lord Cornwallis was on the point of breaking up his encampment, and intended to move, with all possible despatch towards Gen. Davidson's position, at Cowan's Ford. We then hastened our return, as much as possible, in order to give Davidson this intelligence. When we had done so, the General requested our young leader to guard, with his troopers, a narrow and steep horse-ford, about two hundred yards above the main ford, where Captain (afterwards General,) Graham had been stationed with his riflemen. To this my friend readily assented; and we accordingly took our position on the bank of the river. As it was now past midnight, and the party was somewhat wearied, our captain gave us permission to take some repose, and agreed to take upon himself the duties of sentinel.—The horses were soon secured and a comfortable brush fire blazing a few rods from the river's bank. And shortly afterwards, these hardy sons of Independence, reclining on the bosom of their

common Mother, and their only covering a portion of the celestial sphere, the independent god of sleep passed over with his dewy wand. I, however, chose to keep watch with my friend.—It was now 10 o'clock in the morning, and a thick dark mantle overhung the earth, pierced only by a few curious stars, that peered timidly into the gloomy realms of night. There was naught to disturb the deep stillness of the hour, save the sullen mutterings of the angry god of the Catawba and every thing in the scene around seemed to inspire an oppressive melancholy. Our horses were standing side by side near the water's edge; we sat for some time

in silence, when my friend aroused himself, as if from a deep reverie, and remarked that he had a presentiment of approaching evil. He again relapsed into a moody silence, and starting up the second time, said that he believed he would gratify a desire which, he knew, I had long entertained, but never expressed, viz: to know something of his past history—that he thought the relation of it would give him some relief. And after my assuring him of the extreme pleasure which such a relation would afford me, he gave, in substance, the following narrative—

(To be Concluded in our next.)

“OH, CALADONIA STERN AND WILD MEET NURSE FOR A POETIC CHILD.”

Reader, I would unfold the dying request of one whose life, afforded scenes, (the like of which fancy cannot paint, nor imagination conceive, which might afford fancy a picture already highly colored,) and well do I remember the solemn and impressive tones in which he commenced his narrative. “There are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in our philosophy.” The world may doubt these revelations; but will not the dying accents of one whose all is before him, and who is sick of these earthly scenes, and who bears to the grave the last seed of kindred mortality convince them, but my hours are numbered, and hear my tale.

I am a native of Scotland. My father died when I was twelve years of age. He fell in the cause of the Stuarts, who at that period were endeavoring to maintain their tottering supremacy against hostile invasion, and domestic feuds. A few remained true to their cause, and among these brave few my father acted a very conspicuous part. He was honored by special marks of favor from the King, and in those days of high souled chivalry, it was no ordinary achievement that procured notice in the civil or military world, indeed we cannot apply the term civil to those turbulent times. For, if free from foreign invasion, the martial spirit of the inhabi-

tants excited differences among themselves, this gave existence to numerous parties, or clans, actuated by various interests, and misguided notions of honor, to hostilities with each other. Hence arose those prejudices, and murderous passions which devastated the fair fields of Scotland, and made her the cradle of every wo that can befall the human race. Her King defeated, her brave soldiers swept away as if by the besom of destruction, and her lovely and chaste daughters made the sport of all the villainies that man, when transformed into a demon glories in exciting.

Well do I remember the death bed scene. It was at my uncle's house, whither he was carried from the battle field. Few and faithful were those hearts who stood around that bed. The man of God administered the dying unction, and for a moment all was still. The dying man broke the awful stillness; he looked wildly around, his eyes flashed with unearthly brightness, he seemed gifted with more than mortal strength. He called me to his side, never shall I forget that summons, those looks, I forgot all around me, and seemed for a moment in the presence of a being not of this world.

Friends, relations, father were forgotten in the enchantment of the scene, and these words fell upon my ear. My son, my dear son, listen to the dying commands of thy father, and let my soul depart in peace. Swear to me on that holy crucifix to maintain the struggle in which I fell, and to restore Charles, or die in the attempt.—The words, the solemn manner in which they were conveyed restored me to consciousness, I raised the crucifix to my

lips, and sealed the vow. God be praised, said he there is yet hope for my King and country; Then fixing his eyes on my uncle, he said—my dear brother, will you cherish these when I am gone? Choked with emotion he essayed to speak, and at last articulated, I will, so help me God. Then all became still. The spirit passed into the presence of God who gave it. Then came the last solemnity, the black pall passed before me, the mournful dirge, the low wail awoke me to a full consciousness of my condition, I was an orphan. This is the first event of my life. Oh! this is the only green spot on which I can linger. My heart was pure, no blight had yet descended to scorch, and wither it. My native hills were the scenes of my youthful, and innocent sports. There bright, and day dreams of fancy, danced before me.—There the future was gilded with hopes. My country, and her salvation there afforded themes which even now casts a faint light upon the darkness of my sin sick soul. Is this a glimmer of heavenly glories that flits across my brain.—But hear me further.

Five years passed away, and I was still an inmate of my uncle's house.—The family consisted of himself; and a few servants, to one of these, a coarse featured, and dashing young woman my uncle entrusted the management of the whole family. Her word was everywhere obeyed, and one of her scawling looks sufficed to impress all with an idea of her power. She wielded considerable influence over my uncle, and by degrees wrought upon the dotage of old age until he became almost a passive being in her hands. I never saw

her without uneasiness, but she did not scarcely occupy a passing moment in my thoughts. The pleasures of the chase by day, and my mother's presence by night rendered me happy, yea thrice happy. Even now I see her gentle form standing before me, and welcoming me home with smiles of love. Oh! the depth of a mother's love, if there is aught on earth pure, extatic, lofty beyond description, it is this.—Alas! this could not last, she, gentle being, was pining away, deprived of all those endearments which make home an asylum of bliss, she found no answering passion to the gentle yearnings of her soul, except when I was in her presence, and she knew that soon, very soon I must depart to fulfill the dying commands of my father. The stroke was too much, she sickened and died, and such a departure from this world, so peaceful, we knew it not, amid hearts whose prayers wafted her to regions of eternal peace. There are feelings inspired by such scenes too deep for utterance, sorrow, and joy commingling, and raising us superior to this world, opening the portals of everlasting bliss, and beckoning us onward to untold felicity, I felt my spirit on the eve of joining hers, and accompanying her through those ethereal spheres which my enraptured fancy at that moment painted. But another destiny was allotted to me, I was the creature of altogether a different fate. And who can thwart its stern decrees, they are stamped on the eternal adamant of the soul, with an indelible impress, and earth nor hell nor angels can erase them. Vain attempt! Would you loose the seals of the Almighty?

I am loath to give up these reflections, but soon very soon I shall enjoy them, soon I shall revel in brighter regions than my wandering soul can now conceive of. Then let me give the world what it hath bestowed on me, and never did debtor remove such a load from his heart.

The chase was now my only source of enjoyment, and often after returning home at night would I sit moodily. A thousand gloomy thoughts now presented themselves. I saw the degradation in which my uncle was fast sinking by the wiles of that woman, and the authority which she began to assume after my mother's death. With a haughty air of indifference she would frequently in my presence cant of the family matters, as if she were sole queen and mistress of that which was mine by right, but I said nothing, although she was evidently trying to embarrass me, and thus a few months of uneasiness passed away.

One day I wandered many miles from home in the excitement of the chase, and night approaching, threatening to bring with it an overwhelming storm. I turned to the nearest house to procure a shelter for the night. I never saw the inmates of the house, but their cheering welcome assured me of the goodness of their heart, and drove away all misgivings. Supper was announced, and my kind host led me out to partake of his hospitable fare. At the head of the table sat his only daughter. His wife was dead for some years. I was introduced as the son of an old acquaintance. I know not how it was, but me thought I saw in the first glance of that deep blue eye a kindred feeling.

The scenes of years were recalled, and seemed there to rest. I spoke little.—There was an enchantment around me, and I passed out of that hall a changed being. I saw her no more that night, and in a short time my kind host requested me to take some repose after enduring so much fatigue; I willingly consented, but not to sleep, the gentle goddess visited not my eyes. Ten thousand new ideas arose before me. An unseen influence was around me. An angelic being, so far surpassing any thing I ever conceived of, radiant with heavenly charms. This was the turning point of my destiny. My happiness, my misery.

I need not say that my visits to that place were often repeated, and I was never so happy as in the society of that happy little party. They were not indeed natives of Scotland, persecution, and poverty drove them from the sunny isle of France, and in the solitude of that romantic glen they passed their time almost forgetful of their past suffering. Here indeed the old man and his daughter enjoyed that repose congenial to gentle, and loving hearts.—Margarette was her name. I cannot describe her, her image is engraven in my soul, and I would not tear it from that worshipping shrine for the world to gaze at. She was too pure for earth, and she still loved an earthly being—a wretch—even he who now is before you. Yes, reader, that holy being, upon whose soul no stain of impurity could rest, loved with such love as she alone could feel. Need I tell you that it was reciprocated, I know who first felt the flame. But in my bosom it burned intensely. It burns now—we

shall love in heaven. We appointed a trysting place, and we often met. Oh—the dear delights of those moments. Then, what was all the world, and its changes to us. Heedless of all around, above, beneath, we lived for each other. Who hath not proved how feebly words essay to describe such scenes. Many pass away and know them not, many could not endure them. Years would be as moments, there, and one moment an age of bliss. Angels seemed to hover around that retreat, and to gaze enraptured on this scene of purity, for true love is ever pure, emanating from God himself, and filling the heart of his creatures. Oh, Margarette! Thou art now among the saints on high; yet canst thou forget those hours. Best beloved of my soul I seem to hear thee gently reproaching, and beckoning me onward. Soon, soon I will be there, and we shall part no more. A few short weeks will close upon me this miserable existence, and waft me to that region for which my weary spirit yearns. Blessed be God, now my sufferings are more than repaid, and my soul is weaned from this vale of tears. Weeks and months passed away. Worlds and ages might have passed, and the existence would seem short. I was now frequently from home. Inquiries arose, and the cause was soon discovered. How could I escape detection? How could I bear the reproaches of my violent, and hot headed uncle? The characteristic haughtiness of his powerful countrymen was strongly manifest in him. Could he endure a connection with an humble, obscure, nay even foreign family? There was madness in the thought. He first assumed an air of unbelief, and I believe he was

in earnest. He placed the most implicit confidence in me. I was indeed a part of his being. And in me he anticipated the future glory of his house. But rumors grew more strong, and the old man was aroused from his self-inflicted indifference. At first he expostulated, he threatened, and implored.—Who can check the mighty rivers of love? I laughed at his entreaties, I scorned his threats. They fell upon my ear like some vain dream. He became more importunate every day, and watched my every movement. He even yet doubted the reality, and thus matters stood for some time. I conjectured who was fanning the fires of discord. I watched that woman, and soon learned from a faithful friend the correctness of my suspicions. Every evil passion of my heart was excited, I did not know myself until that moment. I who loved to distraction was also capable of hating to an equal degree. A second time she disturbed my happiness, and my proud spirit burned within me. It was useless to endeavor to suppress these harsh feelings. I did not know what forgiveness was, and if I did I was in no frame of mind to exercise it. One night I went to meet my love, and found her waiting. She gently reproached me for my long delay. The moon shone full upon us. I thought she never looked so beautiful. Her whole soul seemed to beam from her eyes, and to dart such radiance upon mine as will cause it to reflect eternally. Neither could speak. There are moments too deep for utterance. The soul is lost in an ocean of blissful feeling, and earth, and all above seem visions of glories undescribable. Every thing is seen in the

pure mirror of love, and shaped accordingly.

I know not how long this blissful reverie lasted. But it was suddenly interrupted by unearthly peals of laughter. I started, paused for a moment and all was still. Again, it broke upon our ears, my gentle partner clung to me for support. A cloud for a moment passed over the moon. Oh, had she seen the fury that blazed from my eyes at that moment, it would have killed her. I impressed a burning kiss upon her lips, bade her farewell, and in an instant I was flying towards the place whence those sounds came. All the demons of hell could not have sounded such soul-rending peals. The howlings of the lost, would seem sweet music, in comparison with these. Did she dare to intrude upon that Elysium? went like lightening through my brain. I called aloud upon the intruder. I raved, and gnashed my teeth in fury. God knows what I should have done, had any being crossed my path. On, on, I pursued, but to no purpose. The exertion, the action restored me to consciousness. What had I done? Where was Margarette. I returned, and found the trysting place deserted. I flew in the path towards her father's dwelling, and overtook her a short distance from the house. Pardon me, dear one, said I, for this rashness, it was all on your account. She said nothing, but turned her eyes upon me with such a look of love and forgiveness, as might call forth despair from her horrid cave, and cause her to smile with ecstasy. I saw her safely in the house, and heard her gentle good night, and once more retraced my steps homeward. Would that I

could describe the feelings of that night. Love, hatred, life and death passed in succession before me. That woman stalked across my path, and ten thousand devils seemed in her train.—Never did reality appear so vivid as that phantom. The head of Medusa could not have so many stings for me as that horrid laugh. I swore revenge. Yes, reader, I laughed at the idea with hellish joy, and revelled in drawing hastily such pictures as make me even now shudder. I passed through a gloomy forest. This place was peopled with midnight shades by the superstitious vulgar. No place could have been more congenial to my feelings at that time. I would have given worlds to realize the existence of those phantoms of the imagination. Unconsciously I called, I implored that some being, not of this world, would appear, and lift the veil of the future from my darkened, and maddened vision. On, on I went, revolving these direful images in my mind, and anticipating in ecstasy, the fulfilment of my wishes. The moon shone faintly through the trees. I strained my vision to discover something that was only real in my imagination. I thought I saw a shadow darken the path before; could it be real? I looked again and saw nothing. I called again on the spirit of the woods, but in vain.—I was ready to curse the illusion, and as the words were about to fall, a tall shadow stood before me. I could not be mistaken. The time, the circumstance, and the sudden appearance of this apparition awed me in some degree, and I stood for a moment mute with astonishment, but not with fear. I called on it by all that was sacred, to help a poor,

lonely, and cruelly treated mortal. For a moment he said nothing, but throwing off the white shroud in which he was enveloped, my friend (for it was he) stood before me. Pardon me, said he, for thus deceiving you, but I would be of some service to you. I would unfold you some things which it behooves you to know. That wretched woman hath told your uncle, her night's experience, and undoubtedly, by exaggerating, hath rendered you unpardonable in his sight. I heard it all from an adjoining apartment, and my anxiety for your condition was the cause of this night's ramble. Be prepared, then, to justify yourself, and all may yet be well. Farewell—show this to no one, if you have any regard for your friend. Thus saying, he enshrouded himself, and suddenly disappeared among the trees. Reader, judge of my feelings at this time. Hell-deserving wretch, burst from my lips, for this thou shalt suffer. Then my love gained the ascendancy, and bright hopes seemed to gleam on the dark vista before. She cannot extinguish such happiness, said I. God will not suffer such impunity on the creatures of his own hand, whom his goodness hath made so happy. Alas, I knew not what I said. I did not trust in God. It was only an attempt, a vain attempt to justify the thoughts that then burned in my soul.

Full of these thoughts I arrived at my uncle's house, and silently entered my apartments. These had been my mother's. A feeling of sadness came over me, and lulled my troubled senses to repose. Next morning found me brooding over the scenes of the night. I resolved to ask my uncle's pardon for

the past, and win him by entreaty.—Then my love, my honor, my vow which was pledged, rose before me. I knew that he would be inexorable, and that the only alternative would be to perjure my plighted love. I arose and determined to see him. I found him seated and apparently in deep thought. My interruption awoke him from his reverie: and with a hellish smile of scorn, which stung me to the soul, he spoke, And you had a blissful season last night with your minion. The old dotard will soon be out of the way, and our happiness will be complete. Out of my presence wretch. How darest thou stain the escutcheon of my family?—Thou hast perjured thyself; thou hast severed the links that bind us, thou hast proven ungrateful. Aye! let her bestow honor, possessions, and titles on thee. My favor thou hast forfeited for ever. I strove to speak. Leave me, said he, thou hast sealed thy doom.—Mad with rage, and disappointment, I waved him a proud farewell, and my back was soon turned on the home of my fathers. Unfriend, exiled, and unknown, I arrived on the summit of the hill which over-looked my native home. I turned round to take a last look. My heart turned sick, and cold as ice.—Deluded tyrant, I exclaimed, could no other hand be found to blast my hopes, but thine. But I shall be avenged.—Departed spirit of my father, look down in pity on thy degraded son. Degraded by a whore, a witch in human form. Enchantress of the devil, although thy circean cup hath polluted one of my race. I am yet free from its damning influence, and thou shalt drink it to the very dregs. Thy days are

numbered, or I perish ignobly in the attempt. These words are but faint breathings of all that was harrowed up in my soul against her. I hissed at the idea of grieving for those abodes, and wended my way, I know not whither. The mind sinks into utter indifference as to our fate, when all the world seems to frown on us, and wish us out of it.

I resolved at once to leave the country, unawares to any one, except her I loved. We met—I told her my resolution. So soon, she exclaimed, and sank senseless on my breast. Angel of life, said I, arise; speak to me, say but the word, and I will not leave thee for ever. Then—then, I knew that I was loved, with a deep and holy love. Then I experienced, for the first time, the depth of woman's love. The heavenly purity and unselfishness of her heart. Wholly occupied by this feeling, I remained silent. Reader, imagine two beings in heaven or earth that love each other to adoration. The eloquence of the loftiest seraph, is not adequate to describe those feelings. That silence transcends his highest powers. It is from God, and God is love. Gently disengaging herself, she turned on me, such a look of love and sorrow, as I shall never forget. Let me not, said she, cause you to forget your vows. I could not be happy, even in thy embrace, conscious of having hindered you from a duty which must be performed. Go and fulfil thy promise, and my prayers shall rise in your behalf. We shall yet be happy. Let not a short season of ill-timed bliss deprive us of years of felicity. Blessed angel, exclaimed I, I go indeed, but may I not hope that

there remains one heart true. May I not hope to lay down the fruit of my conquests, let them be what they may, at thy feet, and enjoy that love which you alone can give. She said nothing. I read my destiny in those eyes. Then I almost regretted my resolution, but it was too late. A piece of gold was broken between us, and silently we parted. I staid for a few days in the house of a friend, arranging matters for departure. Intelligence came, however, that the cause was given up in despair, and that the king and the greater part of his nobles, had departed for France. This was a death blow to my ambition, but it was unendurable. I could well afford to give up the battlefield for dearer pleasures; and were it not for my awful vow, I might have dreamed away a blissful existence in spite of foreign oppression, amid the sequestered vales of my own sunny land. I turned upon new schemes, and all my thoughts were now concentrated on one dear object—how to make her happy. Thus some time passed away. I occasionally heard from the castle. My absence had softened those feelings which my uncle, in a season of excitement, bore towards me. At length he sent for me, and was anxious for a reconciliation, on conditions that I would give up my connections. This was impossible, and he gave up the matter in despair. But he determined on revenge. He plainly told me his intentions of joining in the matrimonial yoke, and with her whom my soul abhorred. He was inflexible, and the time was appointed. It was already here, but in the midst of their hellish schemes, and at the moment when they

were to be consummated, she fell dangerously sick. The family physician was called upon. This man was my only friend there. I asked him concerning the probability of her recovery. She may recover, said he, but it were no great matter if it were otherwise. You have now a good opportunity of ridding yourself of one who hath been a curse to your family. Me, a murderer, I exclaimed—never. Nay, do not be uneasy, said he, I will act for you. I could not bear the idea for some time. But his reasoning, his expostulations, at length prevailed, and I left the matter in his own hands. Gods, the thoughts of such an act, the grave can only obliterate. In a short time she died, and was buried in the family vault. I endeavored to prevent this, but in vain. I swore she should not be buried there, and in company with a few chosen friends, we robbed the grave, and sunk the coffin in an adjoining lake. Just about the break of day, when returning from this midnight work, I heard a voice on the crags above me. I looked up, and saw a female in tattered garment, and her hands uplifted to heaven. All hell seemed to be depicted in her countenance; and thus she howled at me. Wretch, you have slain my only child. You have even deprived her of a grave. May you experience this and more. May thy offspring perish before thine eyes, and may no trace of thee or thine, await on earth. May you die in a foreign land, unwept, unhonored, and unknown. With these words, she fled and I saw her no more. I could have torn her in pieces, for thus blasting my happiness. I returned home, and was

received coldly. When my uncle heard of this, he fell sick, and died broken-hearted.

Shortly after this, I was united to the object of my affection. Ah, could she believe that her husband was a murderer, and all for her sake. I was happy, except that sometimes thoughts of the past would crowd upon me. Two years passed away in this blissful forgetfulness, and two children blessed our love. The time at length came for me to depart to the wars. I went. We were defeated—and I returned home, conscious of having discharged my duty, at least in that respect. Shortly after this, I saw one of my children perish before my eyes, and, oh God, I could not save him. This was the first fulfillment of that dreaded curse.—Again, the cry of war rung throughout the land. I bid my family again, farewell, and departed. We were totally defeated again, and the whole country was devastated by the ruthless invaders. I returned home, ascended the hill, and lo! the place of my forefa-

thers presented one blackened heap of smoking ruins. Madly I rushed onward, and found myself standing there. No living being was there. I found a few blackened bones. I searched, and found my boy at some distance from the house, apparently dead. Having restored him to consciousness, I learned from him the fate of all, the enemy had set fire to the house, and his mother was too faint to leave her chamber.—The sight of my child prevented me from sacrificing myself on the spot. We departed and spent several days in the woods. His steps relaxed, he could advance no further. The hand of death was upon him, and next day I dug his grave with my sword. I was alone.—Oh, my God, what was the world then to me. I left my country, came to France, and under the shades of this convent I write my tale. I shall die unwept, unknown, in a foreign land.—But death hath now no terror for me. I rejoice at the summons, and would fain be at rest.

MORAL COURAGE.

A staid essay, on such a subject as that of Moral Courage, may appear out of place in a Magazine, which is intended mainly as a vehicle to let out the pent up thought of the youthful student, panting for deliverance from its confinement. Such an essay, too, may seem out of place, encased by the poetic and learned lucubrations of the Classic Hall.

Few, therefore, may, perhaps, be disposed to read an essay written on a subject, which, while so many are ready to approve in the abstract, so few are accustomed to reduce to practice. Should my subject, therefore, prove to be unwelcome, or should it be found uninteresting by the defect of illustration, the reader has only to turn over the page,

and take that which may be more agreeable to his taste. But though a staid essay, on a moral subject, may not always elicit attention among the lovers of wit and pleasure, yet there are some, who may be glad to see, even in a Magazine, conducted and designed principally for the young, an effort to sustain and commend those virtues, which are the ornament, and which form the pillars of all good society.

Among the nobler traits of character, which give dignity to man, and form a criterion, by which to judge of the tone of virtuous feeling, none are more prominent than that of *Moral Courage*. It is a courage, not of the duellist; not of the warrior, nor of the hardy seaman, but of one, who dares in defiance of popular opinion to say and do what is proper, as dictated and directed by the rule of Right; of one who can say yes, or know whether it may procure for him an enemy, or a friend; of one who can denounce with boldness, a wicked course whether it will secure him a crown, or lead him to the stake; of one, who erect in thought, and established in principle is determined in action, and can speak the truth whether it relate to friend, or foe. There is a species of moral courage, which borders upon, nay, even enters the precincts of rashness. It is a boldness prompted by occasion and circumstance, or it may be a natural characteristic of the constitution. Some men approve, or condemn, without measure, or qualifications on no fixed principle, but merely from their personal like, or dislike. This is not courage. It is a mere expression of personal feeling, springing, perhaps, from resentment, or some other unworthy

motive. Some are bold to censure while conscious from surrounding circumstances, they can do so without personal hazard. This is not courage.

Moral courage differs from physical, if I may use such an expression. Physical courage displays itself in meeting danger where life is at hazard. Moral courage displays itself in an unflinching adherence to the rule of right, at the hazard of public odium. It is intimately connected with moral principle, and its prevalence in any association, tells how far moral principle guides the conduct of the members. In the early period of national existence, integrity of character, and a sacred regard for truth, have been common, but as age has advanced, simplicity of character usually fades. Men learn to shuffle, to evade, and to make expediency the rule of action. Nothing more clearly indicates the downward progress of society, than the decay of that moral courage which, when flourishing, is exhibited in an unflinching disapproval of what is wrong. Nor is there any one failing, into which men fall, that is more fatal than the decay of moral courage. For as it is intimately connected with moral principle, so its decay marks the corruption of moral principle in the mind. The man who cannot nerve himself to say *no*, to a practice which his judgment condemns, has gone half way in the process of adopting what he disapproves. His judgment is giving way; his feelings are pleading, and he will soon be persuaded to approve. It is in this way that the mind of many a youth who has entered a college, has been poisoned, and he ruined. He goes from his parental home with general impres-

sions in favor of a virtuous life. He enters college where he soon finds associates, whose high notions of personal liberty, mingled with a high sense of honor, and a manly deportment, interest his feelings. There is something captivating in the development. Imperceptibly, he imbibes a portion of the same feeling. Judgment yields to inclination, and he soon begins to fall into the popular current. Thus initiated, it requires no small effort to say, no. Such an expression would render him unpopular, and disgrace him in the estimation of his associates. Hesitation gives way to inquiry. Inquiry ends in resolution, and resolution ends in determined action. His moral sense has caved in; moral courage is gone. He floats on with the current of popular opinion, goes where others go, and does what others do, nor dares to say that what is done can be wrong. To shuffle in an excuse, is no crime; to evade when questioned is no fault, and even to deny when charged with fault, is a matter of small consideration. To become an informer is abominable; an accuser is outrageous, and even to be a witness when required is scarcely to be pardoned. Such are not unfrequently the results from a decay of Moral Principle and Moral Courage. No one likes to encounter the sneers and ridicule of his associates. It is only where moral principle is deeply rooted, that we ever find a moral courage sufficient to resist, when associates make the refusal a matter of ridicule and scorn. This little word *no*, has an important meaning, and bearing upon character. Nay, it is a hinge, on which not unfrequently turns the whole of the subsequent life.

And the use of this little word often displays a greater courage than the heroism of the raging battle. I admire the man or boy, who has the courage to say *no* to a strong temptation to evil, in defiance of the threats, the scoffs and jeers of associates. That little Norwegian boy in Chicago, who chose to hazard all that his wicked associates could do against him rather than commit the act to which they urged him, ought to have a monument erected to his memory that shall be as durable as time. I admire the youth, who, surrounded by the temptations of a college life can, with honest independence, make his way through the crowd, and choose rather to incur the odium of singularity, than be drawn into a vortex, whence escape is almost a miracle. Nor is it a small effort for one, who is ambitious of distinction, to nerve himself to meet the disapprobation of those who have the power of his promotion in their hands, on a refusal to comply with some favorite scheme.

Nor is the want of moral courage less apparent, and less fatal in effect in men after entering on the business of life.—Where success in business depends on popular opinion, men aspiring to distinction, are under strong temptation to shape their course so as to favor the popular feeling. Few have had the hardihood to undertake to seek a passport to public favor independent of public sentiment. Expediency usually takes the place of sterner principle, and a quiet submission to the popular will forms the safest road to success. In an uphill struggle after distinction, principles are easily warped, or laid aside, or made to yield to the supposed necessity

of the case. A habit thus formed, in the outset of business, is not easily laid aside when character has become so established as not to need this adventitious aid. Time was when men of this noble stamp were common in our country. Among the patriots of the Revolution there were men, who had the courage to think and act with sovereign independence. These patriots dared to speak openly what they thought, and to act on the cool deliberation of their own judgment, thus giving a direction to public opinion, rather waiting for action till they had ascertained what public opinion might be.

Examples in illustration of the character and results of moral courage are furnished in every department of history. That was a noble example in the old Roman General, who was sent when a prisoner, from Carthage to Rome, to intercede for the exchange of prisoners, when urged by the Senate not to return, and that backed by all the strength of the empire to sustain the invitation, he nobly refused, choosing to encounter all the torture the Carthaginians could inflict rather than forfeit his word. The Bible is full of examples. Daniel chose to incur the hazard of being cast into the lion's den rather than worship an idol God. Whether it be right in the sight of God, to harken unto you more than unto God. "Judge ye," said Peter to his persecutors. Among the reformers, who ever doubted the courage of Luther? Knox, the Apostle of Scotland, in various instances, furnished remarkable displays of moral courage. In defiance of an interdict from a Romish Bishop; and in view of an armed

soldiery, prepared to kill him, he dared to preach against the Pope, and image worship. He boldly reproved the queen for an improper marriage. He roused his countrymen to a conflict with their enemies, by his preaching after they had suffered a dreadful defeat. Well might Moreton say of him, as he did in death, "There lies the man who never feared the face of his fellow-man."

The man of moral courage clears his way through the trials and intricate windings of his pilgrimage state. Those obstructions, which to others, are insuperable, he breaks away, without permitting them to interpose. While others by their timidity, are perpetually involved in entanglement. His boldness is to him, a defence that protects him from importunity, and saves him from alliances that would prove his ruin.—The want of moral courage or the fear to say no, has brought many a man from affluence to poverty. Nay, and a large portion of the mistakes, which involve men in trouble, in connection with each other, spring from this source.—A disposition to accommodate in small things, has formed a claim for larger demands. Yielding in little things, has made it difficult to refuse in larger; and thus an individual is under a sort of compulsion to consent, and that consent becomes his ruin. The merchant wants favors, and he that asks, must give in turn. He dares not say no, becomes liable for one, then another, and before he is aware of danger he is undone.—The trader wants custom, and fearing he shall offend by suspecting the responsibility of a customer, allows debts to accumulate till payment is even past

expectation. Had he had courage at the commencement of the business to have acted in accordance with his convictions, he would have saved himself from loss, and his debtor from foolish extravagance. Courage to say no, is of mighty importance, frequently, in the affairs of men. In the popular assembly; in the Legislative hall; in professional occupation; in convivial associations, moral courage is necessary not only as a safeguard against evil, but as securing the highest degree of respect. The youth, who refuses to go with his companions to the length of their desires, may for the time, incur their scorn, but in the end he will be applauded for his course. Equally true is it in every department of life. The preacher who boldly reproves prevailing faults, may incur the censure of his hearers, but in the end judgment will be in his favor.

Would you keep a conscience void

of offence; would you avoid dangerous entanglements; would you secure a high reputation; would you do the greatest amount of good to your fellow men, then take an honest, independent course, think and act for yourself. Fear not to say no, when invited to enter a forbidden path. This moral courage is among the noblest of virtues—the noblest trait of a youthful mind, and the surest passport to substantial fame.—He who exhibits in his eye; in his words, and his actions, evidence of a self determining spirit; a courage to resist all enticement to wrong; a courage to suppress inclinations where judgment disapproves, will sweep away a large portion of the difficulties that may beset his part in life, and secure to himself a peace of mind, that a conscious rectitude alone can give; and a reputation which will shine with the greater brilliancy the longer it continues.

MISANTHROPY CURED;

OR, THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

ON one of the coldest winter nights of 18—, a traveler was plodding his weary way on foot, along the bank of the Pee Dee. The sun had set in clouds, dark and lowering; and in a few minutes afterward, the cold chilly rain, began to pour down in torrents. Pitchy darkness soon succeeded, and the benighted traveler was almost compelled to *feel* his way along the road, now rendered a stream by the unceasing rain. Long and slowly did he pick his way with eyes straining to pierce the solid darkness, if, perhaps, he might

catch a welcome ray from the cheerful fireside of his hospitable fellow-man which would direct him to a shelter from the beating storm.

Anxiously did he listen for some
Honest watch-dogs bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome.

But long did he listen in vain. At length, having despaired of finding shelter, he is resigning himself to his fate, when a faint ray of light strikes his vision; he raises his drooping head, but it is gone, and he desponds again. But see! it appears again, as if shining through the crack

of a log house—yes, a negro's cabin; but little reck he, whether it proceeds from a well *ventilated* log hut, or whether it is softened by the damask curtains of a princely mansion. 'Tis a fire and a roof, and he hastens on with as much emotion of joy and gratitude, as that which swelled the bosom of Columbus when first he saw a *moving* light on the shores of a *New World*. With such feelings did he place his foot on the negro's threshold. But the sable inmate bars the entrance. He insists; but the black tells him, "its de boss's order," and must be obeyed.

The traveler is horrified at the inhospitality, and determines to see the inhuman monster who could shut his door against a fellow being, on such a night; and to try all means of moving his pity. Taking the black along as a guide, he proceeds through the spacious enclosure, and knocks at a princely mansion. "Who's there?" demanded a gruff voice. "A *trabler*," answered the negro, "what made me *foch* him here spite of my teeth." "Tell him to be off," is growled from within. The traveler remonstrates, begs, implores, in vain.—"Drive him off," shouts the inhuman wretch. And off he is driven with a heavy heart, to plod his weary way through darkness, mnd and rain, or to find shelter beneath a more friendly roof.

Years pass on. Many joyous laughs have been heard—many a tear has fallen—many weary travelers have been driven from the inhospitable mansion. Meanwhile by industry and economy—perchance by dishonesty—our Simon grows rich, and bethinks him that he will take a "trip North," as southern

summers are rather warm for pampered flesh and bloated aristocracy.

In a few days he sets out with family, carriage and "four." Dandling his purse, feeling *independent*, and cherishing his misanthropy, he boasts that "gold will buy all the friendship he needs." He had not proceeded far when his carriage broke down; but fortunately it was immediately in front of a farm house, where he could abide with his family until it could be repaired. The farmer is sorry for his misfortune, but *hospitably* invites him to share his roof. Being detained several days, he is treated with all the kindness for which "the country" is justly celebrated. On leaving, our misanthrope steps up to the farmer, and thanking him for his kindness, demanded his "bill."

"You owe me nothing," replies the farmer.

"But I do," says the other, "and you shall take it."

"No," says he, "yo've already paid me."

"Paid you," replies the astonished traveler; "when, and where have I paid you?"

"Do you remember," answers the farmer, "the cold and rainy night when you drove a benighted traveler from your door? Then, you paid this debt, for *I was that traveler!*"

Eloquent—awfully eloquent to the Misanthrope; were these few words.—Deep was the thrust of simple kindness—of "good for evil"—for it reached a place in his heart, never touched before. Falling on his knees, the long confined fountains of his tears are broken up, and bursting forth, they suffuse his

iron face. The stern, proud, INDEPENDENT man, is humbled in the dust. "Good for evil," has accomplished what man's wisdom and experience could never have done. He whom the prayers and tears of sufferers, with the entreaties of wife and children have long failed to *move*, is *melted* by "simple kindness." He who shut his eyes against his fellow man in distress, now covers them with his hands in shame, before one who was driven from his door. He who closed his ears against petitions which might move the hearts of savages, would now close them forever, to shut out that sentence, more

awful to him than the thunder of heaven. "*I am that traveler!*"

Nor was this all. That home-thrust was fatal to his misanthropy, and the bitter scalding tears, washed away all traces of its presence. But, in its stead sprang up philanthropy, fair and pure, and flourishing as a "green bay tree." Dismissing pride at the same moment, he turns his horses' heads homeward, an altered man—the lion is changed to the lamb. His house is no longer prohibited to the needy. Wide, open his hospitable doors to all. And he even goes so far as to build a house for the especial accommodation of 'benighted travelers.

THE EFFECTS OF MACHINERY.

We intend to speak of some of the vast accessions which have been made to the productive energies of labor, and the consequent augmentations of human industry. The necessities, comforts and luxuries of life are now produced in unparalleled profusion. The effect of an abundant supply is to make articles cheap. Every man can now provide for himself and those dependent upon him with less labor and at a cheaper rate than heretofore; the improved conditions of society show this to be true. But it is not in this point of view that we delight to contemplate the subject. Its influence on the physical condition is great, but that of it on his intellect is greater. Men are not only better fed and clothed than formerly, but they are infinitely better

taught. Machinery has released some from hand-work who have applied themselves to head-work. Thought is now no longer confined to the narrow circle of the thinker; machinery has furnished it with a conveyance to go abroad. The speaker yields to the writer; the pen has vanquished the tongue. Spoken words cannot be preserved long. Cicero thundered in the Roman Forum amid the proud monuments of his country's victories, surrounded by the sacred altars of her religion, to an audience that shuddered, quailed, kindled and even burned as he spoke. His oration was soon forgotten by the multitude save some burning thought which was stamped upon the memory and thus handed down as proverb. Very different is the case

now; an orator arises in the U. S. Senate; every word as it falls from his lips is caught and written down; soon the printing press gives them wings and the multiplied machinery of conveyance aid them in flying throughout the length and breadth of our Union.—“Winged words” seem to be no longer Homeric, but belong to our own day and generation. In a few days they reached Liverpool and are attentively heard by the entire island, and then they speedily cross the English Channel into France, Germany and Denmark, rapidly learning new languages as they rush along. They make the circuit of the world; they are heard in India and Australia and the isles of the Pacific raise up their burning heads to hear. Its powers and advantage are shared by all who choose to apply their energies of mind and body. Its powers and advantage are shared by all who choose to apply their energies of mind and body. It may emanate from the closet of the most humble student and be of force to revolutionize an empire. It has been said, and well too, that “one kindling thought from a retired and obscure man may live when thrones and the memory of those who occupied them are obliterated, and like an undying fire illuminate and quicken all future generations.”

Machinery has not only set free many to teach, but a much greater number to be taught. Let all the machines that supply the present wants of our nation be entirely swept away from us; it requires no prophetic skill to see that immediately all of our school houses would be empty; thousands are now instructed where formerly but one was. Knowl-

edge is now widely diffused through all classes of society; this diffusion is increasing every day. Through the printing Press and the modern engines of swift conveyance, sympathies are aroused between individuals and even between different nations. The evidence of this is, that the friends of freedom constitute one great party all over the world. Where even a struggle for liberty begins, upon that spot is fixed and concentrated the attention of all the civilized portion of mankind. Many are now watching the present contest in Europe; opinions are formed and these become united and strong. Such are spiritual, wide-reaching and mighty. They dethrone kings, abrogate laws and change customs. They are stronger than a mighty army; barriers and cordons cannot shut them out; fortresses and citidels are no defence against them; they spread every where and wherever they spread they certainly conquer.

Machinery has greatly prolonged the term of human existence. This is not fancy but fact; not imagination but reality. Human life is now measured by deeds and not by years. He lives long who accomplishes much; he lives longer than other men when he accomplishes more they do. How much more can be accomplished by one man now than could be fifty years ago. The multiplied facilities of intercourse of the present day, and the cunningly devised methods of doing things have introduced extraordinary dispatch in all the operations of life and increased a hundred fold the active powers of man.—Not only are private acts more numerous, but public events are crowded into

the history of a moment. When we behold around the improved machinery of the present day, acting with great energy and producing such great results, we are first filled with astonishment and then with admiration.

It was the invention of two machines that caused England to triumph over Napoleon. Arkwright's machine for spinning cotton and Watt's application of steam to manufacturing purposes.—These two inventions conquered Bonaparte, Great Britain then manufactured for the world; wealth flowed into her treasury from all parts of the globe; with this she maintained her armies and aided nearly all of Napoleon's enemies; then taking the lead in the great struggle, she nobly maintained her position until the great battle of Waterloo finally decided the fate of Napoleon and the whole of Europe. These inventions made no great and splendid show; they attracted but little attention. No laurel wreath bound the brow of either of the inventors, though in our esteem they were far more worthy of it than the proudest conquerer that ever desolated the earth. The poet has never done either of them the reverence to notice them in his song; the historian has honored them but with the slightest passing nod; yet did these men by their inventive genius give England power to control the greatest struggle that ever put in peril the best interests of man.

How has machinery produced these miraculous events? How long have the strong influences been acting on society? The simple machines of antiquity were only a help to individual labor and are never thought of now when

machinery is named. Every thing was then done by hand; navigation clung steadily to the shore and knowledge was diffused in scanty quantities. The era of machinery may be said to have commenced within the last seventy-five years. Man has called upon nature with its unwearied powers to assist him, and it has obeyed his call. Whatever agency expand, contracts, uplifts, impels, retards or depresses is set to work. In our watches we bid elasticity measure time. With levers and pulleys, we make gravitation undo itself. We stop the water as it flows to the ocean; we compel it to do so much carding, spinning and weaving before it is allowed to pass. We force the atmosphere we breathe to raise water from wells and rivers by machinery to aid us in uncounted and countless operations. By the aid of fire we transform water into steam, almost the most potent of all agents that man can employ. Man yokes the hostile elements of fire and water, and subjects them to his bidding. Steam is the living soul of modern machinery. It is equal to the vastest operations, and will perform the most minute. It delves into the mine; raises the ore to the top and converts it into a thousand forms. It helps to make the engine, a habitation for itself afterwards; it brings the cotton the manufactory, and then it cards, spins, weaves and stamps it, and then distributes the fabric for sale. We find it on the Rhine and the Danube, driving huge boats through the echoing forest by the castles of chivalrous ages, accustomed to behold far different scenes. It hurries commerce on the Indian ocean while it is doing the same on the "Fa-

ther of waters." Friction and gravity alone continue to oppose the dominion of steam over space; but wheel and axle with the application of oil have almost removed these. Railroads are constructed over hills, mountains and plains, making near neighbors of distant territories. Long trains of cars are placed upon them, the horse is unharnessed; he is too slow and too weak to perform the required task. At command the whole move on in majestic order under the strong impulses of an invisible power, with a velocity that almost defies description. The lover need no longer pray for the wings of a bird to bear him through the air to his love; the railway car will bear him swifter than the swiftest bird. The exclamation of the poet is no longer extravagant of the achievements of man's genius, spirit power.

Look down on earth; what seest thou? Wonderful things!
Terrestrial wonders that eclipse the skies!

What length of baboured lands! What loaded seas!

Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth or war!
Seas, winds and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge and subserve his ends.
Nor can the eternal rock his will withstand;
What levelled mountains! and what lifted vales!

High through mid air, here, streams are taught to flow;

Whole rivers, there, laid in basins, sleep.

Here plains turn oceans; there, vast oceans join

Through kingdoms, channelled deep from shore to shore.

Earth's disembowelled! Measured are the skies!

Stars are detected in their deep recess!

Creation widens! Vanquished nature yields!

Her secrets are extorted! Art prevails!

What monument of genius, spirit power."

This was a true delineation, when written, of the splendid triumphs of the human intellect over matter. Let our reader add to it all the wonders which have been achieved by steam, and they will have some faint idea of what the mechanical powers have done and are still doing for man.

"MY MOTHER LIVES AND PRAYS."

When youth's wild wayward course I ran
And spent in wickedness my days,
'Twas then, that first, my soul began
To feel "my mother lives and prays,"
She prays that God would check her child,
By Holy Spirit given.
And turn his thoughts now roaming wild,
Up to the things of heaven.

When 'mid the snares of College years,
My steps are led in error's ways,
Tis sure to start repentant tears,
To think, "My Mother lives and prays,
She prays, I may of God be blest,
And guarded from all harm,
She prays that Christ would make me rest
By faith, upon His arm.

When spurred by pure ambition's good,
To win the student's greenest bays,
Tis this that cheers me up the road,
I know "My Mother lives and prays,"

She prays her boy may wiser prove,
In God's mysterious laws,
And strive for honor from above,
More than for man's applause.

Should health and wealth and friends depart,
And Hope withdraw her genial rays;
It still will ease my aching heart,
To know—"My mother lives and prays,"
She prays, that I, all joy may find,
In Christ's redeeming love.
And friends who ne'er will prove unkind
In that bright world above.

My Mother; when in yon silent grave,
Thou liest beneath the grassy clod,
I'll bless the memory of thy love,
The pure, the priceless gift of God,
My grateful heart will ne'er forget,
While God prolongs my days,
That I can now with joy repeat,
"My Mother lives and prays."

FONTENOY.

EXTRACT FROM THE FUNERAL ORATION OF BOSSUET, OVER THE PRINCE OF CONDE.

TRANSLATED BY FONTENOT.

Come now, ye people of the earth draw nigh,
Ye, chiefly—noble Lords and Princes high;
And ye, who judge the land in wisdom come;
And ye; who show to men the Christian's
home,

And all the blessings to the faithful given,
And ope' to mortal ones the gates of heaven;
But first of all, ye Queens of mighty states,
And Princes—noble shoots of Kings so great,
Bright stars of France, though here with grief
to day,

Obscured and dim'd as with a cloud, survey,
What now remains of one so nobly born,
And round his mortal body sadly mourn
O'er all his grandeur fled and glory gone.

Cast round your eyes on every side and lo!
There's nought that power or piety can do,
The brave to honor that is left undone;
Inscriptions, titles, monumental stone,
All tokens vain of that which is no more.
Sad forms! which seem around the tomb to
pour

Their tears for him they never can restore.
Frail images of keen affliction's hour,
Which time's remorseless tooth will soon de-
vour,

And here, on high their stately columns rise,
Which anxious seem to bear unto the skies,
A mighty proof that mortal man is nought.

Come ye, who fame and honor long have
sought,

Here nothing lacks, of all the world can give,
Yet all is nought; the man has ceased to live.
Then o'er these poor remains of human life
Pour out your tears, from hearts with sorrow
rife,

Bemoan the hero's vain immortal fame,
For all the world can give is but a name.

Ye war-like and intrepid souls draw near,
Ye who with ardour run your brave career
I ask, could ye once else more worthy deem
Of your sincere obedience and esteem,

Or could ye show one *who* with fairer hands
Bestowed his grace or issued his commands.

Bewail your noble chieftain then to-day,
And groaning deep pour forth this mournful
lay,

We weep because a mighty prince is dead,
Who oft through dangers great our armies
led,

Urged on by his illustrious deeds in war,
Brave captains won the hero's brightest star,
And death cannot take from his shade the pow-
er,

To help us now within the conflict's hour—
Tho' silent is his voice, his name shall live,
And this will bid our fainting souls revive,
And this will bid us too for death prepare,
And seek for respite from our labors where
Affliction, grief, and pain can never come,
For peace belongs to our eternal home,
And while the Kings of earth, we justly serve,
The mandates of the heavenly King observe,
Ye mourning ones! obey the eternal God,
And humbly learn to kiss his chastening rod.
He is a God of pity and of love,

And ruling holy on this throne above,
More worthy deems a cup of water cold,
Bestowed in Jesus' name than all the gold,
Which rich men give to gain the world's ap-
plause,

Or all your blood poured out in freedom's
cause,

Then count your real life but just begun,
When first you lean on God's beloved son;
And to a master so benificent,
Yield up yourselves as sinners penitent.
Ye chiefs—will ye not now his tomb surround,
In whom a faithful friend ye ever found,
And pour out here your bitter tears and pray-
ers,

For one who ever shared your anxious cares,
Oh! Guard the memory of the hero well,
Whose daring courage nothing could excell
His virtue 'cept, and let him ever live

LINES.

Within your hearts, and consolation give
In times of peace—example, when 'tis war,
And also profit from his virtue draw.

For me, since after-all the rest I come,
To pay these last sad duties at your tomb;
O Prince! my heart your life will ne'er forget,
A worthy theme of praises and regret!
Your looks shall there be graven deep, but
nought;

Of that ferocious look which victory brought;
Oh no! I shall not wish to see a trace,
In you of aught that death can e'er efface.

Your looks shall then immortal features wear,
And I shall love to see you as you were,
In that last day beneath the hand of God
When you through death's dark vale in triumph
trod—

'Twas then celestial glories seemed begun,
E'er life was o'er and earth's vain course was
run,

A more triumphant victory then you saw,
Than e'er you gained at Fribourg or Roeroi.

And I, enraptured with the glorious sight,
Shall oft the lovely words of John recite;
"Our faith can e'en the power of death defeat,
And all the world subdue beneath our feet."

Enjoy that glorious victory then O Prince!
For it in heaven eternal joy evince!
And round the throne pour forth a heavenly
strain,

Yea worthy is the Lamb for sinners slain!
Great Prince, instead of wailing others' death,
By thy example taught, henceforth my breath
To patron saint I'll pour in fervent prayers;
And blessed be, if warned by these gray hairs,
That I must give account for every deed
In body done, I save my voice to feed
My flocks with truth. But *now* I must forbear,
My ardor fails, my spirits weary wear.

LINES,

Written at the Grave of a Friend in the Raleigh Cemetery.

BY FONTENOY.

Within this silent graveyard, all alone,
Dear Horace, on thy tomb, I'm leaning now;
And o'er our early friendship, lost and gone,
My tears, with grief and joy commingled,
flow.

With grief to think we never more shall meet
To share again our youthful scenes of mirth.
But Oh! with joy, to know in heav'n we'll
greet

The Christian friends we loved and lost on
earth.

'Tis now the melancholy hour of eve,
And sadness reigns o'er this sequestered
grove:

The day is gone, and I am left to grieve
In silence; but yon sympathizing dove
Upon the air pours forth her plaintive cry,
And o'er thy grave the sportive evening
breeze,

In pity stops, and heaves a mournful sigh:
Then hurries on to play with forest trees.

And from yon city's noisy streets arise,
Upon the evening air, a Babel sound;

Which, wafted by the gentle breeze, now dies
In murmur'ing accents o'er this sacred ground.
There busy men their schemes for wealth pur-
sue,

And vainest Fashion holds supreme control;
And Pride, bedecked in robes of richest hue,
Along the streets in stately grandeur roll.

Their pleasures all are vain; they soon will
die,

All earth-born pleasures, vain and fleeting
prove,

A few gay summers more, and all will lie
In death, beside thee in this silent grove.

May humbler joys be mine! I love to steal
Away from earth and all it ever gave,
And learn in solitude to think and feel;

And now, my thoughts are with thee in the
grave.

We once, together, spent our life's young
hours,

Together wandered o'er each field and wood,
Along each babbling brook bedecked with flow-
ers,

side by side, we daily knelt to God.
And at the village school 'twas still the same;
One joy, one hope, one fear, impelled us
twain,

If on the green, we played our boyish game,
Or at our task we strove, reward to gain.

Earth's brightest hopes, and dearest joys were
thine.

In virtue's ways a pious father strove
To train thy mind; and kneeling at thy shrine
A sister paid an idolizing love.

The Muses at thy feet their riches laid,
And Science smiled upon thee from above,
And to thy genius, highest honors paid.

This sculptured stone* attests thy comrade's
love.

I vainly dreamed that thou would'st, one day,
sit

Among the first of Carolina's sons:
But God, in his mysterious plan, saw fit,
To bid thee stand amongst his sainted ones.

Is it, to thee in heaven yet made known,

By Him, whose purpose Life and Death fulfill,

Why thou, 'midst all thy hopes, was stricken
down,

And I was left? How strange his righteous
will!

* Erected by his fellow members of the Dialectic Society.

How sad, the memory of thy dying bed:

Thy loving father o'er thee humbly bent,
And strove with God in prayer. No tear he
shed,

But yet his bosom was with anguish rent.
His grief had sunk within his breast too deep
For tears to flow. They always strive to
hide

Their grief who grieve the most. He could
not weep,

But clasped thy chilly hands and thus he
cried.

"My boy! my darling boy! we now must
part,

To God, have I committed thee, my son!"

Then from the deep recesses of his heart,

There rose an earnest prayer, "Thy will be
done."

And then resigned, once more he cried aloud,

"My son! my son! Thou 'rt in the hands of
God."

Oh! it was heard, to see the strong man bow-
ed,

And deeply groaning, 'neath the chast'ning
rod.

But now farewell! I must, once more, away,

And leave thee to thy lone and quiet sleep:

The turtle dove has hushed her mourning lay,
And brooding shadows coldly o'er me creep.

I must on earth, a few more days abide,

But when my work is done and life is worn,
I'll come and lay me down, and side by side

We'll sleep, until the resurrection morn.

ROMANCE OF THE WEST.

While on a visit out West some few
years ago, I chanced one bright May
evening to stroll off by myself, in pur-
suit of some change of scene, and to ac-
quaint myself more familiarly with the
beauties of nature; and as I carefully
scanned every object which presented
itself, and not considering my route, I
was surprised finally to find myself com-
pletely lost amid the grandeur and aw-
ful loveliness of a primeval forest.

The day was already rapidly wast-
ing, and as twilight was beginning to

throw her dark mantle around nature's
wide and deversified domain, I stopped,
as if stricken by some magic wand, to
lend an ear to the melodious strain of a
feathered songster, and to catch the last
dying trace of the silver moon as she
sunk gently into her saffron couch.

When my faithful guide had left me
to wander amid the gloomy shades of
night, I began to shudder with fear, my
limbs gave way to an irresistible tre-
mour, and I stood confounded: No
sound could be heard save the sweet

warbling of birds, occasionally commingled with the mournful and uncouth moping of the owl ; but soon the familiar admonition "to delay is dangerous" occurred to me, and, so thought I, especially when surrounded by the monsters of the forest, with nothing upon which to lean for protection.

On I wended my way as memory suggested, when all of a sudden I was saluted with an imperative and grum, "who are you?" Deluded as I was, in the course I had taken, of course I did not hesitate to give my name, and enquired as courteously as I was capable, the distance to the point of my destination: "Oh ! stranger," said the ruffian, "you have indeed missed your way, but fortune has thrown you in mine ; since it is my profession, I shall avail myself of the afforded opportunity of perpetrating my design," I was shocked at the language. My imagination could not solve the mystery,—with all my thinking faculties in the height of their exercise, I strove in vain to detect his purpose. But soon the mystery was disclosed, the awful story was told. He declared to me in plain language his object, to rob me of my purse and deprive me of my life.

Just at this crisis 'twould not have been a difficult matter to have freed myself from his insolent power ; but ere I had time to carry out my design, I was surrounded by a troop of sanguinary brigands. Then even I might have entertained hope of escape ; but when I reflected that I was totally unarmed, without even a pocket knife, my hope vanished, and I was left, though reluctantly to resign myself to a sad fate.—The only hope left me then was my in-

trigue and subtilty ; deprecations were unavailing, their purpose being firmly and inexorably fixed.

I was taken by force along a rugged path, where darkness held its sway ; the way seemed unusually long, as I was anxious to know my doom ; but finally I was ushered into a little subterranean cavern, surrounded by almost impenetrable forest. I began to think of my irredeemable condition ; blinding tears filled my eyes, at the thought of dying in the wild woods, where no friend or relative would ever know my misfortune ; no relic left to entitle me to a place in the *old churchyard*, but perhaps the babbling riverlet only shall whisper the story of my fate to the passing breeze to be borne on inaudibly 'till the changes of a final Judgment shall quicken the sensitiveness of man's ear to the woes, which continually float through the air of heaven.

These unpleasant reflections oppressed me, and I was waiting to receive my sentence in the agonies of fear. But my captors were not so eager to shed my blood as I anticipated ; they set before me a scanty morsel of dried venison and bread, but my heart was too depressed with grief, to allow me to satiate the cravings of a pinching appetite.

They used the harshest means to compel me to eat (oaths and threats—I forbear to repeat.) After forcing a few mouthfuls, I begged to be excused, assigning some reason, which proved satisfactory.

Their conversation was at large concerning the many murders they had perpetrated, and occasionally allusion was made to my own ; they spoke of the

able treasures they had procured by seducing travelers out of their way, and murdering them.

While dwelling on this subject they demanded my purse, I hesitated not, but punctually surrendered it containing the paltry and pitiful sum of *thirty dollars*.

One remarked, "I believe he is gulping us, this is not all his money;" I pledged my word it was and they desisted from examining me.

Another declared the amount was not sufficient to justify my living, while another jocundly inquired, if I would not be pleased to participate in such a noble vocation.

I discovered their drinking and carousing propensities to be predominant, and an avenue to my escape was opened.

They had some place of resort, for the purpose of obtaining occasionally a jug of the "juice," as they termed it, and one Friday morning, being hazy and a shower apprehended, nothing would do but that they must spend the day in their usual rioting and revelling, and, indeed, this day shall ever be to me a source of pleasure and delight, and I shall always be indebted to a small piece of "opium" (which I habitually carried as an antidote against a constitutional ailment,) as the weapon of my salvation, and for my rescue from the hands of villianous wretches, in whose merciless hands I had fallen unawares; indeed when I revert to this moment I am unable to repress my emotions of gladness, and I pour them forth in copious gushing tears; this day serves as the beacon light with which I direct my future course, and I

shall ever hallow it as sacred and providential.

The day had somewhat advanced when the party concluded to pay their respects to the "tippling saloon," but in truth I cannot imagine how or where they procured the "bitters," with which to brighten their ideas and resuscitate themselves. They accordingly started with the understanding that one or two of the number should remain with me, since to leave me even in bondage would be unsafe, and to take me along with them would be but to betray themselves, and thus I was left in the cave with two rough-handed bully specimens of humanity, who appeared from the degree of barbarity to which they had attained, as if the light of civilization would be as much a prodigy to them as the faculty of sight to one who has never enjoyed the privilege of beholding his ministering angel since nature has left him unfinished.

Wildly did my heart beat while I contemplated the last and only mode of my escape. As fortune had decreed it, they had left in an old vessel, a small quantity of "alcohol," and as it is the disposition of most men who indulge in the deceptive fluid to "drink and be merry," and to see the bottoms of their "jugs," they soon discovered the bounty, and this I thought would be an effective agent in accomplishing my escape.

They did not allow the moments to glide away without often visiting and embracing the "old companion," but before drinking themselves they politely proffered it to me. Having in mind the stratagem, I refused to drink from the mouth of the "jug," but insisted

that I should drink from a glass, which I had perceived in one corner of the cave, on the top of an old cupboard.

Accordingly I arose from my seat, siezed the tumbler, and walked toward the entrance of the cave, through the pretext of diluting mine with water, and as I turned my back upon them, after pouring out a sufficient quantity for myself, I slyly dropped into the "jug" a piece of opium, as much as the office of it would admit, thereupon I returned the "jug," and drank a portion of mine, setting aside the remainder; they snatched up the jug and despatched about half of theirs.

They were very free in conversation and swigging copiously, with the hope of their companion's return with a replenished stock; it was not long before I began to perceive an inclination to droop and nod. This was highly gratifying to me, and I began to think my design was nearly accomplished. Some half hour had elapsed when the last drop was swallowed.

Then thought I, if I am foiled in my attempts, I am undone; and what if they should detect the artifice? though they could not suspect me.

But soon all such difficulties were obviated; Somnus began to wrap them in his embraces, and soon they were literally dead—asleep. I waited until I could confide in the reality, and I lightly stole from my place of confinement. My steps were light, but rapid; I hurried on through the thick and gloomy woods, regardless of path or direction treading upon leaves and mosses never pressed by any mortal's foot, save perhaps that of the red man, and his more civilized, but still more terrifying kinsman—the robber.

On I rambled in the lonely and uninhabited wild, and it still seemed that I was destined to become a prey to ravenous beasts, if not to consuming hunger. The sun was fast approaching the visible horizon, and just as its splendid light sunk from my view, I stepped into an open track, which I found to be the *Public Highway*.

My heart bounded with ineffable joy, as I looked back on my condition the night preceding; but this was no place or time for reflection.

Even then a feeling of awe pervaded my bosom, and caused me to quake with fear, when I considered myself not yet safe from the pursuit of the *demons*. I was at a loss to know what course to pursue; the distance or direction to my friend's residence I was utterly ignorant of; no trace by which I might determine the route, presented itself, but ere long at a distance, I heard the low and indistinct tramlings of a steed in a moderate gait, approaching near, I with quivering voice entreated the equestrian's information. He eagerly inquired the cause of my disaster, and the circumstances connected. He listened attentively, and with intense interest, while I related the pensive and touching story, and with a deep sigh lamented, my once hopeless condition, and heartily congratulated me for my intrigue in making my escape, and in addition to the kind stranger's giving the desired information, he offered me his horse, which I declined; but he insisted, and directing me towards his own domicile, he slowly plodded his way behind.

In a few moments I arrived at his house, a neat, but grotesque mansion. He kindly invited me in, and prepara-

tions were forthwith made for my comfort. Tea was soon announced, when after being introduced to the female members of the family circle, I set eagerly to work administering to my craving appetite, all the while giving in detail an account of my life amid the scenes of a savage and obdurate race.

After my story was finished, they gave me several striking incidents, which had occurred in this same den of cruelty and bloodshed, where others like myself, had been decoyed, and died the death of innocent captives.

I paid breathless attention and great concern to the words of the good man, and could see the analogy to my own case. I would not infringe upon the liberality and patience of my host and hostess, but soon retired to my chamber and gave myself up to Him by whose divine will, I had been rescued from the grasp of the ungodly wretches.

I arose early in the morning much regaled, and after breakfast I returned my heartfelt acknowledgments for the abundant kindness which had been so cheerfully showered on me, and pledging myself to reciprocate it if ever an opportunity was afforded, I took my leave of my benefactors, with some doubt whether or not I should ever again meet with such hospitality in the homestead of a stranger. The road leading to the home of my friend and relative, whence I had strayed, was indicated, and I set out on my journey to find my anxious kinsman.

The road was very good, and the day exceedingly beautiful, I leisurely jogged along a distance of some fourteen miles when I caught a glimpse of the stately edifice, where resided the solicitous and deeply concerned family.

My return was greeted with visible signs of surprise and delight, for long since a close and earnest search had been made to find some clue to my singular and sudden departure, and had met with no success.

Of course an account of my capture was detailed, and it became the common theme of the vicinity, the community at large were indignant at the state of things existing in their midst, and they began to take means of routing the brutal savages.

The exasperated multitude would no longer tolerate such proceedings, but straightway a party of armed men set out to find the den of those enemies of peace, morality and virtue. A search of two days was made before we found the desired spot, but at length I beheld some marks which identified the place of my former confinement; I communicated the discovery to my comrades, and quietly we all dismounted and made to the den, with guns in hand, in the attitude of discharge. We bursted headlong into the cave, with high hope of making a deadly attack upon the robbers, but when we had forced our passage in, we were astounded to find it vacated and the band absconded with no sign left to designate their recent exit. Here we were hopeless of success without any encouragement for further adventure. As it was folly to consume our time in searching for them without the faintest hope of achieving our victory, we repaired to our respective homes in despair. As to the time for my return to North Carolina was approaching, I did not engage in any other expedition to arrest the knaves, but in a few days I set out home, having been taught a lesson I shall never forget.

TYRO.

**"I WILL MIND ME THAT THE GIFTED,
ARE THE STRICKEN ONES OF EARTH."**

"For much imaginary work was there,
Cancel deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achille's image stood his spear
Grasped in an armed hand; himself behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind."

Lost—lost—lost! The curse of God is looming over me! Hell yawns wide to receive me. I am there, for ever and for ever. Hail horrors, hail. Shoreless, boundless, infinite ocean, take me on thy burning bosom. Ah! accursed sons of humanity—ye come. Well done. Almighty God, sweep them all—here, here; earth and its damned load. Lie there, ye wretches, I spurn you, I defy you: I will be king over you now. I will marshall the host of hell to increase your torment, to lash to seven-fold fury, the fiery Phlegethon, that enfolds you. How beautifully she tosses you, whirls you, dashes you on those sulphurous rocks: now the smoke of your torments ascend—now again she receives you in alternate rounds unceasingly, eternally.

The storm raged fearfully, the night was dark, and these words came from that world of terror. Alone we heard them, and horror fell upon us. Away, away our spirit was borne on the wings of the tempest, the darkness became fearfully visible, shapes from the unknown world surround us, the realms of phantasy became painfully distinct, mad as the storm, the demons bound, and whirl, now here now there, with

horrid antics, universal nature seemed in the last—the death struggle. But the words—the words are yet ringing in our ears, their magic called forth our soul from its earthly tenement—they were the words of a mortal.

Man, lowest, highest of all God's works, the dust thy dwelling, the worm thy conqueror—time, space, eternity, thine. From her clayey habitation the soul views the past, the future, the viewless spheres, the height, the depth, the length and breadth of what is in a moment. In the world an atom, in an atom millions of worlds, in itself a mystery, and must it be so. Glorious, sub-time thought, that the knowledge of the soul is next to God the highest knowledge. Let the depraved understand it, and they will bound at the idea, leaving their grovelling pursuits. Let all know it, and the world will arise and shine forth in beauty—the beauty of the millennium.

Sweet sounds fall upon our ears—listen:

Legeia, Legeia,
My beautiful one,
Whose harshest idea,
Will to melody run.
Say, is it thy will
On the breezes to toss,

Or, capriciously still
 Like the lone albatross,
 Incumbent on night,
 As she on the air,
 To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there.

"That strain again, it had a dying fall." And now we are in fairy land, images of beauty float on a sea of love: their harmony is music—their music is enchanting. Confess't we stand enrapt by a mortal strain. It hath taken our spirit captive. Is this the demon that bore us to the regions of darkness and eternal night. Is this the voice that howled to the tempest, the hand spread the magic wand of destruction over all. Well he deserves the tribute of a passing notice. Let us gaze at him for a moment as at a comet dashing madly through the sky, destroying worlds in its course, and leaving more beautiful ones as if in mockery.

Common life is a tale of youth, of manhood, of love, of struggle—and the curtain drops on immortality. The tale bearer ushers his hero on the stage, fills his bosom with bright anticipations and love; crushes, or disappoints, or fulfills them as the case may be. We give a smile or a tear to his labors and pass on. These are every day occurrences, and we know them too well to be curious about them. The philosopher starts from common phenomena, and builds his theories on general principles, and gives us the modes of existence here below, leading us from cause to effect, and from effect to cause, defining the limits of human knowledge, and judging the probabilities of things. Here both would find themselves lost, outside of their bounds, in the realms of transcendentalism. Here is one of their

anomalies, we are about to introduce.

The romantic attend him into this world, and his whole mortal career is a truth stranger than fiction. The graces and the furies strangely met and combined in him. Young, beautiful and gifted, an orphan, he attracted the attention of a good man, and drew largely on his sympathy and support. No expense was spared for him, no rational desire left ungratified. At an early period he was sent to school, placed under the guardianship of the ablest teachers.

He soon gave evidence of a high order of mind. In every study he was foremost, and some of his effusions, at that early time of his life, bids us cherish bright hopes for the future in relation to him. In them we seem to behold a mind teeming only with beautiful images, an earnest aspiration for the loveliest idealism, a sighing for the isles of the blest. A heart fully alive to the tenderest feelings of humanity, a soul enchanted with the glory that was.—The following, written when he was fourteen, may convey our ideas of him then, better than our own words—

Helen, thy beauty is to me.

Like those Nicean barks of yore,
 That gently o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore,
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas, long want to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home,
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche,
 How statue like I see thee stand;
 The agate lamp within thy hand,
 Ah, Psyche from the regions which
 Are holy lands.

After spending some years in Old England, whether the kindness and indulgence of his protector had sent him, he returned to Virginia, and graduated at the University, with the highest honors.

It is the custom of late writers to find some characteristics in the youthful lives of their heroes, even in their children, sometimes in an earlier period that shadows forth their future course. And he who is accustomed to read their productions closely can predict almost with certainty, the catastrophe or acme of the plot. Theirs is a synthetical system for the most part constructed mechanically. We, for once beg leave to discard this method, knowing that it will not answer our purpose. The truth is before us, and whatever the inconsistencies that met us at almost every step of our progress we will endeavor to present it, pure and unadulterated. It is said that college gives a coloring to ones future destiny. There may be some truth in the observation, or it may be that this period of life, is the turning point of ones existence, that now the resolves of manhood take their form, and go forth on the world to save or to destroy.

College, who knows the import of that simple word? that charms our future life, that blooms on the border of the grave. Here love and friendship grow and flourish to live eternally. Here noble resolves are formed—here we are initiated into a higher world—voices from the spirit land sound in our ears—the unseen becomes a reality, and cold that heart, clouded is that soul who does not feel and see it.

Here, too, the seeds of destruction

are often sown, sown by a friendly hand, nurtured by the same until it brings forth fruit unto death. Unlike the former case the poor victim has no time to examine his situation, to consider his danger, to ponder over his wandering, unconsciously on the wings of excitement and social feelings he is carried, not to the higher regions, but to the realms of death. Some dream, (as it were) away their college career, and their dreams are pleasant and inspiring. The true, the beautiful, and the good present themselves to their enraptured vision. Others dash madly along.—Oh, say not that they brood over evil deeds: it is ungenerous, it is false, it is contrary to the nature of youth. Rather say that they embark on a stream, which is continually supplied from ancient fountains; they receive a new impetus constantly, until, alas, their career has grown so violent, that death alone can stop it. The more ardent the temperament, the more susceptible the heart, the more they are accelerated. Here, then, we would discover the germ of second nature that was implanted in the breast of our hero.

It is a beautiful and affecting sight to witness the goodness of heart that provides for the poor, the needy orphan. E'er the wretched one is conscious of the benefits bestowed on him. E'er he can discharge a grateful heart in words, or pour forth his soul in streams of gratitude from his eyes he is the recipient of such blessings as the good alone can give. Here is goodness of heart, the fruits of which are greater than a parent's love, and the obligation to requite it is proportionally greater.

Under the protection of his kind be-

nefactor, our hero flourished from childhood to manhood, and now we find him on the threshold of active life with a highly gifted and well cultivated mind, bright harbingers of success; a form and face calculated to win admiration, love and esteem. The beautiful symmetry, the deep intelligence, the almost superhuman brightness that illuminated his features bespoke a soul almost angelic. And had he passed away in this halo, some future Byron might have stamped him with immortal beauty, too pure for this gross element of ours, and worthy of higher companionship. We almost regret that this early transformation had not taken place. It is so painful to strip the beautiful from an object, and disclose the most hideous deformities; and it is so pleasant to let the mind dwell on purity and loveliness, snatched away to brighter scenes. It is a link that binds the soul to the world of spirits, that gently draws it to lofty communings with the beautiful.

A voice came over the sea, and called our youthful hero away; it was from Greece, suffering at this time under the oppressions of a cruel and barbarous foe. We can sympathize with him here, we can feel as he felt towards the descendants of the greatest heroes, poets, and philosophers that ever lived and ever will live as a monument of admiration and wonder to all succeeding times. But why dwell on this subject, it lives in history, philosophy, poetry; yea, it lives in our hearts, in our imagination, the dearest, the noblest. And oh! what a crowd of images comes o'er us, when we behold him—

Reposing from the noon tide sultriness,
Couched among fallen columns, in the shade,
Of ruined walls that had survived the names
Of those who reared them.
Like him who penned that mournful strain.

Let the world call this action of his life by all the hard names they can invent, to us it appears his "chef d'oeuvre," the result of the noblest impulses.

But his aid in that quarter was vain, and destitute and wandering he is found and assisted by one of his own countrymen, and again he is in his native land, welcomed by his noble benefactor, and received into the bosom of affluence and friendship.

But he comes like the destroyer to blight the happiness of that heart that felt for his bereavement when a cold world heeded him not, to spread desolation over that garden in which he enjoyed the sweetest moments of his life; worse than the arch-fiend to turn his own paradise into hell. Intent on damnable purposes he tried every art, he used every endeavor to destroy the domestic peace of his friend, to tempt the wife of his bosom; and having failed, to crown his damnable plot, and ensure his hellish designs, he coined a lie, and boasted of having done what he most signally failed to perform.—God would not suffer such returns for deeds which are always acceptable to him, and the wretched ingrate suffered the penalty due his dark deeds. He is driven friendless on the world, with his guilt heavy upon him, and shall not the ghost of this evil deed haunt him over the earth through eternity. Repite may come, but it is only a momentary glimpse of a sun which must remain through life for him in clouds and

darkness. The hand of a dark fate is upon him. Oh! that we could save him. We find him next among those who devote their lives to the service of their country; but his was not the soldier's heart, and he is soon driven from that place where bravery and straightforwardness alone can be tolerated.—Perhaps this would have been a suitable school for our hero in his youthful days, ere evil thought had entered and taken deep root in his heart. But it is too late now, and we must follow him through the masses again, and note his career. He is thrown on his own resources, and well might he say, with the "Old Mariner,"

Alone—alone, all—all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The sensitive alone can feel in its utmost intensity the import of these words. He felt it—felt it as never man felt it before; and cursed man—aye, cursed his God. No kindness—no sympathy—no sacrifice could win him any more. Love is eternal, and cannot consist in momentary yearnings—it has no intervals of an opposite nature, like hatred; and here we discover the beneficence of Providence which maketh our blessings of a permanent character, and intersperses our exertions with momentary gleams of

Our hero is an author—an author of the first stamp, no middle flight degrades him—he soars aloft with mighty flights. He essayed poetry—and his strains thrilled all who heard—they felt sometimes as if from the Orphean lyre—again as if from some mighty

spirit lost. They attracted—they awakened dread. They who feared to love, respected him who made such unearthly music and some dared even to love him. His name is sounded every where and every where coupled with praises. He drank these in like water. Strange inconsistency, but such is man. But all this cannot preserve him from the paths, of degradation. He drinks deep from the poisonous bowl, and the deadly worm is gnawing his fine intellect. He is on the verge of despair, a prize is offered for the best composition on some subject. With that confidence which is one of the characteristics of genius he goes to work, and wins the prize.

He is caressed by the great—smiled on by the fair, and now our hero is in love. This will preserve him, saith the novelist. No—he seeks the drunkard's den, and drowns the sweet passion in the nauseous drug. He is thrown out in the streets, under a burning sun, he feels it not. The gentle being whose heart he had won passes by, and beholds her lover in this sad plight. The heart of woman scorns all forms when its idol calls for sympathy. Before a gazing, and perhaps a mocking crowd, she alights—stoops over him like an angel over a departing spirit blest, and with her own hand covers that noble face. She saw it not in its disfigurement. She only remembers it as it beamed on her from a soul lofty with intelligence, expressive with love. He awakes and knows it all. Shall he not return from the error of his ways?—Aye, for a short season until he is elevated once more and what comes next—a promise—a fulfillment. The bride-

groom cometh like a demon from hell ; furious—raving, and the spell is broken. How could the wretch outlive this requital ! How could he thus sport with a noble heart ! Let the dissecters of human nature answer—while we pass on to the next act in our hero's life drama.

An author again, under the patronage of a worthy man, and reaping laurels in every quarter, and just as all things seemed to work together for good, the demon entered him once more, and he attempts to ruin his patron. Errors of the heart may be forgiven and pitied ; but the soul revolts at such as these ; there is no place for sympathy with them. His literary career is full of them. There was no meanness too mean for him. The soul becomes sick at contemplating him, and wishes to move on to some sunny spot where it can rest for a moment.

But around the close of his life hangs a scene worthy of Godlike genius. A scene which presents him as we would wish him to appear. It is said that some one threw flowers on Nero's grave, then we believe him still human. We find the seeds of humanity not yet dead in our hero. In his last sad moments

when helpless he lay on a bed of sickness we find him administered to by the angel care of woman ; it was his wife. In poverty she soothed his dying pillow until she sank under her faithfulness. But he is not yet forsaken. The mother takes the place of the child. Winter after winter [says a writer] the most touching sight to us in the whole city has been that tireless minister of genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem or an article on some literary subject to sell ; sometimes pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him ; mentioning nothing but that he was ill, whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing, and never amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions.

If woman's devotion, born with first love, and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this, pure, disinterested and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit, say for him who inspired it.

LIBERIA.

On the western coast of Africa, north of the Gulf of Guinea, lies a region of country, which presents to the Christian philanthropist as remarkable and interesting an appearance as any other spot on the earth's surface.

Here no rugged Andes lift their snow-clad tops to heaven, a lofty land-

mark to the weary navigator, far off upon the ocean ; no Amazon pours its mighty torrents to the Main ; but a long line of low sandy beach, stretching away north and south as far as the eye can reach, varied only by some rocky promontory, or the mouth of some small river which, like the Simois, runs rapidly

down to mother Thitis, to escape the burning heats of the interior.

On this coast, apparently uninviting, young republic is just budding into existence, peopled by a race whose forefathers were torn, perhaps, from that very spot, and sold into helpless, hopeless bondage, beyond the Atlantic.

For the last three centuries, this unhappy land has been desolated by the most hateful, inhuman of traffics, the slave trade. The white man, to satisfy his own ungodly cupidity, excites the warring tribes to war, buys the prisoners, and huddling them together by hundreds upon decks, where a man of middle stature, can scarcely sit upright, to sail for the New World. The wretched slaves undergo extremes of suffering on the voyage, which have made the "middle passage," a proverbial horror. "If," says a writer, "there was anything on earth, which for its blighting, filthy, heartless atrocity, might make the devil wonder, and hell recognize its own likeness, it may be found upon the deck of a slaver."

But He, to whom belongs the earth and the fullness thereof, is causing all things to work together for good, and turning even the wrath and wickedness of man to praise Him. The negro is returning to his native land, to build upon the shores of savage Africa the temple of the Lord, and set up the gates of the New Jerusalem. He is returning to that benighted continent, to bring the blessings of civilization and Christianity. He is to counteract the mighty wrong which the Whites have inflicted upon his race, and to show to the despised man, yea, even the despised nation, is capable of self-government.

His position in Liberia, is far different from that which he occupied in the United States. Here he is born under the contagious atmosphere of slavery, and branded from his infancy with its withering, damning curse. Here he enjoys no civil rights, even in those States that prate so loudly about the cruel tyranny of the south. With shame and confusion of face, we are forced to admit that even in the nineteenth century, in the age that is never tired of boasting of its own gigantic progress; in the country that is everlastingly proclaiming itself "the land of the free, and the home of the brave," thousands of human beings are kept in heathenish ignorance, by *legislative enactment*.

But carry the negro to Liberia, and how wonderful is the change. He is no longer trampled beneath the feet of a predominant caste, who proudly style themselves a superior order of being; he is a freeman, upon his native soil, with full scope for the development of his intellectual and moral nature. He can exercise all the rights of citizenship and must no longer be legislated for by would-be philanthropists, who only "make him ten fold more a child of Hell, than themselves."

It would be folly, however, to suppose that the political horizon of Liberia, will be entirely unclouded. The aspiring politician, the selfish, unscrupulous, office-seeking demagogue, will arise there as in other countries, not because the Liberians are negroes, but because they are men, subject to all the infirmities of human nature.

Can we expect a body of men who have been in mental, moral, and physi-

cal bondage for several hundred years, to construct, in a moment, a better government than those which have been maturing for centuries. We are told in scripture that, "a nation shall be born in a day;" but we cannot, therefore, conclude that it will grow to its full strength and proportions, like Aladin's palace, in a single night.

We do not hesitate to pronounce the great experiment of a free negro government, thus far successful; and we believe its establishment to be a glorious era in African history. But though there should be many failures, let not the philanthropist despair. Let him not expect to introduce, all at once, peace, order, and industry, into a country, where, for ages every man has been obliged to fight for the freedom of his person; where might has been the only right, and the slave-trade the only organized traffic. If the whole African race, south of the great Desert, were swept from the face of the earth, there would not be left a single monument, to tell us that such a race had ever existed. There would be no Pyramids, no Sphynx, no Pompey's pillar, or Cleopatra's needle; no splendid ruins of cities and palaces.

Central and Southern Africa have never been visited by the sculptor's chisel, or the poet's pen. The rude hut of the Hottentot is the highest style of architecture known throughout this vast region. The influence of the white man, everywhere else so beneficial, has acted here only like the deadly exhalations of the Upas tree.

The civilization of such a country must be the work of years. The stu-

pendous work, however, has been begun, and begun successfully. The slave-trade has been forever banished from six hundred miles of African coast. Many native tribes, awed by the moral superiority of Liberia, have placed themselves under the protection of the republic.

Liberia possesses, moreover, all the elements of prosperity. A soil of unsurpassed fertility, producing in abundance all the great staples of the temperate and torrid zones, cultivated by an industrious people, in a climate wonderfully adapted to their peculiar constitution, cannot fail to afford extensive exports. Her boundless forests furnish inexhaustible supplies of the best dye-stuffs in the world. Her mineral resources are equal, if not superior to those of other lands. She occupies a central position which will make her commerce an object of competition to the Great powers, and pour their wealth into her lap.

We confidently believe that before the lapse of another century, Liberia will have taken her place among the nations of the earth. By her instrumentality the slave-trade will be forever crushed. From her bosom shall go forth the missionary of the cross, under whose heavenly influence, "Ethiopia will soon stretch out her hands unto God." Thus another link shall be added to the chain that binds the footstool of the Creator to his throne.— Thus shall the Son "receive the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession."

PALMYRA—A SKETCH.

In the midst of the burning sands of an Eastern desert, there is a verdant spot, where a little stream wells bubbling from among the rocks, and meanders along between surrounding hills, whose rugged sides enclose a fertile valley. Here upon these beautiful plains the eye of the traveller delights to dwell after having gazed with tortured vision upon the dreary sun-scorched wastes stretching far away upon every side.—But he finds the ground strewn with mournful relics of a people once mighty and highly civilized. He sees the ruins of splendid temples, fallen columns and decayed arches of colossal size and height. Let us roll back the billowy tide of time, and gaze upon this spot as it was many centuries ago. A mighty city stands upon it, the hum of busy voices may be heard along its crowded streets, the roll of many gorgeous chariots breaks upon the ear and the marble fronts of splendid palaces dazzle the sight of the beholder. But what has caused this great city to rise in power and magnificence in the midst of these scorching plains? What has brought this busy multitude to this isolated valley? It was the all-powerful hand of commerce, which ever has and ever shall wield a mighty influence in the affairs of men, clearing away the dense forest and raising the noisy workshop where its proud monarchs reared their lofty heads, and studding with white sails the blue expanse of the ocean. For this little stream and fertile valley afforded rest and sustenance to the many weary caravans plodding their way across the desert in every direction, and here sprang up the emporium of a great trade. The storehouse of the merchant and the workshop of the artizan were built upon its grassy plains, and the queenly city of Palmyra, with its gorgeous palaces and thronged streets arose as if by magic. Here sprung up that mighty empire that under Odenatus and Zenobia for a time successfully resisted the invincible legions of the Roman and rivalled in power and splendor the mistress of the world. But the flow of commerce was diverted into other channels, the influence of decay was felt, the proud and haughty Palmyrene at last gave way before the stern Italian, and her chivalrous soldiery yielded to the irresistible veterans who had conquered the mightiest empires of the world. The Roman eagles flared across her fertile plains, the Roman soldiers revelled in her marble palaces, and "Palmyra central in the desert fell."—This government which occupied a place near the apex of the pyramid of splendid empires of antiquity has crumbled away to nothing. Her great queen the haughty Zenobia in chains of gold adorned with pearls and precious stones, graced the triumph of the stern Aurelian. Her marble columns now lie mouldering in the dust, the owl hoots mournfully among her decayed arches, and the Arab wanders listlessly where once her dense population surged along. The mighty empire has passed away leaving mournful relics of her former greatness to attract the curious traveller, but the little stream still bubbles up fresh and clear as ever and flows rippling o'er its grassy bed an everlasting monument of the frailty of man's greatest works.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

The month of "showers, of sunshine, and flowers," has just glided by, and ere this reaches our readers, the golden hours of the "delicate-footed May," will have floated like "leaves upon a silver tide," down into the forgetfulness of the past.—During this season, we always are prone to dream, to build air-castles—we prefer reading now to writing—walking leisurely about to reading, and above all, do we love to repose

"Beneath the umbrage deep
That shades the silent world of memory."

We, I mean our class, "most potent, grave and reverend seniors," are, at present, endowed with certain unalienable rights, among many others, the pursuit of happiness—and to the full extent do we appreciate the saying of Sancho, "Blessed be the man that invented sleep, it wraps a man up like a blanket." We would not have the world believe that we do naught else, but snore away our precious time. Far from it. "From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the glorious privilege of taking an evening nap with none to "molest or make us afraid," without a call to study from the silvery tones that "so musically well" from the old belfry, does so fill up our cup of bliss, that we cannot refrain from making honorable mention of the same.

Breaking abruptly off from this topic, we turn our attention to an event, that always happens in May—one never devoid of thrilling interest to college—especially to those who are, of necessity, actors—we allude to "Senior speaking," as it is called with us. It passed off with satis-

faction to all concerned. It made up a gala day for college. With an audience of wisdom and taste, and beauty, "the most peerless pieces of earth the sun ever shone on," eloquent with the mantling smiles of encouragement, also the hopes of Diploma before us; music, too, that "screwed our courage to the sticking point," with all these the orators acted well their parts. *How* well, modesty forbids us to say. However, pardon us, if there be an impropriety in stating that the compliments of Gov. Swain were received with applause, and considered neither extravagant or unjust, by the audience.

We give a list of the topics, and the names of the orators—

Florida—Richard B. Bellamy, of Florida.

Match Making—Alexander D. Betts, of Harnett County.

Final Triumphs of Mind—N. A. Boyden, of Salisbury.

Preadamite Earth—Henry M. Braerly, of South Carolina.

Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime.

James Campbell, of Harnett County.

Richard Caswell—Robert A. Carrigan, of Arkansas.

The Chief End of Man—James H. Colton, of Ashboro.

College Education Defective—Mathew S. Davis, of Warren Co.

Influence of the Bible—James W. Ewing, of Montgomery Co.

Which Way?—Edmund J. Gaines, of Montgomery Co.

Materials for American Literature—James R. Gatlin, of Gates Co.

- Palestine and the Jews*—Edward W. Gil-
liam, of Fayetteville.
- Slave Labor*—William W. Glover, of Ro-
beson Co.
- The Prosaic of College Life*—Thomas B.
Graham, of Miss.
- True Eloquence*—Willis L. Green, of
Warrenton.
- Tennessee*—James Hadley, of Tenn.
- The Sailor's Destiny*—Wm. H. Hall, of
Wilmington.
- Agriculture*—Atherton B. Hill, of Scot-
land-Neck.
- All that is Bright must Fade*—John R.
Hogan, of Chapel Hill.
- The Scholar's Inheritance*—Joseph H.
Hyman, of Tarboro.
- Man, How like a God*—Alfred B. Irion,
of La.
- The Well being of Man*—Robt. E. James,
of So. Ca.
- Oppressed Religion*—Wm. Gaston Lewis,
of Chapel Hill.
- Music—Its Eminent Composers not Duly
Appreciated*—William J. Love, of Wil-
mington.
- Thucydides, the Athenian*—Daniel Mc-
Dougald, of Harnett Co.
- The Destiny of the South*—Calvin A.
McEachin, of Robeson.
- The Real and Ideal*—Evander J. McIver,
of Moore Co.
- The Conquests of Mind*—Henry W. Mc-
Millan, of Robeson Co.
- National Calamities produce Great Men*
—Duncan E. McNair, of Robeson Co.
- On What does the Security of our Insti-
tutions Depend ?*—Rory McNair, of Ro-
beson Co.
- The Patriotic Statesman*—Hector J. Mc-
Neill, of Robson Co.
- The Cotton Gin*—Wm. J. Montgomery,
of Montgomery.
- The Politician*—Hunter Nicholson, of
Tennessee.
- Woman's Rights*—James Park, of Ten-
nessee.
- To-Day*—Malloy Nathan Patterson, of
Richmond Co.
- The Eloquence of Decay*—Gideon J. Pil-
low, Jr., of Tenn.
- Italy*—Edward H. Plummer, of War-
renton.
- The Love of Fame: The Scholar's Foe*—
John M. Puttick, of Raleigh.
- To Reign is Worth Ambition, though in
Hell*—Peter P. Scales, of Henry Co.,
Virginia.
- The Anglo Saxon Race*—Jeremiah Slade,
of Martin Co.
- The Physical Universe*—Burton Smith, of
Miss.
- The Medical Profession*—Jas. M. Smith,
of Anson Co.
- The Difficulties of Appreciating History*
—Peter E. Spruill, of Oxford.
- Know Thyself*—Marcus C. Thomas, of
Beaufort.
- The Useful and the Beautiful*—Richard
A. Torrence, of Mecklenburg Co.
- Architectural Monuments*—Jas. N. Tur-
ner, of Harnett Co.
- What are the Signs of the Times ?*—Sa-
muel P. Watters, of Wilmington.
- The Miseries of Genius*—Jesse K. Whar-
ton, of Greensboro.
- Merry England*—Charles Whitaker, of
Iowa.
- The Fall of Babylon*—James R. Whit-
field, of Ala.
- Popular Delusions*—Thos. D. Williams,
of Warrenton.
- The Sublimity of Mystery*—Charlton W.
Yellowley.

When, or by whom, the following ser-
mon was preached we know not. We
suppose it answered the purpose intend-
ed. It runs thus :

My text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it
into sentences, there being none ; nor
into words, there being but one. I must,
therefore, of necessity, divide it into let-
ters, which I find in my text, to be these
four—M. A. L. T. M. is Moral, A. is Al-

legorical, *L.* is Literal, *T.* is Theological. The moral is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore, *My masters, All of you, Leave off, Tippling.* The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken of and another is ment. The thing spoken of is *Mult.* The thing meant, is the spirit of *Malt*, which you make your *Meat, Apparel, Liberty and Trust.* The Literal is according to the letters *Much, Ale, Little Trust.* The Theological is according to the effects of its works: *Murder, Adultery, Looseness of life and Treachery.*

I shall conclude the subject, first, by way of exhortation: *My hearers, All of you, Listen To my text.* Second, by way of caution: *My hearers, All of you, Look for The truth.* Third, by way of communicating the truth. A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the robber's agent, the alehouse's benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, the monster of a man.

We know of no place in which the adoption and practice of the above would be of more benefit to individuals and the public at large, than in this.

President Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake, T. J. Smith, in 1825, gave the following rules for practical life. They are well worthy the consideration of all men—

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain have those evils cost us, which never happened.

9. When angry, count ten before you speak. When very angry, one hundred.

THE Baptist church, recently erected in this place, was dedicated on the 6th inst. Rev. Mr. James, delivered a sermon. An immense concourse was present.

WHILE sauntering leisurely along the streets a few days ago, our attention was suddenly arrested by some one whistling very musically, and peculiarly sweet.—Great was our surprise when we discovered the person thus enchanting us, to be of the feminine gender. We presume she is unacquainted with the old proverb

“Whistling girls and crowing hens,
Never comes to no good ends.”

SIGNS OF RAIN.—Address by Dr. Jenner, (the celebrated discoverer of vaccination) to a lady who asked him if he thought it would rain to-morrow.

The lines below are so faithfully descriptive of nature that while reading them we unconsciously look out at our window to see the rising thunder storm “casting its shadows before,”—

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head,
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see a rainbow spans the sky,
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel,
The squalid toads at dusk were seen,
Slowly crawling o'er the green,
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh,
Hark how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack,

And see yon rooks how odd their flight,
 They imitate the gliding Kite,
 Or seem precipitate to fall,
 As if they felt the piercing ball,
 How restless are the snorting swine,
 The busy flies disturb the Kine,
 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
 The cricket too how loud she sings,
 Puss on the hearth with velvet paws,
 Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws,
 'Twill surely rain I see with sorrow.

COLLEGE LAYS.—I have often thought that one of the particular causes of the great beauty of music is that it can be translated into all the feelings and affections of the mind. No feeling so lofty—no spirit so humble—no hope so cheering—no despair so blasting but finds its echo in the regions of song, and it is not a little strange what a host of feelings and affections mingle with the sounds of even one song. For example—let the sound of a sweet, pathetic, yet simple air be sung by a soft richly modulated voice and its entrance into the ear, brings to the mind a thronging troop of pleasant or perhaps melancholy associations—often awaking feelings that have reposed for years or arousing the half buried thoughts of former times.

Thus in a reminiscence of College life, thoughts at times, linger on the sweet mellow lays that have cheered the student's otherwise monotonous pathway—lays though simple, even child-like in their nature, yet laden with associations sufficient to win a welcome to the mind's fire-side—which take us by the hand and lead us back to kind friends and pleasant associates, to College dwellings lighted up for study, to the sound of merry voices—to the moonlight serenade borne on the evening breeze. Imagine yourself on the far-famed hill of classical memory. The dingy buildings loom up around "East," "West" and South crammed with those "desperate cases" of whom you have heard so many

l—s. There the old bell reminds you of the flight of time, while the Chapel morning and evening is crowded with those, "for whom prayer is wont to be made." While from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same and often later the "in loco parentes" watch for the boys; as for those who must give an account. Yet notwithstanding such seeming cares, when nature is wrapped in the sable garb of night forth from cheerful seclusions come the sweet sounds of music. Hush, you catch the words, a tale of sadness mournful to the soul—it is of "THREE BLIND MICE."

By what means they became blind the *world* knows not—perhaps a binding vow of the parents or some strange freak of dame nature, perhaps in their juvenile days some rude fierce "Philistine damsel" had pierced their innocent eyes with a bodkin and then laughed with fiendish glee as they writhed beneath the pain or perhaps some bold enemy had captivated the trio and after inflicting this punishment, had placed them at the mercy of the pitiless storm. All this however is mere conjecture—but suffice it to say to this day perhaps no living person can give an authentic account. And now call to mind the moving, oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time! Think of three poor helpless blind mice, no eye to pity, no arm to save. How often must they have grieved in sad silence, how often had they recounted their misfortunes and sighed over their deprivations, what visions of cheeses, apples, cakes and candies, nuts and raisins must have passed by unheeded, what perils too they must have escaped. True a Prior has beautifully described the perturbations of a country mouse, but it could see—a Burns too has immortalized a field mouse merely because it had lost its house—but what is this to the loss of both eyes, and life, ah Burns and Prior ne'er saw sight like these. And if you have one spark of sympathy it must

kindle into a flame when your friends chant the fate of the three unfortunate mice.

But let us turn to another of those gentle lays by which the student so often beguiles the lonely hours and here I cannot but feel I touch a point where the feelings of all must centre. I speak of that passing pathetic little song, so long a favorite with every one who hears it.—And now by way of prelude let me ask you, have you ever lost a friend! Have you ever felt when the cold clod harshly rattled on the coffin, that almost a part of yourself was sealed up forever? Has the bitter conviction never forced itself upon you that now and forever you are alone? If so you can imagine what must have been the effect in the silence of the saintly summer night, strengthened by the blending of moon light, and dream light each pouring in their tribute of feelings, of the scene described in the touching lay:

'Twas a calm still night,
And the moon's pale light, &c.

Words can hardly convey a clearer manifestation of heartfelt pathos, so plain, so simple, so eloquent, the "calm night," the pale moon-beams, all nature hushed in repose, its machinery seems to pause, the twinkling stars peep through the then intervening clouds. How consonant is everything with the feelings of those friends who stand around the death bed of "Poor Lilly Dale."

"Her cheek that once glowed with the rose-tint of health,
By the hand of disease has turned pale,
And the death damp is on the pale white brow,
Of my poor, lost Lilly Dale"

Glance in imagination, at the pale image before you. It moves not—it speaks not—no voice of kindness to lighten the mother's heavy-stricken heart. A smile of ethereal joy, wreaths those mute lips, an expression of celestial beauty plays on that serene countenance,

"I go," she says, "to the land of rest, &c."

How meek, how gentle, how angelic—too pure, too lovely far for earth.

The wild rose may blossom and droop, the rippling brook may dance joyously by, the birds warble their sweetest songs, but fair Lilly's voice shall join them never more. But there is a place far through the "ethereal blue," where sickness and sorrow can never come; and there shall Lilly dwell forever and ever.

THE "charm of our climate" is said "to be its variety," and "variety" is said "to be the spice of life."

All agree that both these sayings are true, but "if we had the control of our *carte du jour*." We would not now have this cold, chilly weather, which is unseasoned—a little spice would certainly render it more palatable. How singularly changeable has been the weather this spring. A few weeks back, like Falstaff, we were "men of continual dissolution and thaw," "as subject to heat as butter," and we suffered from the heat, greatly, but now it is quite different—a "warm crackling fire," is certainly very pleasant. We know very little of farming, but we think that such weather is unpropitious to the crops now in the ground, and those which have just come up.

THE following is the auto-biography of the celebrated Count Rostopchin, who is so well known as the Governor of Moscow, in 1812, and to whom its conflagration has always been attributed. It was written in ten minutes, at the request of a lady:

Memoirs of Myself to the Life, Written in Ten Minutes.

CHAPTER I.—MY BIRTH.

In 1765, March 12th, I came from darkness into light. I was measured, weighed and baptised. I was born without knowing why, and my parents thanked Heaven without knowing why.

CHAPTER II.—MY EDUCATION.

I was taught in all sorts of things, and every language. By being impudent and deceitful, I sometimes passed for a scholar. My head became a library of old books, of which I have kept the key.

CHAPTER III.—MY SUFFERINGS.

I was tormented by masters, by tailors, by women, by ambition, by self-love, by vain regrets, by sovereigns and souvenirs.

CHAPTER IV.—MY PRIVATIONS.

I have been deprived of three great enjoyments of the human race: robbery, gluttony and pride.

CHAPTER V.—MEMORABLE EPOCHS.

At thirty years, renounced dancing; at forty, the fair sex; at fifty, public opinion; at sixty, thinking, and I am now a true philosopher, or egotist, which is synonymous.

CHAPTER VI.—MORAL PORTRAIT.

I was obstinate as a mule, capricious as a coquette, gay as a child, idle as a mole, active as Bonaparte, and everything at pleasure.

CHAPTER VII.—IMPORTANT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Having never been able to control my countenance, I gave loose to my tongue, and contracted the bad habit of thinking aloud.—That procured me some joys, and many enemies.

CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT I WAS AND WHAT I MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

I was sensitive to friendship, to confidence, and had I lived in the golden age, might have been, perhaps, in every respect, a good man.

CHAPTER IX.—RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.

I have never been implicated in any marriage, nor in any gossiping. I have never recommended a cook or a physician, consequently I have attempted nobody's life.

CHAPTER X.—MY TASTES.

I love small parties—a walk in the woods.—I had an involuntary veneration for the sun, and his setting often saddened me. I preferred blue, in colors; in eating, beef with horse radish; in drinking, fresh water; in plays the comedy and farce; in men and women, open and expansive countenances. The humpbacked of both had a charm for me—why, I never have been able to understand.

CHAPTER XI.—MY AVERSIONS.

I had an aversion to fools, to scoundrels, to intriguing women who made sport of virtue; a disgust for affectation; pity for painted men and women; an aversion to rats, liquors, meta-

physics and rhubarb, and fear of justice and mad beasts.

CHAPTER XII.—ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.

I await death without apprehension as without impatience. My life has been a melodrama on a great stage, where I have been playing the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the noble father but never the valet.

CHAPTER XIII.—REWARDS OF HEAVEN.

My great happiness is in being independent of the three individuals who govern Europe; as I am rich enough, have given up business, and am wholly indifferent to music, I have consequently no sympathy with Rothschild, Metternich, and Rossini.

CHAPTER XIV.—MY EPITAPH.

Here lies in repose, with a worn-out mind, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body, a wicked old devil.

Ladies and gentlemen pass on.

CHAPTER XV.—DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO THE PUBLIC.

O Dog of a public! discordant organ of the passions! thou who raisest thyself to heaven, or plowest into the mud; who blamest and calumniatest, thou knowest not why; thou absurd tyrant escaped Bedlam; thou extract of the most deadly venom and of the mildest aromatics; thou representative of the devil near the human race; thou farce, masked with christian charity; thou, public that I feared in my youth, respected in mature years, and despised in my old age—it is to THEE I dedicated MY MEMOIRS. Dear public! at last, I am out of thy reach, for I am dead, and consequently deaf, dumb, and blind. Enjoy, if thou canst, these advantages for thy own repose and that of the human race."

COMMENCEMENT.—June 7th! Perhaps at no time since the foundation of the Institution have the prospects of a glorious—brilliant Commencement been more cheering. To the public generally we extend a welcome. Every provision that can possibly conduce to the well-being and comfort of visitors has been made.

To those who are fond of literary treats—to those who are foolishly fond of "tripping the light fantastic toe," to those who wish to satisfy an idle curiosity, to those who are delighted to drink the strains of

youthful eloquence—to all, we say come, enter into the joys prepared for you, “come one, come all!”

WE have received the May number of the Carolina Cultivator, an Agricultural Journal, published at Raleigh, by W. D. Cooke. It is far superior to anything of the kind we have seen in N. C., and does indeed deserve, and we hope, will receive a liberal patronage from Southern farmers, especially North Carolinians. Price, \$1.00 in advance.

WE have also received the Kaleidoscope edited by Mrs. Hicks, Petersburg, Va., devoted to ‘Literature, Temperance and Education.’ She is about commencing a Novellette, called the ‘Model Virginian,’ upon which she expects to stake her hopes of immortality.

From the general appreciation in which gentlemen are held by the ladies we may expect something perfect (?) in the ‘Model.’ (The most modest one of us is the author of the query.)

“OURSELVES.”—This being the last number of “the University Magazine,” which is to be published by the present corps, the egotistical title of this paragraph may be excused. According to the rule of mutation—change which is stamped upon every created object—ere the June number shall have issued from the Press our Editorial garments will have fallen upon others doubtless more worthy: Messrs. H. R. Bryan, J. B. Kilbrew and J. A. McQueen, of the Philanthropic; C. Dowd, A. H. Merritt, and C. Sessions, of the Dialectic Society. With willingness do we transmit our little charge to their safe keeping, believing them worthy of the trust and most earnestly do we bespeak for them even a greater share of public favor than that with which we have been honored.

And here it would not probably be amiss to state a few facts in regard to our

internal policy. We considering every thing have been as successful in *getting subscribers*, as we had a right to expect, but the mere subscribing to a periodical without paying for it, is a sustenance not quite substantial enough in its qualities to insure a vigorous growth and a strong manhood. We must have money or our Magazine will fail before another year expires!! One thousand dollars is more than enough to publish the Magazine, and although our subscription list amounts to nearly fifteen hundred still for the want of funds we retire from office sadly in debt. The difficulty appears to be this. Most of our individual subscribers take one copy each, a few take two, whilst those who take three or more are very scarce. It is hardly fair for us then to expect that persons should attach so much importance to two, four or six dollars as to recollect the exact time when their year is out and make their payments accordingly. But they ought to recollect that two dollars though in ordinary cases of but little importance to them, yet helps to constitute the vitality of the Magazine. To remedy this evil, we have therefore given the list to Mr. Cooke, Raleigh, who is soon to send around an agent. We earnestly hope that after these facts are presented, no one will wait until the agent *duns* him, but will send his dues whatever they are immediately to W. D. Cooke, publisher “Univ. Mag.,” Raleigh, N. C.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, }
June 1, 1855. }

God, moving in his own mysterious way to work the hidden purposes of his wisdom has startled us with a sore visitation. Death has been among us; one who lately mingled with us as a fellow and friend, whose purity and virtue had escaped the polluting influence of vice, whose feelings and affections had not yet been blunted by contact with the world, has been called to his long home. Regard for the deceased prompts us to unite with our sister Society in discharging the last duty to his lamented dust.

Resolved, That while we bow with humility and resignation to the decree of the Eternal, which has removed JOHN A. SMITH from time to eternity thereby reminding us that we are but dust, we deeply deplore the fate by which so much purity, so much promise and so many hopes have been blighted in an early grave.

Resolved, That in our sorrow we are consoled by the abiding trust, that our loss has been his eternal gain, and that we will ever cherish fondly the memory of his virtues.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with our sister in the loss she has sustained, and as a token of respect for her and her lost member, we will go in mourning the usual length of time.

Resolved, That to the family of the deceased whose circle has thus been deprived of a dutiful son and affectionate brother, we offer our heartfelt condolence, and although we cannot ask them to check the tear of bereaved affection, yet may they remember in their affliction that having been faithful unto death, there remains for him a crown of life.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed at the disposal of the Dialectic Society, with the request that they be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the University Magazine, and Fayetteville and Wilmington papers for publication.

DAN'L McDUGALD, } Committee
JAMES M. TURNER, } of
D. Mc L. GRAHAM, } Phi. Society.

—
DIALECTIC HALL, }
May 31, 1855. }

When the aged pilgrim, weary with life, years for rest—and dies, we think it but a behest of nature that should be obeyed, and as we carry him to his resting place, we feel we are but performing those functions which the ordinary course of nature demands. But when youth with its bright anticipations, and buoyant hopes, is suddenly called to obey that dread summons, philosophy is put to the blush, speculations are idle, and we can but exclaim "Truly the ways of Providence are mysterious and past finding out."

Death has again intruded himself into our midst, and folded in his icy embrace one of our brothers. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we the members of the Dialectic Society, do recognize, in the removal of JOHN ALEXANDER SMITH, from our body, the hand of Providence.

Resolved 2d, That without wishing to intrude into the privacy of the family circle, still we

would in common with them, mingle our grief for the deceased, who, whilst he was connected with the Dialectic Society, proved himself a consistent member of it, and as far as it was possible, acted up to its laws and requirements, and apart from that, in a social capacity, he endeared himself to his many friends by his kindness, urbanity, and correct deportment.

Resolved 3d, That while we weep for the dead we rejoice in the manifestations he gave in his last hours, of his hope of immortality, and of that light which should guide him through "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and that he so completely conquered by his calmness and Christian resignation, that dreadful hour which to many is so replete with terror—"Oh Death, where is thy sting; O Grave where is thy victory?"

Resolved 4th, That the usual badge of mourning be worn by the members of the Dialectic Society, and that a similar request, with a copy of these resolutions be sent over to the Philanthropic Hall; also, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the University Magazine, Fayetteville and Wilmington papers, with the request to publish them.

WM. H. HALL, }
WM. A. OWENS, } Com.
JAS. T. MOREHEAD, Jr., }

—
CHAPEL HILL, May 31.

Whereas, God in his Allwise Providence has seen fit take from our midst our beloved friend, and classmate, JOHN ALEXANDER SMITH, of Cumberland. Therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Freshman Class.

1st. That we deeply feel the loss of our esteemed Classmate, and while we bow in humble submission to the Will of Almighty God, we acknowledge the unerring wisdom of Him who gives and takes away.

2d. That we sympathize with his bereaved family in the death of so worthy a son who by his eminently noble qualities both of heart and mind, and his exemplary life had endeared himself to all.

3d. That in testimony of our esteem and affectionate regret we will wear the usual badge of mourning for the remainder of the Term.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, also to the University Magazine, Fayetteville and Wilmington papers, with a request to publish.

LEMUEL C. BENBURY, }
WM. S. CAMPBELL, } Com.
WM. C. THOMPSON, }
JULIUS W. WRIGHT, }

We beg leave to return our thanks to contributors for many valuable articles sent us during the past year, and respectfully solicit from any one facts relating to North Carolina history, inasmuch as ours being a State Magazine, (and we believe the only one in it,) we would gladly make it a channel through which such facts may come before the public.

And now making our parting bow, we give place to our new brethren and retire from the stage. As clouds float across the sky and are soon lost to view, so College generations pass away. It is really a striking homily upon our frailty and vanity to see how soon we are forgotten by those we leave behind us. Life itself is but a pilgrimage—and that oftentimes a dreary one. Friends die—and we weep

—but time with a kindly hand heals all our wounds—and strikingly is this true in our exodus from College-life. Whatever undue importance we may attach to ourselves, still after we leave, College gets on without us much as it did before. Our names struck from the roll, our Diplomas handed to us—we pass from scenes familiar to us, others take our places and we are gone. Verily it is the way of the world, as one half comes in the other half goes out. But FAREWELL! a word that has been and must be," FAREWELL!!

N. A. BOYDEN,

J. CAMPBELL,

W. H. HALL,

E. J. McIVER.

H. W. McMILLAN,

C. W. YELLOWLEY.

THE

NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

AUGUST, 1855.

No. 6

SALUTATORY.

TO THE PUBLIC.—With this number commence the duties of another Editorial Corps. We are thankful for the interest manifested in the Magazine, while in the hands of our predecessors, and hope, as it is growing older and more mature, that the number of its friends will increase. We are conscious that we are young and inexperienced, and must ask that indulgence which a generous public should ever be disposed to give. We appear before you, kind readers, with becoming modesty, and a serious apprehension as to our ability, but from the warm greeting that our "charge" has hitherto received in its monthly visits, we must assume confidence, and be incited to active exertion.

When the propriety of establishing a Magazine was discussed in '52, the friends of the project advocated it with doubt, while the opposition expressed open conviction that such a thing would not succeed. Of its success, the most of you are aware. The December number of this year will complete the fourth volume, and now it must be conceded that nothing but the want of the deserved interest on the part of its friends, and the proper exertion on the part of the Editors, will arrest its successful continuance.

We do not hesitate to say that the Magazine has been productive of much good. It has drawn from dusty recesses and out-of-time volumes, much valuable informa-

tion relative to the history of the State, and thus created, we trust, a deeper interest in the highly instructive events of the past, and a new stimulus to future research. Much that cannot be comprehended within the range of history, but yet worthy of being read and known, belongs to its province. In College its influence has been for good. It has excited a laudable emulation, and consequently elevated the standard of writing. The past year bears ample testimony to this fact, and we trust that each succeeding one will evince an advancement. Much depends on first impressions, and this should teach our fellow-students to concentrate all their powers in their literary productions.

The pages of the Magazine have been enriched with productions of the ablest men of this and other States, while the daughters of Carolina have also adorned them with the rarest and choicest gems. With such experience of the past, we hope in future to be able to please the most fastidious tastes. We will serve a feast for all—dainties for Epicurus, enough for Apicius, and doubtless some for Tantalus. The Harpies may hover around, but on our watch-tower will perpetually be stationed a Zethus and a Calais. Fear not then to approach and participate.—But if any one should still doubt our word, our table is a large one, you are at

liberty to bring your own basket well filled, and if there is no room on top, yet there is a spacious vacuum underneath, where the contents can be *thrown*.

When we reflect on the welfare of the Magazine while under our care, we cannot but feel that our duties are onerous and responsible. Our predecessors have raised it to such an enviable position, that it will require great exertion to sustain it. Its visits have always been kindly

noticed in the papers, and while our "brethren of the quill" are ever ready to award distinction to merit, we hope that if we ever become negligent in the performance of our duties, they will not be remiss in censuring us.

We are now, kind readers, fully before you—our obeisance is made. We hope that mutual pleasure may arise from the relation we sustain to you, and that all our hopes may be abundantly realized.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WAIGHTSTILL AVERY,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE MANUSCRIPTS.

We have just risen from an attentive examination of the manuscripts of Waightstill Avery, the first Attorney General of North Carolina, under the State Constitution. We have arrived at the conclusion that meagre as they may seem to be at the first glance, they present more numerous and accurate details by which to form a correct opinion of the character of our population, and the condition of our affairs immediately previous to the revolution, than those of any of his contemporaries to which we have had access. A selection from these we have determined to place before our readers, and to prefix a brief sketch of the leading incidents, which characterized the not uneventful life of the author.

Waightstill Avery was born at Norwich, Connecticut, and graduated at Princeton College in 1766. His diary, beginning with the 18th day of January, 1769, and closing on the 31st of December, affords so clear an insight into his character, that we have little reason to regret the absence of earlier details with reference to his manner of life, his character in boyhood, and his opportunities

to acquire an education. The only son of a numerous family who obtained a collegiate education, whose father left no patrimony for any of his children, but had brought them all up in the way that they should go, he began life, a Puritan of the purest type, exhibited in the days when genuine puritanism was the great characteristic of the people of Connecticut.—From these principles he never departed, but at the close of a long life, died in the faith of his fathers.

After his departure from Princeton, he removed to the State of Maryland, studied law under the direction of Littleton Dennis, and early in 1769 set out for North Carolina. From this date to the close of the year, a careful examination of the succeeding diary will well reward the patience of the reader.

Leaving Accomack on the 18th January, with the Rev. Charles J. Smith of the Presbyterian Church, in company with whom he crossed the Chesapeake Bay, he arrived at the house of Mr. William Armistead at sunset. Here he remained some days, and admired the specimen exhibited of Virginia grandeur, in a well

furnished house, a coach and six, &c.”—From this hospitable residence, he proceeded to Williamsburg, dined with Mr. Tazwell, called upon Mr. Camm, the Divinity Professor in William and Mary, upon Peyton Randolph, the Speaker of the House of Burgesses, and others. The attention of Mr. Camm was evidently most grateful to him, and it is very apparent that he was more at home in the philosophical chamber, the library of the Divinity Professor, and at the house of Mr. Smith, (with whom he had parted at the close of his first day’s travel, but at whose hospitable mansion, he finds himself on the 29th January,) than at the patrician residences of Tazwell and Randolph.

He enters upon his journey with a clergyman, suspends his travel and rests the first Sabbath at Williamsburg, and listens to a sermon from “the worthy Mr. Smith” at Providence Iron Works, the following Sabbath; and his diary closes on the closing day of the year with “a sermon.” His journal shows that he rarely omitted an opportunity to attend Divine worship on any occasion, especially upon Sunday, and that he was not merely attentive to religious ordinances, but studiously polite and kind in his intercourse with ministers of the gospel.

He crossed the boundary line into North Carolina, on the 4th February, under circumstances which seemed to afford small inducement ‘to choose a place of rest,’ and little promise that during a period of more than half a century, his exertions would be crowned with usefulness, distinction and affluence. He arrived at Edenton the next day, and amongst others became acquainted with Mr. Johnston, the Clerk of the Court, and Joseph Hewes, subsequently a signer of the Declaration of Independence. From Edenton, he passed to the residence of Col. Dawson, on Salmon Creek, and enjoyed the splendid hospitality and refined society afford-

ed in those days, at that mansion. On Sunday the 19th, we find him at church in Northampton whence he went to “Col. Allen Jones,” and from there in company with the Colonel, Doct. Catheart, (a gentleman of large estate, “extraordinary fine sense and great reading,”) his beautiful and accomplished daughters, and “five young gentlemen of fortune,” to Halifax, where he entered upon a scene of elegant and refined festivities, rarely equalled in these degenerate times. Puritan as he was, he lingered amidst these dalliances during three entire days. Here he made the acquaintance of Judge Stokes, and several gentlemen of the Bar, and after taking leave of his new friends, and the “good and friendly Doctor Catheart,” on the 22d of February, he set out for Hillsborough.

Of his adventures from the time he left Halifax until he reached Salisbury, we leave his journal to speak for itself, with the single remark, that at Hillsborough he spent an evening with Mr. McNair, a wealthy Scotch merchant, where he was introduced to the Clerk of the Court, Gen. Francis Nash.

He arrived at Salisbury on Thursday, the 2d of March, and passed a social evening with Col. Fanning and Col. Frohock. From them he probably received the first minute information with reference to the state of parties, and the political questions which agitated the western section of the Province. Fanning was a man of fine manners, a scholar of unusual attainments, a native of the same province with Avery, and Frohock’s “plantation and house, the most elegant and large within 100 miles.” It is not surprising that with the aid of such blandishments and appliances, these artful men succeeded in captivating and deluding the young stranger. Hariman Husbards, the leader of the Regulators, was a Quaker preacher; many of his followers were of the same persuasion, and between Puritans and Quakers, there was

at that day an impassable gulf. A warm, personal friendship was formed between Fanning and Avery, which seems to have continued after the former removed from the Province.

On the 7th June, 1772, Samuel Avery writes to his brother Waightstill, from New York, that having claims to 100,000 acres of land on Otter creek, he had received material assistance from Col. Fanning, who is concerned in the land office and "has the Governor's ear." "He informs me that you are doing well, and desires to be remembered to you, for whom he has a particular regard."

To proceed with events at Salisbury.—On the 7th March, he dined with Judge Henderson and William Hooper, Dep. Atto. General, and subsequently the distinguished signer of the Declaration of Independence. During the three following days, he was formally introduced to Judge Spencer, Maj. Dunn, and Governor Martin.

Thursday the 16th, in company with the Judge, Col. Fanning and Mr. Hooper, he set out for Hillsborough, where they arrived on Monday following, having all Fanning's and Frohock's representations fully confirmed, by ascertaining, that the party had "been waylaid by the Regulators, who had formed an ambuscade to kill Col. Fanning."

Here he met Chief Justice Howard, and a crowd of lawyers and others, among whom he "narrowly escaped being intoxicated," and on Sunday the 26th, seems not to have been particularly edified, by hearing "the Rev. George Micklejohn, preach a well connected, cunning Arminian discourse." At the close of the term, he proceeded to Brunswick where he obtained license to practice law, from Gov. Tryon; returned by way of Cross Creek (Fayetteville,) and Anson Court House, (where he made his debut at the bar;) witnessed additional evidence of disregard or law and order, upon the part of the

Regulators, and on the 18th April, arrived at Charlotte. On Wednesday the 19th, he met with Col. Adlai Osborne, the second man in the Province whom he had seen before. It will be recollected that he had entered the Province the 4th February. In less than three months he had travelled from the extreme Northeastern limits, by way of Edenton, Halifax and Hillsborough and Salisbury, returning to Hillsborough, he had passed directly thence to Brunswick in the Southeastern corner, and was now upon the western frontier. He had visited every important place in the Province, without the acquaintance of the most prominent persons at all the places he had been.

But he is now in Mecklenburg, and soon domiciled at the house of Hezekiah Alexander, at the rate of £12 for eight months. He could not probably have found upon the face of the earth, a home and a people more entirely congenial to him, and those who desire to understand, why the earliest movements in favor of American Independence were made in Mecklenburg, may well examine the evidence afforded by his writings, of the peculiar character of the people with whom he was about to unite his destinies.

"We would inform you that there are about one thousand freemen of us who hold to the established church of Scotland, able to bear arms in the county of Mecklenburg:"—thus writes Waightstill Avery in the Petition for the repeal of the marriage Act in 1769.

Bancroft,* the American historian, speaking of the state of things in Boston, at the beginning of September, of the previous year, remarks: "the approach of military rule convinced Samuel Adams of the necessity of American Independence. From this moment he struggled for it de-

* Amer. Rev. Vol. III., p. 213.

liberately and unremittingly, as became one who delighted in the stern creed of Calvin, which wherever it has prevailed in Geneva, Holland, Germany, Scotland, Puritan England, New England, has spread intelligence, severity of morals, love of freedom and courage."

The seeds of revolution were sown in Mecklenburg by the passage of the "Act concerning Vestries," and the repeal of the charter of Queen's College. The harvest, the embryo Alexanders and Brewards and Polks and Lockes, and Rutherfords and Grahams and Davies, and Davidsons and Jacksons, and ranks of armed men, such as the world has rarely seen, soon covered the beautiful vales of the Yadkin and the Catawba.

Our limits will not admit of our attempting any thing further at present, than a mere summary in chronological order of some of the leading events in his subsequent history.

He was among the most prominent of those who held the Attorney for the Crown, (the loyalist Maj. Dunn,) to a just responsibility in the autumn of 1774—(2 Wheeler's Hist. Sket. p. 378.) He was a member of the Mecklenburg Committee that declared in favor of American Independence, in May 1775. He was a delegate to the Provincial Congress which placed the Province in a state of military organization in August 1775, and was elected by that body a member of the Provincial Council. He was a member of the Provincial Congress of 1776, which adopted the State Constitution, and is known to have been conservative in his views. He was in favor of a division of the legislative body into two houses, and of good behavior as the tenure of judicial office. He was appointed by the Congress a member of the Committee, which in 1777, revised the whole body of the public statute laws.

On the 12th June, 1777, Governor Caswell appointed him a Commissioner, with

William Sharpe, Robert Lanier, and Joseph Winston, to act in conjunction with Commissioners from Virginia, and enter into a treaty with the Cherokee Indians. The treaty was concluded on the 20th July thereafter, at Fort Henry on Holston River, near the Long Island.

On the 12th January, 1778, he received his commission as Attorney General, and shortly thereafter married and removed to the County of Jones.

On the 3d July, 1779, he was appointed by Governor Caswell, "Colonel of the Jones regiment of militia in the room of Nathan Bryan resigned." In 1781, finding the climate of the low country was impairing his health, he removed to the county of Burke, settled on a beautiful and fertile estate on the Catawba, known as the Swan Ponds, the present residence of his son Col. Isaac T. Avery. He was for many years a member of Assembly from the county of Burke, and was, in the arrangement of all his affairs, public and private, one of the most methodical and systematic of men. His library was the most extensive and well-selected in the western section of the State, and upon the destruction of the State-House by fire in 1831, the Governor was enabled, by the liberality of his son, to draw from it the only complete collection of printed copies of the Acts and Journals of the General Assembly, known to be extant. This library must have been procured and arranged subsequently to his settlement at the Swan Ponds, for in 1780, during the occupancy of Charlotte by Lord Cornwallis, his law office, his library and many of his papers were reduced to ashes.

Of the history of his family in Connecticut we have little information. The few details that have reached us accord well with his own. His brother Solomon, in a letter, the original of which is now before us, wrote on the 19th July, 1783, as follows: "Eleven Averys were killed

in the fort at Groton, and seven wounded. Many Averys have been killed in this war. There has been no Tory of the name of Avery in these parts."

He died in 1821, in the enjoyment of an ample estate, "the Patriarch of the North Carolina bar, an exemplary christian, a pure patriot and an honest man."

We regret that we have not room for more than a mere reference to the history of Mrs. Avery. She survived her husband several years, and was a lady of great intelligence and amiability. They had four children, all of whom are living at the present time, viz: Polly Myra—widow of Jacob Summy, of Henderson county; Elizabeth—widow of Maj. William B. Lenoir of Tennessee; Col. Isaac T. Avery of Burke, and Selina Louisa, wife of Col. Thomas Lenoir of Caldwell county.

DIARY.

NORTH CAROLINA IN 1767.

January 18th, 1769,—In company with the Rev. Mr. Charles J. Smith, set out from Mr. Ker's, in Accomaek, and Wednesday crossed Chesapeake Bay, suffered much with the cold in an open boat, and landed at sunset nigh Mr. William Armistead's.

Jan. 19, 20, 21,—My horse being lame, Mr. Smith left me; and here I tarried until Saturday, and saw a specimen of Virginia grandeur in the Furniture and attendance of Armistead's very large and well furnished House, Coach and six, &c.

21,—Left Armistead's and rode almost to York River, 20m.

22.—Crossed and went to Wms Burg, 15m. Horse still lame.

23.—Monday, by invitation dined with Taswell, and waited on Mr. Camm, Divinity Professor, in the College of Wm. and Mary.

24.—Dined and supped with Mr. Camm,

who treated me civilly; being lame, sent the Usher to wait on me in the Library, and went himself to show me the apparatus.

Jan. 25.—Wednesday, called on Mr. Taswell, who having before promised his good offices, now gave me two friendly letters: advised to visit the Speaker, (viz.) Peyton Randolph. I then took leave of Mr. Taswell, and accordingly waited on Mr. Speaker, who directed me to his brother, neither of whom did me any service; next, on Mr. Camm, from whom, at taking leave, I rec'd two friendly letters, and immediately left town, my horse lame.

Jan. 26, 27, 28.—Thursday, came to Mr. Burbridges, a good old Presbyt'n, with whom I tarried the 2 succeeding days, this being 25m. from Wms Burg.

Jan. 29.—Sunday, rode six miles to Providence Iron Works, on Chickahominy River, a Branch of James R., on the North Side. Here, at his own House I met again with the worthy Mr. C. J. Smith; who the same day, preached his first sermon in that place, to an audience of 600 persons as near as we could judge, (*albis nigrisque*).

Jan. 30.—With Mr. Smith took a critical view of his Saw Mill, two Grist Mills, Forge, Plantation, &c.

Jan. 31.—Monday, judging my horse unfit for the journey, rode out and bought one at £12 5s. 9d.

February 1.—Tuesday, sold my lame horse for £6 10s., to Mr. Holt; rode in company with Mr. Smith 2 Messrs. Holts and sundry other gentlemen; went 15m. to Charles City Court. After dinner took leave of the worthy Mr. Smith, and crossed James R. 5m, and landed at dark, but having company continued 10m. to Edward Avery's.

Feb. 2.—Rode Southwardly very crooked, saw few houses, crossed some Rivers that empty into Edenton Sound, and after a disagreeable day's ride of 38m. arriv

ed at Parson Agars, in Southampton county.

Feb. 3.—Leaving the Parson who did not appear very obliging, I steered my course easterly, to Suffolk, 30 miles, this was 20 miles out of my way to Edenton, all for want of proper intelligence, the people in that Wilderness being too ignorant to direct.

Feb. 4.—Procured Shoes set on my horse, and rode Southerly towards Edenton 30m., entering this day into North Carolina.

N. CAROLINA.

Feb. 5.—Sunday, rode into Edenton 25m., spent the evening with two gentlemen Attorneys, Charlton & Cummins, both Deists.

Feb. 6.—Delivered Mr. Eyre's Letter to Messrs *Hewes & Smith.

Feb. 7.—Tuesday, made proper enquiries, spent the Evening with Mr. Johnson, Gen. Att'y. and Cl'k of the C't, an courteous man, educated at Yale College.

Feb. 8.—Having rec'd Letters apiece from Messrs. Johnson, Hewes & Smith, crossed part of Edenton Sound, into Bertie County, (which lies in the fork or confluence of the great Rivers Roanoke and Meherrin,) and lodged at Lawyer Pierson's, an English Gent'n, with his English Lady.

Feb. 9.—Thursday, Crossed Salmon Creek Ferry to Col. John Dawson's, a Virginian, who married a daughter of Gabriel Johnson, Gov. of N. Carolina.—To him I delivered Mr. Eyre's letter of commendation while at Edenton, & had rec'd a pressing invitation to come spend a few days at his House.

Feb. 10, 11, & 12.—Here, therefore, I tarried 4 Days. Highly pleased with the Family, as well as surprised with the good

sense and accomplishments of Mrs. Dawson and submissive tempers, and sweet dispositions of their 2 little daughters* who besides being very pretty, were discreet beyond their years. Here as a cu-

*It is gratifying to be able to trace the subsequent history of one of these little girls, in the following picture of surpassing beauty and loveliness, copied from a Sketch of the Life and Character of the late Joseph B. Skinner, by his brother Thos. H. Skinner D.D. an unpublished Memoir, printed for private distribution among the friends of the deceased.

"Mrs. Lowther, was a grand-daughter of Gov. Gabriel Johnson and Penelope Eden, daughter of Gov. Eden. Her parents were William and Penelope Dawson; her husband was Tristram Lowther, Esq., a man of refined manners, who had a high standing at the bar, and was esteemed and beloved for his kindness to the poor, and the general excellence of his character.

Mrs. Lowther was distinguished by birth and education, in both of which she had every advantage, less than by intrinsic excellencies; such, especially, as form the highest grace and charm of the female character. Her person was a rare model of beauty and delicacy; in height, in shape, in complexion, in every feature and line so exquisitely fashioned, that, regarding it in the class of forms to which it belonged, art itself could scarcely suggest an improvement or desire any variation; one, at least, could note no defect, could attempt no criticism, in the presence of so much that was so surpassingly beautiful and attractive. I cannot imagine that any one not insensible to beauty, could see Mrs. Lowther, though in a multitude of "the fair," without having his eye riveted by her distinctive, queenly appearance. And yet she was the complete contrast of ostentatious beauty. The charm of all her charms was a palpably evident self-unconsciousness of being in any degree uncommon or distinctive. She could not be hid, yet it appeared to observers that she would be if she could. It gives me singular pleasure, at this remote day, to contemplate such a specimen of unaffected modesty; I have never conceived of anything of its kind, which I think more entitled to be termed celestial. And the adornments and movements of her person were invariably consistent with its peerless symmetry and ele-

*Joseph Hewes, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

riosity the Col. sent for a drunken sottish parson T.

Feb. 13.—Monday. In the mean time my horse ran away, and was unsuccessfully pursued by two Negroes for 2 days. Rode after him myself. At 12m. distance

gance. Her dress, her steps, her attitudes, her looks, were always such as become her inherent modesty, the true dignity and nobility which belonged to her nature. For six years during which I was an inmate of the family, according to my best remembrance of those happy years, I saw her do nothing which had not a decorum and propriety in entire keeping with her character as I have represented it.—She had always a tasteful and beautiful air, and to look upon her face or hear her voice, at any time, was a refreshment.

And if she was so lovely and beautiful in appearance, she was yet more beautiful within.—She did not aim at effect; if she studied to please others, as she certainly did, it was for their sake, not her own. It seemed to be as much her nature to be unselfish, as it is the nature of man generally to be the reverse. She always appeared, for she always was, happy in what made others so; and in the affections of others, how spontaneously, how sincerely, how deeply was she afflicted. When the weather was stormy, her sympathies were with the weather-beaten mariner; when the pestilence was raging, they were with sufferers in the chamber of disease and death. I never heard her, I cannot think any one ever heard her speak an evil word of any person. She would extenuate the faults of others, and the more so, sometimes when she herself was the sufferer by them; and if she could find no excuse for them, she would weep, and comfort herself as far as she could with that "charity which hopeth all things." Her cultivation and politeness gave her no inferior place among persons of refined and elegant manners: but intercourse with the humble and the poor, even such of them as were of lower habits, while she retained her lovely individuality, she was as familiar as if she had been one of their own class. She gave such evidence as no one could question, that she esteemed those who had intercourse with her, whether of high or low rank, better than herself, and even forgot herself, in the interest which she took in them. She had a bright and well-furnished mind; her proper sphere was

got news of him. Went 5 miles without seeing a House or hearing anything of him, continuing on, got lost, and wandering 2m. out of the way found him and returned to the Col's, same day.

Feb. 14.—Tuesday, took leave of this agreeable place, and set out toward Halifax. Rid by Cashie 15m; then rec'd bad

that of the highest cultivation and intelligence; but she was quite at home, also with persons of inferior name and condition.

The loveliness, the grace of Mrs. Lowther's character, as now regarded, though advanced and matured by education, was merely natural; it was what belonged to her by her original constitution, as given her by her Maker. That such native excellence should have been crowned and sanctified by evangelical piety, was not a fruit from itself, and not to be on any account anticipated as a necessary or certain result. In my early acquaintance with her, I do not think she was a spiritual christian. Her goodness was constitutional, natural, not from the renewing influence of the Holy Spirit. But when the change occurred in myself, which led to a change in my choice of a profession, she was simultaneously and similarly changed; she sympathized with me in my new feelings, began a strictly religious mode of life, and, until her death, continued to give most decisive evidences of renovation by the Spirit. Her religious character was improved by time; she was a mature and established Christian when she died; and her death was serene, touching, triumphant. One circumstance of it was remarkably characteristic. When the last struggle was about to commence, observing her daughter, who sat near her, overwhelmed in sorrow, she said, "Let Maria be removed; what is about to take place is more than she can bear." She arranged her person, with her own hand pressed her falling chin upward, and so calmly and peacefully yielded up her spirit into the hands of God.

In reviewing what I have said of a dear friend, I am not conscious of any exaggeration; however, it may appear to others, in my own vivid conviction, it is but an utterance of strict, sober truth. Until but a short time before her death, she lived with her daughter, the pride of the family, as she was also of the eminently cultivated and refined social circle to which she belonged."

directions and got lost, and continued so 5 hours including one after sun.

Feb. 15.—Wednesday, in the evening, after 30m. ride, arrived at Doctor Cathcart's, whom I found to be a gent'n. of extraordinary fine sense and great reading. Improved by his company and diverted and pleased with that of his Daughters and their sparks, I stayed the week out.

Feb. 15, 16, 17 & 18 —These two Ladies* are possessed of the three greatest motives to be courted: Beauty, Wit and Prudence, and Money; great Fortunes, and toasted in most parts of the province.

Feb. 19, 20, 21 & 22.—Sund. Went to Church, thence to Col. Allyn Jones's,† whence in company with him, Doct. Cathcart, his Daughters, and 5 young Gent'n of Fortune, rode into Halifax 10m. Was kindly rec'd by 3 Gent'n. Merchts., and 6 Gent'n. Att'ys. (viz.) Pendleton, Long, Brimage, Milner, Stokes & Coke. Rec'd a courteous invitation to a splendid Ball in the Evening, and was treated with great civility for 3 days, during which I took leave of the good and Friendly Doctor Cathcart.

Feb. 22.—Wednesday, From Halifax 100m. west of Edenton I set out for Hillsborough 100 still more west, rode 30m., came late up with one Powels, and found him and one of his neighbors with two travellers at supper. I soon perceived the neighbor drunk; and there being but one room in the house, he reel'd and staggered from side to side thro' it, tumb-

ling over, not chairs, for there were none in the House, but stools and Tables, &c. He was soon accompanied in the staggering scheme, by the Landlord and Travelers, first one and then both, who all blunder'd, bawl'd, spew'd and curs'd, broke one another's Heads and their own shins, with stools, and bruised their Hips and Ribs with Sticks of the Couch Pens, pulled hair, lugg'd, hallo'd, swore, fought and kept up the Roar-Rororum till morning. Thus I watched carefully all night, to keep them from falling over and spewing upon me.

Feb. 23, 24 & 25.—Without shutting my Eyes to sleep, I set out at Day-break, and happy that I had escaped, continued my journey 3 days with hard Fare for Man and Horse; then arrived at Hillsborough, and was the same day introduced to Mr. McNear*, Gent'n Merchant, by a letter of Rece'n from John Coke, Esq., Cl'k of Sup'r Court. Spent the evening with Mr. McNear at his Room where I was introduced to Mr. Nash, Cl'k of the inferior C't.

HILLSBOROUGH, N. CAROLINA.

Feb. 26 & 27.—Ordered my Horse out to fatten, hired another.

Feb. 28.—Tuesday, set out for Salisbury, 100m. W. S. W., rode 18m. to Haw River, which was very high 1-6 mile over, the water falling down over stones and between Islands of Rocks, roaring and rushing on with a greater fury in particular parts; my horse being carried down many paces at several different times as I pass'd the most rapid places; but happily not dash'd against the Rocks nor thrown between where swimming deep; from hence rode 18m. all wet.

*One of these young ladies subsequently was the wife of Gov. Samuel Johnson, and the mother of James C. Johnson, Esq., of Hayes, near Edenton.

†General Allen Jones of the Revolution, brother of Willie Jones, and father-in-law of Gen. William R. Davie. See Revolutionary History of North Carolina, p. 174, Wheeler's Hist. Skt. Vol. 2, p. 296.

*Ralph McNair, Esq., a wealthy Scotch merchant, representative in the General Assembly, at the dawn of the Revolution, and subsequently a Loyalist.

March 1.—Wednesday. Rained all day, wet thro' my Great Coat; cross'd more Rivers, found little to eat, and that little very poor and very nasty.

March 2.—Thursday, continu'd to rain and I continu'd to ride in it. Eleven o'clock entered a River which proved very deep, carried down a great distance floating on the stream in great danger of falling down on huge rocks; upon, among and between which the waters were deep engulf'd, dashing and roaring with great noise. But haply I got hold of the verge of the bank, a little above the great fall; and with difficulty saved myself and horse. I then blessed the Lord for this signal deliverance, set forward and arriv'd at Salisbury the same day. Spent the evening with Col. Fanning and Col. Frohock.*

SALISBURY, N. CAROLINA.

March 3.—Rode out 8 miles into Carthew's settlement, and heard a few latin boys say pieces.

March 4.—Saturday, wrote the preceeding two weeks' History.

March 5.—Sunday, expected the Honorable Rich'd Henderson, Esq., associate Judge of the Sup'r Court, thro' the province. Sheriffs and Gent'n went out to wait upon him into town.

March 6.—Monday, the Judge came in and Court was open'd.

March 7.—Rec'd a line from his Honor Judge Henderson,† desiring that I would dine with him and Hooper Atty,‡ which I accordingly did.

*For an appropriate notice of these two individuals, the most Famous among those whose exactions, gave rise to the war with the Regulators. See Revolutionary History of North Carolina, compiled by Wm. D. Cooke, page 17.

†Richard Henderson, Governor of Transylvania, and father of the late Chief Justice, Leonard Henderson.

‡William Hooper, signer of the Declaration of Independence.

March 8, 9 & 10.—During these three days I was formally introduced to the following Gentlemen of the Law: Col. Spencer,* Major Dun,† Major Williams, and Mr. Martin,‡ Esqrs.

March 11.—By invitation dined with Col. Fanning, and the Grand Jury.

March 12.—Sunday. Heard the Rev'd Mr. Tate, and dined with his hon'r of the Bench, and all the gent'n of the Bar.

March 13.—Monday. Wm. Fields was arraigned for Murder.

March 14.—He was tried, convicted, and rec'd Sentence of death.

March 15.—Wednesday, Knowland and one other man were arraigned for horse stealing, and acquitted.

March 16 & 17.—In company with the Judge, Col. Fanning, and Mr. Hooper, set out for Hillsborough.

March 18, 19 & 20.—Where we arrived on Monday the 20th, having been waylaid by the Regulators who had formed an Ambuscade to kill Col. Fanning.

HILLSBOROUGH', N. CAROLINA.

Monday, the 20th, arrived at Hillsboro'.

March 21.—In the evening, Chief Justice Howard§ came into Town.

March 22.—Sup'r Court was opened.

March 23.—The Evening was spent in a great crowd of Lawers and others—narrowly escaped being intoxicated.

March 24 & 25.—Business of Court went on.

March 26.—Heard the Rev'd|| John

*Judge Samuel Spencer, in 1777.

†John Dunn, a famous loyalist. See Wheeler's Hist. Sket., p. 277.

‡Alexander Martin, Gov. in 1782.

§For a notice of Howard, turn to Wheeler's Hist. Sket., p. 100.

||A faithful biographical sketch of the Rev. George Micklejohn, is greatly to be desired.—He resided in Hillsborough, before and during many years after the Revolution, and died at an advanced age, we believe, in Virginia. He

Micklejohn preach a well connected, cunning, Arminian discourse, which was highly applauded by all the Bar and Bench.

March 27.—Harman Husbands was tried for Insurgency, and acquitted.

March 28.—Col. Fanning was tried for Extortion in the Register's Office. A

was named among others for the Presidency of the University, at the first attempt to organize a Faculty in 1794.

This village derived its name from the *Chapel* in which he ministered, on the margin of the great road from Pittsborough to Oxford, near the present residence of Richard J. Ashe, Esq. Some traces of the foundation of this ancient Chapel, and of the line of the old Oxford road, are still discernable.

We give below the title page of a sermon, printed in pamphlet form, and dedicated to Gov. Tryon. The design of the discourse, may be inferred from the text, and the circumstances under which it was delivered. *Let every soul be subject unto the higher Powers, for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained of God.*

Whosoever, therefore, resisteth the Power, resisteth the Ordinance of God; and they that resist shall receive to themselves Damnation.

ROMANS, CHAP. XIII, 1. 2.

On the important Duty of SUBJECTION to the CIVIL POWERS.

A

SERMON

Preached before his EXCELLENCY

WILLIAM TRYON, Esquire,

GOVERNOR and Commander in Chief of the Province of NORTH CAROLINA

AND THE

TROOPS raised to quell the late

INSURRECTION

AT

HILLSBOROUGH, in ORANGE County

On SUNDAY September 25, 1768

By GEO. MICKLEJOHN, S. T. D.

NEW-BERN :

Printed by JAMES DAVIS.

M. DCC. LXVIII.

flood of indictments being thrown in against him by the Violence of Faction.

March 29.—Set out in company with Mr. Hooper toward Wilmington, near 200 miles, where we arrived on Monday evening, the 3rd of April.

April 4.—Went by water down to Brunswick 15m; spoke with the Governor who informed me that his Secretary was out of Town, and therefore he could do no public business that day. At the Governor's was introduced to Mr. Hasell, President of the Council. Viewed a great Dike which Gov. Dobbs begun, &c. Then rec'd a kind invitation to dine with his Excellency the following Day.

April 5.—Dined accordingly with the Governor and his Lady; Got my business done; (viz. a License to practice Law,) took a turn in the Garden, (which being very curious was shown me by himself,) I then took leave of his Excellency.

April 6 & 7.—Returned as far as Wilmington by water, where I tarried all the next day and viewed the town; this being the biggest in the province, and frequented by the greatest no. of merchants.

April 8.—Satd. Anson Court House lay 170 miles West of me, in my way to which lay Cross Creek, towards this place, therefore I set out and rode 30 miles, having first passed over to the South side of Cape Fair River.

April 9.—Continued my journey alone and lodged at Peter Lord's.

April 10.—Dined at Cross Creek, which is the highest navigation for Row Boats, on Cape Fair River. Rode 12m. further, went to bed supperless because the House looked too nasty for christians to eat in.

April 11.—Tuesday. Set out fasting—rode 15m. in the plainest right hand path according to direction, the last ten without a house; then at a very nasty hut

was informed by an old sore-eyed woman that my road was 10m. to my right hand. Rather than go 10m. back, I took direction to go the same distance thro' the woods. Pursuing my directions, was stopt by Creeks on both hands—attempting to pass them, mired my horse several times. Then as the last resource, determined to head the Creek to my right hand, which proved about 5m. Then laying my course, no further difficulty intervened. At 5 o'clock came to a house after 35 miles ride, and there for the first time that day, broke my fast and fed my horse. After Breakfast I rode 7 miles to a poor Highlander's log Cabbin, measuring out 6 feet of ground, I thereon rested my weary limbs; this being the first night I slept on the ground.

April 12.—Wednesday. Pursuing my way, was at 4 o'clock informed, that Anson Court then sitting, was 5 miles from me, the great River P. D. intervening.—Then getting intelligence, I descended a huge Cliff and entered the first part of the River, divided from the rest by a long Island. This thorough-fair was 25 rods over, deep as the horse's back, a quick current, some stones appearing above water, and the whole bottom made up of others concealed. Having reach'd the Island, with some difficulty worked through to the other side, when the main river 3-4 of a mile over. Guided by a fish trap on the Rocks, I passed on well near 70 Rods, then met a great stream pressing thro' a wide outlet between high Rocks up the river: This proving deep and violent, forced my horse down stream until finding shoaler water, the horse recovered his feet; then coasting round the End of an Island, I met no more obstructions except sharp stones at bottom, which had infested me all the way.

A little before sun down, I reach'd *terra firma*, and found my horse very lame. Riding moderately about 2 1-2 miles, arrived late in the evening at the Court

House, met three Attorneys* who were like to be my companions and fellow practitioners at the same Bar, (viz) Major John Dunn, Col. Sam'l Spencer, & Capt. Alexander Martin. These informed me that a set of Banditti who styled themselves Regulators, had on the evening before brought a large quantity of hickory switches to menace, the Clerk of the Court, (viz.) Col. Spencer, whom they threatened, and flogged his writer.

April 13.—Thursday they proceeded to business, and among other things administered the States Oaths to me, ordering my name to be enroled as an Attorney of that Court.

ANSON.

April 14.—Began the practice of the Law by opening a cause against a Hog thief.

April 15.—Spoke for a man charged with putting his mark on Hogs not his own, who was cleared.

April 16.—Sunday, Major Dunn, Martin & myself lost our horses, which run away.

April 17.—Searched to no purpose.

" 18.—Hired a horse, and in company with the above mentioned gentlemen, set out for Mecklenb'g Court, at the distance of 65 miles, W. b N.

April 19.—Wednesday, arrived at s'd Court in the evening, & had an interview with Adley Ozborn, the second man found in the province, whom I had seen before.

April 20.—Took the Oaths and had some business.

April 21.—Tried 2 causes and had a fit of the Ague & fever.

April 22.—Saturday, the Court broke up.

April 23.—Heard the Rev'd Mr. Alexander.

*See Revolutionary History of North Carolina, compiled by Wm. D. Cooke, pp. 110-11.

April 24.—Monday, set out for Tryon Court, 40 W. crossed the Catawba R. and lodged at one Robinsons.

April 25.—This being a new County, the first commission of the Peace was opened, and the Justices, as likewise all officers of the Court took the State Oaths and qualified *de novo*.

April 27.—After little or no business the Court broke up, and the same evening rode 16m.

April 28.—Crossed the Catawba River, met Mr. Halsey at Hopewell, and heard him preach.

After which rode home with Hezekiah Alexander, with whom I the next morning agreed for a year's Board, at the rate of 12 pounds for 8 months, making allowance if I should not be there so long in the year.

April 29 & 30.—Met Dunn & Martin, in whose company set out for Salisbury which we reached Sunday evening.

May 1.—Salisbury.

" 2.—Mr. Halsey arrived in Town, waited upon him, and rode with him 10m. on his journey.

May 3.—Rode 15m. more, took leave of Mr. Halsey and returned into Salisbury the same evening.

May 4.—Took up my lodging at Mr. Troy's, at the rate of £20 a year, deducting absence.

May 5 & 6.—Read Voltair's History of Europe.

May 7.—Sunday and Monday slightly indisposed.

May 9.—Tuesday, Court of Quarter Sessions for Rowan County, opened at Salisbury, the usual place of holding it.

May 10 & 11.—Went on with business.

May 12.—Appear'd against John Flanagan who, in the course of a long trial, was found guilty of petty Larciny, and rec'd 25 lashes on the bare back.

May 13.—Appear'd against a woman

who, after a full hearing, was cleared of the charge of petty Larciny, for stealing 9 dollars. Same evening, the Court broke up without entering upon the civil Docket.

May 14.—Sunday. Kept House.

" 15.—Rode out 2m. to see Col. Frohock's* plantation and house, the most elegant and large within 100 miles.

May 16.—Rode out 5m. to Dunns mountain, in order to enjoy an extensive prospect of the Country, which we accordingly obtained.

May 17.—Wednesday, Rode to Caudle Creek, 20m. W. Lodged at Colonel Ozburn's.

May 18.—Thursday, Visited the Bravards.

May 19.—Friday, Went to Caruth's Vandue.

May 20.—Went to John Dickie's.

" 21.—Heard the Rev'd Mr. Little Balch.

May 22.—Went to my Quarters in Mecklenb'g. Spent the week in close study upon Fitzherbert's *Natura Previu*m.

May 28.—Sunday, heard the Rev'd Mr. Joseph Alexander.

May 29.—Spent reading Law close.

" 30 & 31.—At Home.

June 1, 2 & 3.—Law yet.

" 4.—Sunday, heard Sermon.

June 5.—Set out for Tryon, in company with Ezekiel Polk† the Clerk of that Court; crossed the Catawba River, and lodged at Col. Neal's.

TRYON.

June 6.—Attended the meeting of Commissioners, who were appointed to choose out a place for the Court.

June 7.—Traveled W. b N. 25m. over

*See Revolutionary History of N. Carolina, p. 17.

†The father of SAMUEL POLK, and the grand father of JAMES K. POLK, the 10th President of the United States.

mountains to Broad River, nigh which in my way, passed over a high peak from whence got a sight of the great and enormous Apalachian Hills, which tho' at the distance of near 40 miles show'd the most romantic hights.

June 8.—At Lawyer Forsythe's & read the Statutes at Large.

June 9.—Travelled homeward.

" 10.—Met a gathering to choose military officers. Crossed the Catawba.

June 12.—Came home. From this time to the Second Day of July, I applied myself closely to reading Neal's History of the Puritans.

July 2.—Sunday. Set out for Salisbury at which place I spent the week reading Voltair's History of Europe.

July 9.—Sunday. Set out for Anson Court, in company with Dunn.

July 10.—Rode from Fulwiders to Coleson's, Rode from Coleson's to the Court House. In the course of this week I was chosen by the Court to act as King's Attorney, in the absence of him in Commission, and rec'd £3 Crown and Clients Fees.

July 15.—Rode to Coleson's after Court broke up.

July 16.—Rode to Fulwider's.

" 17.—Came into Salisbury.

" 18.—This day came on the general Election of Burgesses, for the County of Rowan, and Borough of Salisbury; for which Mayor Dunn was chosen by a great Majority.

July 19, 20, 21, 22.—Before Day, Dunn & myself set for Mecklenb'g Court, where we arrived in the evening. Here also I acted as King's Attorney, took near £4 Fees, & got in some more business.

July 23.—Sunday, heard Sermon.

" 24.—Set out for Tryon Court.

" 25.—Came on the Election of Burgesses for the County of Tryon—heard much caballing; saw much bruising, Goughing & Biting; ended the Day with a fit of Ague and Fever.

July 26.—Was chosen King's Attorney.

July 27.—Convicted a man of Sabbath Breaking.

July 28.—Convicted one Armstrong of petty Larciny, & got Judgment and Execution of the Law of Moses upon him, (viz.) forty, save one.

July 29.—Saturday, Court broke up, and we travelled Homeward, as far as John Price's, & was very ill.

July 30 & 31.—Confined with the Ague and Fever.

August 1, 2, 3.—Confined at home with the Ague and Fever.

Aug. 4.—Friday. Set out for Rowan Court, and came into Salisbury the same evening.

Aug. 5 & 6.—Lay by.

" 7.—Read.

" 8.—Tuesday, Court opened.

" 9.—Wed'y, appeared for Luke Vickery who was convicted of petty Larciny, and ordered to receive 39 the next morning.

Aug. 10.—Appeared for younger Neal, who was honored with 25.

Aug. 11.—Confined at Home, except a small brush with Major Dunn about the mode of swearing in Court.

Aug. 12.—Appear'd for one Paul Crosby charged with petty Larciny. Was opposed by all the Atty's at the Bar in this as well as every other cause this term.

This cause was opened by Col. Spencer who spoke an Hour & 11 minutes. Then I answered him, & spoke to all the Law & Evidence, that any way affected the Cause at Bar, in an Hour & 5 minutes.—Major Dunn closed with a plea or rather loose Declamation, 3 Hours & 17 minutes. When the Jury went out and soon returned their verdict, not guilty. And immediately I was surrounded with a flood of Clients and employed this term in no less than 30 Actions.

Aug. 13.—From the 13 to the 28, spent in reading Voltairs History of Europe, and Smollett's History of England.

Aug. 28.—Monday, set out for Mecklenb'g.

Aug. 29.—Went to the general muster at Charlotte; the Court House & capital of Meck'g County.

Aug 30 & 31.—Spent in reading.

MECKLENBURG, N. C.

September 1.—From the 1 to the 4 lay at home reading.

Sep. 4.—Set out for Salisbury Superior Court.

SALISBURY, N. C.

Sep. 5.—Came into Town and spoke with the Associate Judges who opened Court, and adjourned.

From the 6 to the 15, the Court sat, did Business, and I got Clients.

Sep. 17.—Set out for Mecklenb'g.

" 18.—Got Home.

MECKLENBURG, N. C.

Sep. 26.—Went to David Rees's.

" 27.—Plotted a piece of Land for him.

Sep. 28.—Wrote a Deed for him to his Son.

Sep. 29.—Went to James Wylie's the high Sheriff of the County.

Sep. 30.—Got Home.

October 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5.—Read Smollet.

Oct. 6 & 7.—*Similiter*.

" 7.—Set out for Anson Court by way of Salisbury—arrived in Town the same evening.

Oct. 8.—Sunday, went to Fulwider's.

" 9.—Monday, to Coleson's.

" 10.—Tuesday to Court which was opened and proceeded to business.

Oct. 11, 12, 13 & 14.—Employed for 3 Criminals for which was to have . . .

Oct. 15.—Sunday. Set out for Home and lodged at Philips's.

Oct. 16.—Came to Steward's.

" 17.—Came home to Breakfast, & then to Meck'g Court.

Oct. 18, 19, 20 & 21.—Attended Court & tried Causes.

Oct. 22.—Sunday, went to hear sermon.

Oct. 23.—Set out for Tryon Court.

" 24, 25, 26 & 27.—Attended Court & saw the most Bruises that ever was seen.

Oct. 28.—Spoke for nothing and got a good Fee. Cage vs. Anderson.

Came from Tryon, crossed the Catawba River, & lodged at Wm. Barnett's.

Oct. 29.—Sunday, went to sermon, and from thence home.

November 3.—Friday. Set out for Salisbury, to Rowan Court, and got in late.

Nov. 4.—Saturday Morning went out to Justin Ford's, lodged at Wm. Frohock's

Nov. 5.—Sunday, stayed at George M. Young's.

Nov. 6.—Monday, returned into Town.

Nov. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 & 13.—Spent in reading Law.

SALISBURY.

Nov. 14.—Court opened and chose me to act for the King in the room of Major Dunn, who was at the Assembly.

Nov. 15, 16, 17 & 18.—The Court was filled with jars and bustle—did little or no public business and broke up.

Nov. 19 & 20.—Lay by to make up a Docket of the new Writs which I had issued.

Nov. 21.—Set out for Phifer's.

" 22.—Swam Rocky River and got Home.

Nov. 23, 24 & 25.—Read Godbolt's Reports.

Nov. 26.—Sunday, went to Sermon.

" 27.—Went to Col. Harriss.

" 28.—Came back again.

" 29 & 30.—Read Godbolt, & heard Sermon.

December 1.—Went with James Caldwell to Steel Creek, and heard him preach.

Dec. 2.—Went from Adam Caruth's to Brown's.

Dec. 3.—Sunday. Sermon at Steel Creek, and lodged at John Price's.

MECKLENBURG.

Dec. 4.—Monday, heard sermon & came home.

Dec. 5.—Went to Providence 15m. on my way to Charleston 200, nearly S. met Mr. Caldwell, heard Sermon, and lodged at Given's.

Dec. 6.—Went 26m. to the Waxhaws, and lodged at Parson Richardsons*.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Dec. 7.—Went 37m. to Suttons.

“ 8.—Went to Pine Tree and thence continued on our way to the high hills of Santee, & lodged at Miss James'.

Dec. 9.—Saturday. Continued on our way 20m. Dined at Col. Richardsons and stayed all night.

Dec. 10.—Sunday, the Col. having sent a boy to give notice of Sermon near Santee Ferry, we went forward early and rode this 15m. before service. To-day & the day after, Mr. Caldwell preached with great applause. After Sermon went from Major Nelson's to Capt. Boshers.

Dec. 12.—Crossed Santee Ferry & 15 m. to Whittens.

Dec. 13.—Breakfasted at Monk's Corner 12m., rode 10 to Husks and dined, and then rode 23m. into Charleston.

Dec. 14, 15 & 16.—Viewed the town, did some little business, and got private lodgings.

Dec. 17.—Sunday, heard Mr. Caldwell preach twice to a crowded audience, who highly commended both the matter and the manner.

Dec. 18.—Monday, left Charleston at the ten m. House, and lodged at Monks Corner.

Dec. 19.—Rode 23m. to Breakfast—turning off the usual road to Murry's Ferry, 20m. below it we crossed in our way down—here we had 7m. to go in a boat thro' a hideous Cypress Swamp—where-

as the usual place at Nelson's is only 3, but neither are above 1-2 a m., except in Flood.

Dec. 20.—Rode from Wm. Richborgs 35m.

Dec. 21.—Rode from R. to Miss James's

Dec. 22.—Went to Pine Tree, 25m. where is a great Store, that has long been kept by Kershaw & Co., and is a Great Mart for the back part of North as well as South Carolina. Refreshed myself here and rode 7m. to Sutton's.

Dec. 23.—Saturday, rode 40 to Davis's in N. Carolina.

Dec. 24.—Sunday. Dined at Givens's, and lodged at Thomas Harris's.

Dec. 25.—Got home and went to Charlotte.

Dec. 26.—Read Law & fill up Writs.

Dec. 27.—Waited upon Parson Josiah Lewis to Providence.

Dec. 28.—Went to Mr. Bradley's.

“ 29.—Got home.

“ 30.—Reading.

“ 31.—A Sermon.

MECKLENBURG PETITION

FOR THE REPEAL OF THE VESTRY AND MARRIAGE ACTS, 1769.

To his Excellency William Tryon, Esquire, Captain General, Governor and Commander in Chief, in and over the Province of North Carolina, &c.

To the Honourable his Majesty's Council.

To the Honourable Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses for said Province.

The Petition and address of the inhabitants of Mecklenburg county, of the Presbyterian denomination humbly sheweth:

That we claim it as our incontestable right, to petition the Legislature of this Province for redress of grievances.

We, therefore, beg leave freely to represent our case, trusting to your candour and uprightness, to redress our grievances, maintain our rights and privileges, and prevent all infraction of the same.

*The uncle and patron of Gen. Wm. Richardson Davie.

We would inform that there are about one thousand freemen of us, who hold to the established church of Scotland able to bear arms, within the county of Mecklenburg.

We declare ourselves faithful and loyal subjects, firmly attached to his present Majesty and the government, ready to defend his Majesty's dominions from hostile invasions.

We declare ourselves zealous to support Government, and uphold the Courts of Justice, that the law may have its free course and operation: And we appeal to his Excellency, the Governor, how ready and cheerful we were to support Government, in time of insurrection.

We declare ourselves entitled to have and enjoy all the rights and privileges of his Majesty's subjects in Great Britain, to-wit: England or Scotland.

In the great Charter, his Majesty confirms to his subjects removing from Great Britain into this Province and their descendants, all the rights, privileges, franchises and immunities, to which his Majesty's subjects in Great Britain, to-wit: England and Scotland are entitled: And instructed the Lord's Proprietors to grant other and greater religious privileges to dissenters.

When settled under these assurances of liberty, and the quiet and peaceable enjoyment of religious rites, secured to us by law, by the Charter and by his Majesty's instructions to the Lords Proprietors; we think it a grievance that we are liable to a burthensome taxation to support an Episcopal clergy.

We would by no means cast reflection upon our sister church of England; no, let them worship God according to their consciences, without molestation from us. We ask on our part, that we may worship God according to our consciences without molestation from them.

We think it as reasonable that those who hold to the Episcopal church should

pay their clergy without our assistance as that we, who hold to the church of Scotland should pay our clergy without their assistance.

We now support two settled Presbyterian ministers in this Parish; we, therefore, think it a grievance, that the present law makes us liable to be still further burthened with taxes to support an Episcopal clergyman: especially as not one-twentieth part of the inhabitants are of that profession.

We think that were there an Episcopal clergyman in this Parish, his labours would be useless.

We think ourselves highly aggrieved by the exorbitant power of the vestry, to tax us with the enormous sum of ten shillings each taxable; which is more than double the charge of Government: And that for purposes to which we ought by no means to pay any thing by compulsion.

We, therefore, think that under the present law, the very being of a vestry in this Parish, will ever be a great grievance.

We further think, that were the counties of Rowan, Mecklenburg and Tryon wholly relieved from the grievances of the marriage act and vestry acts, it would greatly encourage the settlement of the Frontiers, and make them a stronger barrier to the interior parts of the Province against a savage enemy.

We conceive ourselves highly injured and agrieved by the marriage act, the preamble whereof scandalizes the Presbyterian clergy, and wrongfully charges them with celebrating the rites of marriage without license or publication of banns.

We think it a grievance, that this act imposes heavy penalties on our clergy, for marrying after publication of banns by them made, in their own religious assemblies, where the parties are best known.

We declare that the marriage act ob-

structs the natural and inalienable right of marriage and tends to introduce immorality.

We declare it subjects many to several inconveniences, one whereof is going into South Carolina to have the ceremony performed.

We pray that the preamble of the same act may be rescinded; and that our ministers and magistrates may be freed from the penalties thereof, they respectively conforming to the Confession of faith.

We pray that we may be relieved from the grievance of the vestry acts and the acts for supporting the Episcopal clergy.

We pray that, to these several grievances, you will in your wisdom and goodness grant that redress, which we ask in this legal and constitutional method.

And we assure your Excellency, your Honours of the Council, the Honourable Speaker, and Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, that we shall ever be more ready to support that Government under which we find most liberty.

Your petitioners as in duty bound shall ever pray, &c.

PRELIMINARY HISTORY

OF THE STATE-CONSTITUTION.

On the 12th April, 1776, the Provincial Congress of North Carolina instructed our delegates in the Continental Congress, to declare Independence, and on the following day appointed a committee "to prepare a temporary civil constitution." The committee seem to have reported on the 25th, and the Congress to have assigned the following day for the consideration of the constitution. No further notice appears upon the Journals until the 11th May, when, "on motion, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to take into consideration a civil temporary constitution." A series of resolutions were adopted, placing all the powers of government in the hands of a Council of

Safety, consisting of one person chosen by ballot, by that Congress, and two persons by each district, to continue in office "from the end of this session, until the meeting of the next Congress."

On the 9th August, the Council of Safety "met according to adjournment.

"The Representatives of the *United States of America*, in General Congress assembled, at *Philadelphia*, the 4th day of July, 1776, having determined that the *thirteen United Colonies* are free and independent States, and in consequence thereof have published a Declaration of Independence:

"*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the good people of this now independent State of *North Carolina*, to pay the greatest attention to the election to be held on the 15th day of *October* next, of delegates to represent them in Congress, and to have particularly in view this important consideration: that it will be the business of the delegates then chosen, not only to make laws for the good government of, but also to form a constitution for this State; that this last as it is the cornerstone of all law, so it ought to be fixed and permanent; and that according as it is well or ill ordered, it must tend in the first degree to promote the happiness or misery of the State."

"*Resolved, also*, That it be recommended to the inhabitants of this State to elect five delegates, properly qualified for each county, to sit and vote in the next Congress, as business of vast importance will come before them."

These proceedings of the Provincial Congress in April and May, 1776, and of the Council of Safety in August, taken in connection with the following instructions from the people of Mecklenburg and Orange to their delegates, indicate much greater deliberation and preconcert, on the part of the leading men in the State, than have ordinarily been attributed to the framers of the constitution, and

entitle the instrument, to greater respect and reverence than it has in some instances received. The Mecklenburg instructions are substantially from the pen of Col. Avery, those from the people of Orange, are entirely in the hand writing of Governor Burke. They were both members of the committee that framed the constitution, and it was to the latter that John Adams had communicated his celebrated, "THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT." The autograph of Mr. Adams, is among the archives of the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina.

The general coincidence, and actual identity in several instances, of the Mecklenburg and Orange resolutions, will escape the attention of no one. Whether instructions of a similar character, were given to most or to all the delegates of the other counties in the State, is an interesting enquiry, which we fear no one is able to answer. The existence of these prepared by Avery and Burke was unknown to us until recently, and they are now published for the first time.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE DELEGATES FROM MECKLENBURG, IN
THE STATE-CONGRESS, 1776.

At a general Conference of the inhabitants of Mecklenburg assembled at the Court House on the first day of November, 1776, for the express purpose of drawing up instructions for the present Representatives in Congress; the following were agreed to by the assent of the people present and ordered to be signed by John M. Alexander, Chairman, chosen to preside for the day in said Conference.

To Wrightstill Avery, Hezekiah Alexander, John Phifer, Robert Erwin and Zacheus Wilson, Esquires:

Gentlemen, you are chosen by the inhabitants of this county to serve them in Congress or General Assembly for one year; and they have agreed to the following Instructions, which you are to ob-

serve with the strictest regard, viz: you are instructed.

1. That you shall consent to and approve the Declaration of the Continental Congress declaring the thirteen united colonies free and independent States.

2. That you shall endeavour to establish a free Government under the authority of the people in the State of North Carolina, and that the Government be a simple Democracy or as near it as possible.

3. That in fixing the fundamental principles of Government you shall oppose every thing that leans to aristocracy; or power in the hands of the rich and chief men exercised to the oppression of the poor.

4. That you shall endeavour that the form of Government shall set forth a bill of rights containing the rights of the people and of individuals; which shall never be infringed in any future time by the law-making power or other derived power or other derived powers in the State.

5. That you shall endeavour that the following maxims be substantially acknowledged in the Bill of Rights, (viz:)

1st. Political power is of two kinds, one principal and superior, the other derived and inferior.

2d. The principal supreme power is passed by the people at large; the derived and inferior power by the servants which they employ.

3d. Whatever persons are delegated, chosen, employed and intrusted by the people are their servants, and can possess only derived inferior power.

4th. Whatever is constituted and ordained by the principal supreme power can not be altered, suspended or abrogated by any other power; but the same power that ordained may alter, suspend and abrogate its own ordinances.

5th. The rules whereby the derived inferior power is to be exercised are to be constituted by the principal supreme power.

er, and can be altered, suspended and abrogated by the same and no other.

6th. No authority can exist or be exercised but what shall appear to be ordained and created by the principal supreme power, or by derived inferior power which the principal supreme power hath authorized to create such authority.

7th. That the derived inferior power can by no construction or pretence assume or exercise a power to subvert the principal supreme power.

6. That you shall endeavour that the Government shall be so formed that the derived inferior power shall be divided into three branches, distinct from each other viz:

The power of making laws;

The power of executing laws; and

The power of judging.

7. That the law-making power shall have full and ample authority, for the good of the people to provide legal remedies for all evils and abuses that may arise in the State; the executive power shall have authority to apply the legal remedies; when the judging power shall have ascertained where and upon what individuals the remedies ought to be applied.

8. You shall endeavour that in the original constitution of the Government now to be formed, the authority of Officers possessing any branch of derived power shall be restrained; for example.

9. The law-making power shall be restrained in all future time from making any alteration in the form of Government.

10. You shall endeavour that the persons in whose hands the law-making power shall be lodged shall be formed into two Houses or Assemblies, independent of each other, but both dependent on the people, (viz:)

A Council and General Assembly.

11. You shall endeavour that the good people of this State shall be justly and equally represented in the two Houses;

that the Council shall consist of at least thirteen persons, twelve of whom shall be annually chosen by the people in the several districts; and that every person who has a right to vote for members of the General Assembly shall also have a right to vote for members of Council, and that the Council and General Assembly shall every year at their first meeting form one body for the purpose of electing a Governor, who shall then be chosen by ballot; and that the Governor by virtue of his office shall be a member of Council; but shall never vote in Council on the subject of making laws, unless when the Council are divided; in which case the Governor shall have the casting vote.

12. That the law-making power shall be lodged in the hands of one General Assembly composed of Representatives annually chosen by the people freely and equally in every part of the State according to ———.

13. N. B. Considering the long time that would be taken up and consequent delay of business, the choice of a Council by the people, would at this time occasion; it is thought best for the dispatch of public business and this county do assent that after the form of Government shall be agreed to by the people, the present delegates in Congress shall resolve themselves into a General Assembly for one year; and that they choose 12 persons inhabitants residing in the several districts to form a Council and the persons so chosen shall be possessed of all the powers of a Council for one year as fully as if chosen by the people.

14. You shall endeavour that no officer of the regular troops or collector of public money shall be eligible as a member of General Assembly; or if being elected he shall afterwards accept of such office or collectorship he shall thereby vacate his seat. And in general that no persons in arrears for public money shall have a seat in General Assembly.

15. You shall endeavour that the delegates to represent this State in any future Continental Senate shall never be appointed for longer time than one year and shall not be capable to serve more than three years successively; and that the Council and General Assembly shall have power to appoint the said delegates for one year and give them instructions and power to bind this State in matters relating to peace and war, and making treaties for that purpose with Foreign Powers and also for the purposes of General Trade and Commerce of the United States.

16. You shall endeavour that all Treasurers and Secretaries for this State shall be annually appointed by the General Assembly.

17. You shall endeavour that all Judges of the Court of Equity, Judges of the Court of Appeals and Writs of Error, and all Judges of the Superior Courts shall be appointed by the General Assembly and hold their offices during one year.

18. You shall endeavour that Trials by Jury shall be forever had and used in their utmost purity.

19. You shall endeavour that any person who shall hereafter profess himself to be an Atheist or deny the Being of God; or shall deny or blaspheme any one of the persons of the Holy Trinity; or shall deny the divine authority of the old and New Testament, or shall be of the Roman Catholic religion, shall not sustain, hold or enjoy any office of trust or profit in the State of North Carolina.

20. That in all times hereafter no professing christian of any denomination whatever shall be compelled to pay any tax or duty towards the support of the clergy or worship of any other denomination.

21. That all professing christians shall enjoy the free and undisturbed exercise of religion and may worship God according to their consciences without restraint, except idolatrous worshippers.

22. You shall endeavour that the form of Government when made out and agreed to by the Congress shall be transmitted to the several counties of this State to be considered by the people at large, for their approbation and consent if they shall choose to give it; to the end that it may derive its force from the principal supreme power.

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After the Constitution and form of Government shall be agreed upon and established; the General Assembly formed you shall endeavour that they may exercise the law-making power on the following subjects of legislation, (viz :)

1. You shall endeavour to have all vestry laws and marriage acts heretofore in force totally and forever abolished.

2. You shall endeavour to obtain an attachment law providing for creditors a full and ample remedy against debtors who run away to avoid payment.

3. You shall endeavour to obtain an appraisement law for the relief of the poor, when their goods are sold by execution.

4. You shall endeavour to obtain a law to establish a College in this county, and procure a handsome endowment for the same.

5. You shall endeavour to diminish the fees of clerks in the Superior and Inferior Courts, and make the Fee Bill more perspicuous and clear it of all ambiguities.

6. You shall endeavour to obtain a law, that Overseers may be elected annually in every county with power to provide for the poor.

7. You shall endeavour to obtain a law to prevent clandestine marriages; and that Gospel ministers regularly ordained, whether by Bishops, by Presbyteries or by association of regular ministers, shall have legal authority to marry after due publication of banns, where the parties live.

8. You shall endeavour that all Judges

and Justices may be impowered and required by law to administer oaths with uplifted hand, when the party to be sworn shall desire that the same may be done without book.

9. You shall endeavour to pass laws for establishing and immediately opening superior and inferior Courts.

10. You shall endeavour to pass a law for establishing a Court of Equity.

11. You shall endeavour to obtain a law for paying the Justices of the County Court.

12. You shall endeavour by law to enforce the attendance of the Judges in the Superior Court and in case of due attendance to make them ——— allowance.

13. You shall endeavour that so much of the Habeas Corpus Act and the common and statute law heretofore in force and use and favorable to the liberties of the people shall be continued in force in this State excluding every idea of the kingly office and power.

14. That persons be chosen annually in every county to collect taxes.

15. That a general and equal land tax be laid throughout the State.

16. That people shall be taxed according to their estates.

*17. That sheriff, clerk and register shall be chosen by the freeholders in every county; the register to continue in office during good behavior; the sheriff to be elected every year. The same person to be capable to be elected every year if all moneys due by virtue of his office shall be faithfully paid up.

*18. That men shall be quieted in their

titles and possessions and that provision shall be made to secure men from being disturbed by old and foreign claims against their landed possessions.

Test: J. McKNIT.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE DELEGATES FROM ORANGE.

We, the people of the county of Orange, who have chosen you to represent us in the next Congress of Representatives, delegated by the people of this State, require you to take notice that the following are our instructions to you, which you are required to follow in every particular with the strictest regard.

First. We desire you to consider the following propositions as maxims, to which you and every other delegate shall plainly and implicitly subscribe and assent, and which are to be the foundation of all your following proceedings.

1. Political power is of two kinds, one principal and supreme, the other derived and inferior.

his name at length. Sections 10, 11, 13, it appears from a marginal note in the handwriting of Mr. Alexander, were rejected by the people.

Of the numerous questions which perplexed the minds of statesmen, at that day with reference to the structure of the government, there was none more keenly contested, than whether the Legislative power should be confided to a single assembly, or to a Senate and House of Representatives. Doctor Franklin adopted the maxim, that as the will of the nation was one and indivisible, such should be the character of the Assembly that declared it. Pennsylvania and Georgia framed their Constitutions, in the first instance, upon this principle, and the people of Mecklenburg, seem to have concurred with them in sentiment. The excesses of a single unchecked assembly during the French revolution produced such a universal change of opinion upon the subject that the younger class of politicians seem to be scarcely aware, that any difference of opinion ever prevailed in relation to this fundamental principle.

* The instrument is in the well known sharp angular hand writing of Col. Avery, with the exception of these sections (17 and 18) which are in the small cramped hand of John McKnit Alexander. The signature J. McKnit, we recollect to have heard the late Governor Stokes state was an abbreviation not unfrequently adopted by Mr. Alexander, instead of writing

2. The principal supreme power is possessed only by the people at large; the derived and inferior power by the servants which they employ.

3. Whatever persons are delegated, chosen, employed or intrusted by the people, are their servants, and can possess only derived inferior power.

4. Whatever is constituted and ordained by the principal supreme power cannot be altered, superseded or abrogated by any other, but the same power that ordained may alter, suspend or abrogate its own ordinances.

5. The rules whereby the derived inferior power is to be exercised, are to be constituted by the principal supreme power, and can be altered, suspended or abrogated by the same and no other.

6. No authority can exist or be exercised but what shall appear to be ordained and created by the principal supreme power, or by some derived inferior power, which the principal supreme power has authorized to create such authority.

7. The derived inferior power can by no construction assume authority injurious to or subversive of the principal supreme power.

Secondly. We require that the civil and religious constitution, which we apprehend to contain the rules whereby the inferior derived power is to be exercised, be framed and prepared by the delegates, and be sent to every county to be laid before the people for their assent, if the people shall think proper to give it—to the end that it may derive its authority from the principal supreme power, and be afterwards alterable by that alone, agreeable to the fifth maxim before set down.

Thirdly. We require that in framing the religious constitution, you insist upon a free and unrestrained exercise of religion to every individual agreeable to that mode which each man shall choose for himself, and that no one shall be compel-

led to pay towards the support of any clergyman except such as he shall choose to be instructed by; and that every one, regularly called and appointed, shall have power to solemnize marriage under such regulations as shall be established by law for making the marriage contract notorious. Provided, however, persons who are intrusted in the discharge of any office shall give assurances that they do not acknowledge supremacy ecclesiastical or civil in any foreign power, or spiritual infallibility or authority to grant the Divine Pardon to any person who may violate moral duties or commit crimes injurious to the community—and we positively enjoin you that on no pretence you consent to any other religious constitution or that the establishing of this shall be waived, postponed or delayed.

Fourthly. We require that in framing the civil constitution, the derived inferior power shall be divided into three branches, to-wit: The power of making laws, the power of executing, and the power of Judging.

Fifthly. That the power of making laws shall have authority to provide remedies for any evils which may arise in the community, subject to the limitations and restraints provided by the principal supreme power.

Sixthly. That by such limitations and restraints, they shall be prevented from making any alterations in the distribution of power, or of depriving any individual of his civil or natural rights, unless by way of punishment for some declared offence, clearly and plainly adjudged against him by the judging power.

Seventhly. That the executive power shall have authority to apply the remedies provided by the law-makers in that manner only which the laws shall direct, and shall be entirely distinct from the power of making laws.

Eightly. That the judging power shall be entirely distinct from and independent

of the law-making and executive powers.

Ninthly. That no persons shall be capable of acting in the exercise of any more than one of these branches at the same time, lest they should fail of being the proper checks on each other, and by their united influence become dangerous to any individual who might oppose the ambitious designs of the persons who might be employed in such powers.

Tenthly. That in constituting the law-making power, the same be divided into two assemblies, each independent of the

other and both dependent on the people.

Eleventhly. That one assembly shall consist of Representatives chosen by all the freeholders and house-holders, and the other of Representatives chose by the freeholders only.

Twelfthly. That all elections shall be by Ballot.

Thirteenthly. That in constituting the executive power, the same be made elective every year, and that no persons shall be capable of serving therein more than three years, or capable of being elected thereto until he has been three years out.

BIRTHPLACE.

I love the rugged hill—the spot,
That caught my earliest glance,
That lured me from my mother's cot
And did all my joys enhance.
In the blissful days of childhood,
I sought its shady bowers,
Its dark and deep-tangled wildwood
Its purling brooks—its flowers.
The stern old forest on its brow,
In pride waved to and fro,
In high disdain it seemed to bow
To humbler things below.
The rivulet leapt adown its side
And laughed in all its glee,
My heart leapt up in joy and pride,
To see it wild and free.
From a carpet rich of varied dye,

Which did this spot enshroud;
Listless I lay and watched the sky,
And the golden floating cloud.
From the shadowy days by-gone,
Come memories buried long;
The sweetest live distinct alone,
And round my cottage throng.
The earliest rays of rising sun
Silver the oaks of my hill;
The last beams---when his race is run
Play around it still.
So, the first affections of my heart,
Are linked with this loved spot;
And memory's rays, that lost depart
Shall cling to my boyhood's cot.
Chapel Hill, June 1st, 1855.

FAREWELL! by thee forsaken,
Joy's lingering ray is o'er,
This heart can ne'er awaken
To one bright moment more.

The hopes my soul had cherished,
Have withered one by one,
And since life's flowers have perished,
I am left to linger on.

The clouds of early sorrow,
Hung heavy on my brow,
No sun bursts of to-morrow
Can brighten o'er it now.

My broken lute alone
Remains my grief to tell,
And thus its parting tone
Can only say—Farewell!

"I've something sweet to tell thee,"
An echo from the heart,
Of one who e'er will bless thee,
Till life itself shall part,
The slender thread which binds me
To this troubled sphere of ours;
Enchanted in thy presence—
As Eden's rose bowers.

"I've something sweet to tell thee,"
The zephyr's gentle voice,
From its volcanic hold,
Eastward to its goal,
Will bear the fiery, burning,
Melting lava of my soul,
To thine ears my gentle Haidee,
To sadden, or console. NISUS.

AMERICAN VIEW OF THE EUROPEAN WAR.

So many opinions have been advanced concerning the tendencies, effects and probable results of the war which has so long disturbed, and is still disturbing the quietude of the Old World, and which must occupy a distinguished place in the annals of the nineteenth century, that the subject will hardly admit of discussion; and he who introduces it, is not credited for much originality. Yet waiving all conjectures of the result, which past events and present circumstances seem to involve in so much mystery, we wish merely to show the true relation of America to the belligerent parties and give the proper direction to American sympathy.

Placed as we are in unembarrassed neutrality, bound by no covenant save that of justice, no pledges to redeem and no grievances to redress, we may look with proud security, but not with utter indifference upon struggling nations.—Calmly sitting “above the storm’s career” clothed with the garments of our own sovereignty, and untouched by the waves of faction, we are yet alive to admiration, feeling and reverence and look with interest on the scene. Each party has its own advocates, and the display of ingenuity in the siege of Sebastopol is rivaled by the array of wit and stratagem produced by American critics. That this war will affect seriously the situation of Europe and even of the world, none will deny. That questions are now involved upon the issue of which depend the conditions of masses of mankind is easily to be perceived. Yet there seems to be a point of difference with Americans as on which party to lavish their good wishes, whether the grasping, monopolizing Russia, or the jealous and conservative Western Powers.

Being as it is, a dispute between crown-

ed heads upon a mere matter of despotic possession, liberty in Europe can hardly have a claim on either result, for as yet, there is no demonstration on either side towards the amelioration of the condition of the people. Power, rule and extension are the issues of the strife, and, although that word, freedom, which is made a siren song to so many mortals, is held up as the watchword and battle cry, it must by no means be considered as the “*vox populi*,” or an evidence of justice. The question then is reduced to this point, would the United States be benefited by the preservation or overthrow of the balance of power in Europe? If the Allies prevail, the “*status quo*” is maintained and no innovation, no radical changes are to be feared. Even, though they should have an inclination to conquest, a sense of their own interests to repair the injuries of war, and attention to home affairs, will render it impossible or at least inexpedient, to gratify it. England involved in pecuniary liabilities to an extent almost equivalent to insolvency, and France with its bosom yet bleeding by its own frightful dissensions and the voice of anarchy hardly subdued, must pause in the hour of victory, to bind up wounds and restore health to the body politic. Turkey whose sovereignty has so long been doubtful and exists now only in name, must sooner or later be blotted from the list of nations, and the benighted doctrines of the Koran must give way to the bright and holy laws of the Bible. The sound of the muezzin proclaiming a miserable heresy to deluded minds and fastening the veil of barbarism which has so long hung o’er the Eastern horizon, will soon be heard no more, and the voice which cries “there is but one God and Mohammed is his pro-

phet," must change its tone and proclaim, "there is but one God and Jesus is his son."

It is then easily to be seen that Russia is the only power to be dreaded. With Colossean strides she has been advancing, and, starting from the cold, bleak and barren regions of the Arctic pole, she has laid her ruthless hand upon the sunny lands of the South and East, crushing, blighting desolating all. Possessing one seventh of the habitable globe, with sixty millions of people for her subjects, she only reflects on this vast domain to be filled with a desire for more. Can Russia thus be a friend to liberty, to equality, to justice? Would she by monopolizing the whole of Europe, become more enlightening in her views, more liberal in her government or more tolerant to conquered nations? Let the fate of Poland, Hungary and Circassia answer. Let the sighs of a dying Kosciusko, the mournful eloquence of despairing Kossuth and the wild efforts of nomadic Schamyl be taken as evidence, and some idea can be formed of the mildness of her sway. Look for liberty in Russia and you will find that its last warm breath was chilled by the snows of Siberia, or perished under the hellish torments of the knout. Look for justice and you will see it usurped by the sword and lost in the rear of the cannon. Seek for religion and will find as a substitute, a wretched, superstition, which, while it professes Christianity is fashioned to the whims of an earthly potentate. Look for civilization, and while on a greater portion of Europe we see the blaze of noon day, we find there only the gleamings of early morn.

This, then, is the nation that Americans, forgetful of their faith, sympathize with and bid "God speed!" Why is it? Is it prejudice to England, fear of France's Emperor, or jealousy towards both? It is time to do away with old animosities; let "by-gones be by-gones." Though

memories of a struggle for independence, of England's crimes and cruelties raise feelings of anger in our bosoms, yet we should never forget that we owe her a small debt of gratitude, if for nothing else, at least for our existence. We have many kind feelings for the "mother country," and cherish a veneration for her age and admiration for her glory, which can never be extinct. 'Tis the land of Hampden and of Nelson, of Byron and Shakespeare, and we would sink down with grief to see its classic halls polluted by the savage of the Volga, or the Tartar of Asia.

Again: 'Tis said that the French Emperor is cunning, designing, intriguing. Be it so, and what need we fear from him.— Though he bears the name and blood of him who caused Europe to tremble and astonished the world, yet we see no probability of the scenes of Marengo, Austerlitz and Iena being acted over; and when we stood undaunted at the actions of the one, we need not tremble before the other.

We come now to the conclusion that Europe must be "either Republican or Cossack," and if Russia is not checked in her advances, it must undoubtedly become the latter. Let France and England be defeated and the other powers become an easy conquest. Germany stands trembling before the power of Russia, ready to yield at a frown. Austria with its veterans, bows an humble suppliant at the will of the Czar, and Denmark, Sweden and Norway could make no effectual resistance. Spain, feeble, dilapidated and corrupt as she is, would hardly raise a hand to defend her old body from the ravages of the conqueror, and Portugal would follow in her footsteps. Then comes up the question, would Russia content with the sway of Europe, be limited in her possessions by the Atlantic and cast no wistful eye on this side of the water? We are too well versed in human

nature to hesitate to decide in the negative. That spirit which began with Peter the Great is now burning with increased fervor in the bosoms of his descendants and longs for the rule of the world.

Predictions have gone forth, that Russia absorbing the Eastern Continent and the United States the Western, would become the two great nations of the earth. This event should be looked to with many misgivings rather than joy, for that two such powers should exist in amity towards each other, is utterly impossible. Their very strength would occasion disputes, and the business of the world would be war and bloodshed. The neigh of the Cossack's war horse might then be heard on the shores of America, and the flame of liberty, which has burned so brilliantly and gloriously in this Western World, be extinguished forever. If Rus-

sia prevails, then there is much to be dreaded and nothing to be hoped for.—She cannot advance freedom, for she knows it not. She cannot advance the light of civilization, for she, herself is as dark as midnight. She cannot disseminate religion, for she is no more christian than she is Pagan. She must be looked upon as a great giant priding himself in his physical force alone, with an eye single to conquest and dominion. She must be taught that there are limits to all human power, and right must not always yield to might. Let her be content to remain within her present boundaries, learn to respect the rights of her neighbors and endeavor to break away those clouds of ignorance and poverty which hang with Egyptian darkness over her unhappy children.

DESIRE OF SOCIETY—NOT A SELFISH PRINCIPLE.

There is perhaps no emotion in the mind of man so powerful as the desire of society, and no one of the various emotions which agitate and control the human mind has received so much attention from Philosophers and metaphysicians. While they have come, after many ages of bitter strife, to some determinate conclusion in regard to the various affections and desires which influence mankind, on this point they yet differ very materially. All agree that the desire of society is all-powerful; but whether this desire is a disinterested or a selfish emotion they have not determined conclusively.

While Hobbes and the followers of his school have by the most severe logic, built up the selfish theory of morals; while they have delighted in representing the natural state of man as one of all against all: fathers against sons and sons against fathers—in short, whole families separated and warring against each other;

while they would teach us that disinterested affection is but a shadow which mankind have been forever grasping at, but have never succeeded in obtaining; while they have disseminated and inculcated doctrines which cannot but make us look upon our fellow-man with feelings near akin to contempt, Reid and Stewart, and those who follow their more refining and ennobling doctrines, have with equally severe logic, and with far more force and beauty of expression, built up a theory right the reverse.

War, says Hobbes, and those who follow him, is the natural state of man.—Assuming this as true, we are inevitably forced to adopt the conclusion to which this premise leads, viz: that there is no such thing as disinterestedness on earth, but on the contrary, all is selfishness.—But, that war is the natural state of man, we deny and no where have the advocates of the selfish system advanced proof suf-

ficient to satisfy us that such is really the natural state of mankind. They have, we will admit established the fact—which no one ever questioned—that man in all ages and in every clime has been found in a state of warfare. The history of mankind does indeed furnish a melancholy proof of the depraved state of mankind from the creation of the world to the present age. But while we admit that man has malevolent emotions, which lead him into every species of wickedness and folly, we assert that he has also benevolent emotions, which elevate, refine, and ennoble his soul. Says a distinguished writer, man is born in society and there he remains. Long before he has learned to sum and calculate the value of every separate word and look of kindness; long before we have learned to measure the general advantages which a spontaneous and ready kindness yields with that state of misery into which we would have been thrown, if there had been no society to receive us, we have formed innumerable affection. Each moment of our lives these affections increase in extent and strength for there is no moment when the heart is so cold or callous as to reject the calls of sympathy and affection. Observe the infant in the arms of its nurse when another infant is presented to it; mark how its eyes sparkle and its features light up with joy. Long before the possibility of instruction or habit they testify in the most unmistakable manner their mutual attachment.—The whole animal creation demonstrate in the same conclusive manner the workings of that secret principle of association implanted in their hearts by their Creator.

That necessity has a great deal to do in the formation of societies we will not deny. The child as he advances from infancy to manhood and from manhood to the grave becomes united to the members of the society in which he may have been born or

reared not only by ties of affection, but also by ties of self-interest. He soon learns to mould his character to suit the views of those, with whom he associates: to put on a smile when his heart is being consumed with gall; to simulate any and every position to gain his ends. But while he may thus learn to play the hypocrite, he can never suppress—nor does he ever wish to suppress the emotions of friendship, and affection, which soothe him in times of trial, danger and difficulty, as well as of peace and happiness.—However elevated, learned and wise however debased ignorant and foolish he may appear to the world the love of society still exists in his bosom and impels him to seek out some congenial spirit around whom he may entwine his affections. And what may I ask is the gift of language, but a proof that God intended we should unite in societies. Language is said by those who maintain the selfish theory of morals to be merely an instrument or vehicles by which we may make known our wants and necessities. But how small a portion of our language is used for such a purpose! Take from our language all the eloquent words of affection and friendship, by which we interchange our thoughts when friends meet; friends in social converse; when withdrawn, from the busy and exciting world seated in the privacy of our homes, and surrounded by those we hold most dear we engage in conversation and feel our pulse thrill and our heart beat with emotions at the eloquent tones of those we love: strip language of everything but what is necessary to express our wants and how much would remain? Why not more than you could hold in the palm of your hand. Yet such would undoubtedly be the result if the argument of necessity be admitted in the extreme degree which men of the selfish school demand for it.

But to sum up, I think the whole argument is not whether the natural state of man is war; not whether he associates from motives of disinterestedness or selfishness, but whether God is a benevolent being. If we admit that He is such and that He created man, we are at liberty to infer that he would in his all-pervading benevolence endow man with emotions

which would most contribute to his happiness and well being. And as experience demonstrates in the most unmistakeable manner that man is happier in society than out of it, we may reasonably conclude that desire of society is a gift of God co-existent with the creation of man and not the result of fortuitous circumstances.

MONTAGUE.

RELATION OF PHILOSOPHY TO MAN.

BY C A N E .

Every man is to some extent a philosopher no matter what may be his condition in life. At first view, this assertion may appear to some presumptuous; since we commonly consider those only, philosophers who are most eminently conversant with the principles that explain phenomena. But a cursory view of the process on hand will show that nothing more is here meant than the common acceptation of the term implies.

It must be admitted that happiness is the ultimate object of all our pursuits.—Each one takes the road that he thinks will conduct him most safely to the greatest source of temporal enjoyment; some choose the wrong road and get disappointed, but all have their minds fixed upon the same point of destination. But how can happiness be obtained except by an adaptation of means to ends. It is not till we have traced the various resemblances and discrepancies of phenomena, so as to arrive at truth, that we can predict with any degree of certainty the various relations of cause and effect. Truth is the principles resulting from close comparison and reflection upon particular cases. It is simply another name for philosophy and to philosophize every one must do who would maintain his existence.

The brute creation provide for their

future wants in most cases without knowing for what they toil. Notice the movements of the little bee on a fine spring morning. How lustily he first goes to work constructing his mathematical cell. This accomplished, how he flits from flower to flower returning to his little home, ever and anon, richly laden with provisions to be stored away for use in hard weather and in those seasons when they can not be had. Though this little creature is making use of the most difficult principles, he is ignorant of the important results to which they lead. His life is secured by his own exertions, and he knows it not. With him, instinct is the governing principle. Not so with man; his narrow vision scans the dark abyss of the future, foresees his wants, and regulates his actions accordingly. The house is reared, the seeds sown, and the harvest garnered to suit the circumstances of his being. His condition is of various degrees;—progress marks his movements. Hence we see that man's necessities require him to be a philosophical animal. But there is a principle within him that urges him further than his bare necessities dictate; curiosity invites him to active exercise, merely, that he may have the pleasure of conquering. Without this important mainspring, we would have no motive to exertion beyond the point

where we could see, at a glance, what objects were desirable. Under such circumstances how limited would be our means of enjoyment compared with what they are at present! The mind of man is finite. It must follow the chain of consequences link by link in order to reach the other end. We climb the rugged path of science from hill to hill, feeling, at each step, that if we can only reach the *next* eminence our curiosity will be satiated and that we will be at our journey's end; but, passing on, we stop now and then by the way plucking fruits of the most delicious flavor, that were not anticipated, which serve to give our desires renewed strength for fresh victories. Our pleasures are thus increased a thousand fold. It is true, we are sometimes wearied and disappointed, but this serves to add variety to monotony and to enhance the value of our conquests. Little did the first experimenters in electricity and steam imagine the almost miraculous achievements to which their labors were giving origin. Truly the very lightning that dashes with terrific splendor across our horizon, rending heaven and earth, is *now* the vehicle through which man communes with his fellows with the rapidity of thought from one end of the land to the other! The same air that we breathe is the means of uniting all the nations of the earth as of one family and one interest! Since, then, philosophy is no less a necessity to man for promoting his happiness and supplying his wants than an innate principle leading him on to most of his enjoyments, every man is a philosopher. Philosophy, then, is the shrine to which all must come, the high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. Some of us get only a part of the precious jewels; others the whole, but all receive our share.

However numerous or diversified the branches of philosophy seem, when viewed independently of each other and with

reference only to their particular objects, they all terminate in two great sources, which may be termed, for convenience in this place, *material* and *mental* philosophy. The sphere of the former embraces the principles relating to the whole wonderful world of matter, that of the latter all those principles having reference to that mysterious and complicated region—mind. Here are two vast and beautiful fields of inquiry spread out before us;—fields *rich* in every variety of soil and production, from the earth upon which we tread and the animals that inhabit it to those myriads of worlds that sport above our heads with the same beautiful harmony as when first whirled into space. But there are serious embarrassments to the study of matter to the highest extent desirable—expensive apparatus and particular seasons are necessary. No such difficulties present themselves in the investigation of mind.

We have all the apparatus and materials required for our operations at all times and at every place. If one were chained down in a dungeon whence he never could depart, his speculations in this department of science need not be interrupted; for, even under these humiliating circumstances, he would still have an inexhaustable fund of thought and feeling within himself to philosophize upon.

When it is said there are even two kinds of philosophy, this should be understood to have reference to their subject matter, for, strictly speaking, all philosophy is that of mind. This is a mistake of course which few will fall into; the error upon which it proceeds is born in mind; but it is in this instance as in many others, our minds may be deceiving us when we least suspect it. If our attention be directed to a beautiful young lady, the emotions which such an object naturally gives rise to in our minds are simultaneously transferred to her, and i

is hard for us to realize that many of the delightful graces that, for the time, throw a charm around that face and form, are the products of our own minds reflected back upon us and that after all we have *really* seen nothing but a living mass of disconnected particles of matter variously colored. If any fair Miss should do me the honor to glance at these seemingly harsh lines, I would beg her not to be offended, and assure her that I would not remove the deception in *this* case for my existence were it in my power, expecting soon to become a candidate for a *permanent* "take-in" of this kind. And, in addition to this, she may have the pleasure of reflecting that some objects have the power of exciting such feelings while others may not be so happily constituted. To this delusive principle we are doubtless indebted for a great many pleasures, without any bad consequences resulting therefrom, but we are also indebted to it for many erroneous conclusions and their necessary attendants erroneous applications. To make an application of what has just been said to the subject under consideration, if the beneficial results of material philosophy are constantly impressed upon us, combined with our knowledge of the principles from which they flow, we are strongly disposed to consider mental philosophy unimportant for all practical purposes, and, hence, to neglect it altogether.

Now to suppose there can be progress in any department of science without a knowledge of the human mind, is as gross an error as if a mechanic should undertake to construct a machine without first inquiring into the powers, limits and uses of the tools or other contrivances by which his materials must be moulded and adapted to each other. Even in that branch of philosophy called material, the phenomena are all that do not belong to the mind; the operator, instruments and structure are strictly mental. Nature

presents nothing but disconnected facts without resemblance or classification except as felt and developed by the mind.

Material philosophy is the consequent of mental philosophy. Just in proportion as the latter is understood will the former advance and no further. How much more rapid would have been the march of man, if he had only studied his mind far enough, at first, to discover its limits and the proper objects and means of investigation. Had this been the case, so many ages would not have been wasted in idle inquiries such as astrology, alchemy and many others of a like character that might be mentioned. What a source of exultation it should be to us that Bacon, Locke, Adam, Smith, Aristotle, Reid, Stewart, Shaftesbury, Butler, Brown, Kames, Campbell, arose in due time to shed their streams of light upon the world! The philosophy of mind is the altar upon which they deposited their offerings.

Will any one, at this day, dare to be so ignorant or ungrateful as to say no return has been made for their sacrifices? Earth nor heaven now offers any barriers too great for man to overcome; their treasures lie in profusion around us.

Who will, now, be so bold as to attempt to estimate our progress a century hence, if we will only improve the rich legacy bequeathed to us? but, if we neglect to do this, our developments even in the material universe must, at one time or other, terminate. At present, there seems no probability of such a sad state of things. The late able contributions to the philosophy of mind from Sir Wm. Hamilton, believed to be the giant philosopher of the world, the profound Mill and Whately, the liberal and brilliant Cousin and Juoffroy, to say nothing of many others, tell us plainly that philosophy has not *yet* reached its meridian.

Our own country has heretofore been more distinguished as superficial and

highly practical than as combining the latter quality with the highest degree of originality. It was natural and well that it should be so under the circumstances; the abundant physical resources of the country must be developed before it was either necessary or possible that many of our countrymen should have the time and means required for speculation. Under such a state of things we, have been most profitably employed in making an application of the great intellectual developments of older countries. But these considerations do not apply with so much force to us now as formerly. We can explore for ourselves the exhaustless region of mind, and by a more careful search find many valuable elements that have been time and again carelessly stepped over; and we can at the same time make fresh discoveries in the sciences and arts of matter. It is only by this means that we can become permanently great in science, literature, civil and religious institutions. We are dependent upon foreign countries too much for productions in the first two departments. I do not mean to decry the study of foreign works; let the best of them be studied well, but let us discover that boldness of thought and sentiment which becomes our position as a great, independent and dignified people. Progress in the philosophy of mind and matter are, then, inseparably connected, as cause and effect.

But the latter may deserve some credit as a whetstone to the mind. That branch of the science of matter called mathematics is based upon a few fixed definitions and axioms; we combine these so as to produce in invariable succession an indefinite series of propositions, such confirmed by all that have gone before and admitting of demonstration so satisfactory as to make doubt or error out of the question if the connecting links be understood. Since the data are simple and invariable and there are no counteracting circum-

stances at play, it would seem that the great benefit the mind derives from the process consists in the accuracy acquired in properly connecting premises and conclusion; when the reasoning is purely abstract. That this is an important training, if the evils that attend it be disregarded, no one will pretend to deny; but in all human affairs there is little or none of such reasoning available. Here probabilities must be considered, the evidence must be weighed with the nicest precision to determine which side has the preponderance of truth. *Does* mathematics give the drilling desirable in these particulars? If these humble suggestions be true, they may furnish an explanation for the fact that those who have devoted themselves mostly to mathematics, when they have to discuss subjects of a different kind, nearly always adopt false premises, of course, draw false conclusions, and are less liberal in maintaining their opinions than any other class of scientific men.

But to turn to that other branch of the philosophy of matter, physical science, so called, the process is different. The phenomena are generally simple and uniform, though there are some disturbing influences, one experiment or observation is, in most cases, sufficient to give a general principle. Some of these systems aid the mind very much, it is supposed, by the variety and beauty of their modes of classification; but even here the marks of distinction are too plain and separate to sharpen the discriminating powers to the greatest extent. It should be understood that the views here submitted in regard to the importance of mathematical and physical science, are intended to be entirely *relative*, and that it is far from my object to discourage such studies. He who is ignorant of either of these branches of science, particularly the latter, loses much that is calculated in a high degree to amuse, instruct and adorn his mind.

If, as I hope to have shown, a knowledge of the laws of mind is indispensable to progress in the material world, how insignificant must be this advantage when compared with the importance of that knowledge in all those departments in life in which mind is not only the operator, instruments and structure employed, but is the material itself upon which we operate. It is only when the intellectual sciences are traced back to the mind, their only proper source, that they assume their proper dignity as sciences of the highest importance to man;—such are ethics and politics the principles and means by which it is best to extend the happiness of our race;—logic, rhetoric, criticism the modes by which truth can be best investigated, promulgated, appreciated;—and, last, psychology the laws of that noble and mysterious world ever about us by which the beauties and uses of every thing in the universe are sought after, felt and applied. Surely such speculations as *these* would be of the most sublime kind if they answered no other purpose than to enlighten us on the subjects of which they treat; but the palm must be claimed for them as giving the highest mental discipline of which science is capable.

In this process the data are extremely complicated, in many cases, and they shadow into each other from our very attempts to grasp and separate them. But even after our data are determined, the circumstances that attend them are so various, contradictory, and lead to so many different conclusions that it calls for the most accurate discrimination generally to approach the truth with merely a strong degree of probability on our side.

These inquiries admit of every degree of evidence from certainty to the most abstruse estimate of probability. They tend to humble rather than exalt us in our own opinions; we see how feeble are our powers at best, and learn to throw aside confident assertions and dogmatism,

from the extreme subtilness of truth in all discussions relating to man. It is only by this means that the highest powers of discrimination and curiosity can be developed. And when this is accomplished, every acquisition to our store of knowledge is easily obtained. Such subjects as relate to man must claim every one's attention more than any others; but how much more enlarged, liberal and accurate views may be had of him, in all his relations, by combining our own narrow and hurried speculations with the study of a few of the systems that have been evolved by some of the greatest intellects known to the world.

If it became our lot to spend a life-time in a country beset on every side with the most fatal snares, we would eagerly procure the charts of the greatest of those who had made it their sole profession while living in that same country to point out the dangerous places and to act as a guide to others. Such a country is the mind, such charts are the great systems of human philosophy, and the great authors mentioned above, such guides. It is urged that the tendency of such subtil discriminations as these studies lead to, produce skepticism in some minds. The objection is worth nothing. This arises from the complicated nature of such investigations. It is the mind grasping at truth with a thousand counteracting forces pulling it in other directions. Suppose a few men are made confirmed skeptics in there struggles to reach these truths while many more are successful, must we discard such inquiries altogether? Is not the world advanced by it, if more truth than error is the result? There is no subject known that has given origin to so much doubt and contrariety of opinion as the Christian religion, yet how absurd it would seem to us to attempt to dispose of it on such an objection. There are certain settled principles in this, as in the philosophy of mind, upon which men

agree, and there are likewise undetermined principles about which they differ.—This will necessarily, be the case as long as our minds are so differently constituted and truth is so difficult to determine. I hope we have seen then that mental philosophy is of the highest importance to

progress in every science. How beautiful and wonderful is man's adaptation to the universe within and without him.—Nature seems to have scattered her bounties around him merely to develop his capacities and exalt his condition.

A LETTER FROM THE LOBBIES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

If variety be the spice of life, as has long been maintained, then I contend that the mere fact of this being a letter instead of an Essay, Review, Criticism, Soliloquy or something else, will not of itself be a justifiable plea for its rejection.

I feel a deep interest in the well-doing of the Magazine, and am desirous of contributing something to that end; but the question arises, what shall that something be? Shall I ransack the musty records of the past, and scare up from his resting place the ashes of some mighty hero who has slept perhaps for thousands of years merely for the sake of a thrilling incident? Shall I wander through the mazes and mysteries of philosophy, metaphysics, morals, politics, religion and law, and write a staid essay? or shall I "soar aloft into the regions of space," and give you a tale of the Heart? Now as I am but a poor historian, much less a philosopher, novelist or poet, my answer to all these questions must necessarily be—nay. Then what must I do? Methinks I hear some one say—"mind your own business and let other people's alone." Very good doctrine, sir, I grant you: but as that thing never has been done yet, I being rather a timid youth, am unwilling to make the adventure at this late day.

But, Messrs. Editors, being of a sort of a sneaking disposition, I have thought I could do you more good by acting the part of a spy, than in any other way whatever. Don't understand me as intending to act the unenviable part of a critic—by no means, for they are the very men I am going to spy first. These same individuals—self-styled critics—are in my opinion heavy clogs to the wheels of your prosperity. I refer of course to college critics, such as for instance Fresh, Sophs, Juniors, who have no hopes of becoming Editors, and, I might add perhaps, the defeated candidates for Editor among the Seniors. These constitute the main body of college critics.

Now, against well-timed and judicious criticism I have nought to say; for I believe it has ever proved a valuable pruning-knife to the literature of the world. The fear of it has kept many a tainted production from seeing the light of day, and stifled much that was trashy and unfit for the public eye; while it causes those who do venture a book upon the world to "turn the stylius oft," and be careful *what* and *how* they write. This is the legitimate province of criticism.—But when men through malice, ignorance or a "malo videri quam esse" make it a point to abuse every thing that is written without ever attempting to write anything themselves—condemn every thing in general without specifying anything in particular—such men, I say, deserve not the name of critics, but, as a worthy son of North Carolina has aptly termed them—"scavengers of literature who devour greedily the offal matter that may fall before them in the construction of any work however good its object."

You who wear the robes Editorial, are thereby shielded in a great measure from the poisonous sting of the critic's dart, but be assured your little Magazine in its simple paper binding never fails to be lampooned by some of them into its original *ragged* elements; and I, an outsider, always strolling about in the lobbies am not unfrequently an eye-witness to these brutal conflicts. But let me give you an instance. You meet one of these "scavengers" upon the walk, the day the Magazine comes out, and as soon as he gets in speaking distance he cries out "what do you think of the Magazine?"—Well, you reply, it hasn't been here but about ten minutes. I haven't had time to read it yet—don't know what I think of it, what do you think of it? "It's just the worst out—I think they'd better wipe out entirely." But why do you condemn it? what particular fault do you find? Perhaps you haven't read it all.—"No, nor I don't intend to read it—it"

too boring," and on he goes with the full assurance that he has exploded the Magazine, and done something wonderful.—When at the same time, if he had to be hanged for it he couldn't specify the merits or demerits of a single article give him a whole week to study it. Next *proceed* to the belfry, and take a seat there among Fresh, Sophs, and Loafers in general.—The first thing you hear is some *infant* America—Engine letting off steam about the Magazine. Don't say a word but listen, and you'll hear him discourse about as follows. "I can't see for my life why they continue to publish those old Revolutionary tales. Who cares how Colonel Fanning crossed Moore's creek-bridge?—Or whether Phil. Alston's wife acted the part of a heroine when she raised a white handkerchief on a yard stick and advanced 'mid showers of the enemy's bullets to stipulate for the lives of her husband and children? Who has any interest now in what the first Governors of North Carolina said or did? I haven't, I'm sure—and I don't suppose any body else has.—My prediction is, gentlemen, (in a loud emphatic tone) if they continue to publish *such stuff* as this long, they'll have no subscribers—the Magazine will go down—that's just the long and short of it." And off he struts to give the crowd an opportunity to applaud his *sarcasm*, *wit* and *sagacity*, and to predict his future greatness. A Freshman next comes forward—not quite so *pretending*, but a little more modest—and in a *gosling* tone cries out, "well, I don't know so much about these old Revolutionary stories.—They may be interesting to some, I never read them myself; for I have always been taught that it's wrong to *tell stories*, and therefore I don't think it *pious* to read them. But I do think that last editorial is a mighty 'boot-licking affair.' Seems to me the Editors just want to show off any how—putting in them *big words*, puns, and one thing or another. The Magazine's too dry—I think they ought to have some pictures in it."

This, gentlemen, I assure you, is not exaggeration. It is literally true; and but a fair specimen of what may be heard on the forth-coming of every number of your Magazine. I heard a Freshman some time ago, openly condemning, in unqualified terms a leading article, which was afterwards copied into several of the leading literary periodicals of the State,

and pronounced on all hands as the finest article that had ever graced the columns of the Magazine. Yet this is the piece that "went so badly" to the Freshman.—He thought that the writer must have been bewildered. I think it more probable the reader was bewildered that time.

Such critics, it is true, can do you no great deal of harm, but they may do some. It is not merely for the injury they are likely to do the Magazine that I would have them "turn from the error of their way," but it is mainly for their own good. Now there are three reflections I would recommend them to make while thus attempting to criticise, or find fault with the Magazine and every thing it contains, viz: First, they are doing no good—profiting neither themselves nor any body else—secondly, they are *doing harm*, but not in the way they intend it. Thirdly, and "last but not least," they are rendering themselves extremely ridiculous in the eyes of those who are capable of judging; and hence while they think they are doing themselves great credit, and the Magazine great injury, they are simply exposing themselves to the contempt of sensible men. As I have before intimated, if they would but criticise in the proper way, no one could object. It might be profitable to themselves and perhaps to others too; and there is about the Magazine (you will doubtless agree with me) plenty of food for the critic's maw. But between honest criticism and malignant vituperation there is a wide difference; and to draw this discrimination I would recommend as a good exercise for some of my young friends. So mote it be.

Now, Messrs. Editors, if you were as "omnipresent and invisible," as the Know Nothing Sam, you would doubtless be highly amused at the squibs of abuse that will be thrown at this rough epistle. One will say, "It's written by some fool who just wants to get on the good side of the Editors, so that they'll publish something else he expects to write." Another, "it's defective both in spelling and grammar, for I noticed several mistakes *myself*."—While a third will surmise that "since it is such a boot-licking article it certainly must have been written by some candidate for Editor in the next class!" Ah! then you hit me—and now I shall expect you all to vote for me, provided you find me out, and if you don't, please put in your tickets for "NE SCIO."

EDITORIAL TABLE.

FELLOW-STUDENTS :—Vacation is over, and we hope you all return to your labors with new zeal and earnestness. Your improved looks and joyous spirits say plainly that you have had a healthy and a happy sojourn among your friends and relatives. We extend our greetings and a hearty welcome to those who are now with us for the first time. Come, join with us, and let us present one undivided phalanx in the pursuit of intellectual and moral improvement. It is not the brightest genius that makes the most useful man, but he who acts upon that spirit of indomitable perseverance, which says, "Nil Desperandum." The genius may succeed well but never did anything succeed half so well as the *genius of determination and energy*. It is this that sways the sceptre over opposing obstacles, exalts man and makes him manliest. This was the genius that made Napoleon Emperor, Milton the prince of poets, and Washington the father of his country.

It is said that Cæsar frequently remarked, that the reputation of Alexander would not let him sleep. With untiring exertion he at length sheathed his sword, emblazoned with as much glory as that of Alexander. "Where there is a will there is a way," was verified in this instance. The sentiment is worthy of imitation.—But it is one thing to acquire a reputation and quite another to acquire it justly.—We can find many bright examples in our own country, whose reputations should keep us from sleeping. Distinction is not the offspring of inglorious ease, but of ceaseless exertion. We must labor, and our every deed must be actuated by pure

motives. A craving for reputation should be a craving for usefulness. We should have a worthy name, always identified with integrity. We should not be proud to serve our fellows, but they should be proud to have us serve them. And may we in the end be able to say with Cæsar, "I am satisfied with my share of life and fame."

Again, it is said in heathen mythology, that beasts and trees were obedient to the strains of Orpheus' music; and that the stones obeying the sounds of Amphion's golden lyre assumed their respective places and formed an impregnable wall around the city Thebes. But such times have passed, and we have a real matter-of-fact world to deal with, and our great deeds are to be performed not by the necromancy of music, but by that of *will*. Let us then be "diligent in business," and never despair of achieving something for the benefit of our race. Many have sunk into their graves unknown and uncared for, who, but for a distrust of their abilities, might have become as philosophic as Franklin, as patriotic as Washington, or as philanthropic as Howard or Baird—

"Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt."

We bespeak for this, our first effort, a kind and indulgent reception. Our position has been an embarrassing one. The editorial *robes* illfitted our diminutive proportions, the *quill* felt awkward in our unpracticed hands, while we, by no means, felt at our ease in the *chair*. And besides

this, the matter for our first issue was collected during vacation, when we were all scattered about in search of pleasures, so that we had not even the benefit of each other's advice and friendly criticisms. Our contributors, too, partaking of the general lassitude and ennui of the Summer months, did not furnish us with as many articles from which to make a selection, as we hope to have in future. Considering all things, have we not done as well as could have been expected? The leading piece will, doubtless prove acceptable to those who delight in the history of our State; and we consider all the others as quite readable. It will be our aim to give in each number, some substantial article that will be instructive, and perhaps valuable, for reference. We shall then fill up with such humerous and spirited articles as we may have on hand; while our editorial department devoted "*de omnibus rebus, et singulis, et quibusdam aliis,*" shall be more particularly the register of such college events as may be worthy of remembrance.

We do not hope to display any great literary attainments and ability, and all that we dare promise is a faithful and well-meaning attempt at duty.

COMMENCEMENT.

To some it may appear rather droll that we should attempt, at this late date, an account of Commencement Exercises, but we do this, not so much for the present, as for the future interest it will be to our readers. In coming years this will, doubtless, be an interesting page of reference to many and especially so to those who participated in the festivities of the occasion. Without entering into minute detail, we shall give, as briefly as possible, the main features of this our fifty-eighth anniversary. In giving this sketch, we have followed the opinions of those, whose judgement of literary performances we had rather trust than our own,

but in which we most heartily concur.

On Monday night, the sermon before the graduating class, was preached by the Rev. Benjamin M. Palmer, D. D., a Presbyterian minister from Columbia, So. Ca. His text was,

"Then Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that thou art that Christ the Son of the living God." St. John vi: 68-69.

For an hour and twenty minutes did a large congregation listen with untiring interest to a discourse which was learned, eloquent, and impressive, "beautiful in its conception, and grand in its delivery." As a literary and also as a religious effort, this sermon ranks as one of the very best, if not *the* best, that we have ever had on a similar occasion.—Glad are we to learn that the Doctor has consented to have it published.

On Tuesday night the Freshmen competitors occupied the rostrum for the entertainment of the audience. They appeared as follows—

The Contentment of Europe. Kossuth. Rufus B. Mann, Granville.

Impression derived from the Study of History. Verplanck. John A. Gilmer, Greensboro'.

The Roman Soldier, from the "Last Days of Herculaneum." Atherstone. William M. Coleman, Cabarrus.

Absalom. Willis. Julius W. Wright, Wilmington.

Mitford's Greece. Macauley. Leroy M. McAffe, Cleveland.

Motives to Intellectual Exertions in America.—Everett. Thomas S. Price, Hamilton Co.

Defalcation and Retrenchment. S. S. Prentiss. Reuel M. Stancill, Mississippi.

Prospect of Affairs in the East. J. S. C. Abbott. Jesse S. Barnes, Wilson Co.

The American Forest Girl. Mrs. Hemans,—John D. Hawkins, Mississippi.

Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua. Kellogg. Joseph M. White, Florida.

On Wednesday forenoon, the address

before the two literary Societies, was delivered by Mr. George Davis, of Wilmington. The subject of his speech the orator announced in these words: "I have thought," said he, "that instead of sermonizing upon themes which were long ago threadbare, I would give you a sketch, imperfect as it may be, of the Early Times and Men of the lower Cape Fear." The subject was happily chosen and skillfully managed. The patriotic sentiments of this address, expressed in such flowing and well-rounded periods, combined with a most graceful delivery, could not fail in producing a lasting and most pleasing impression on the hearers. It has not only done Mr. Davis much credit, but it will be a valuable contribution to our State history.

At the close of this speech the Historical Society was called to order, and a lecture delivered by the Right Rev. T. Atkinson, D. D. His theme was the character of Oliver Cromwell." It was a calm and well-considered view of a subject which has vexed and puzzled the world for two centuries. It was a production chaste, learned and ingenious, and speaks most favorably for the candor and philosophical discrimination of the Bishop.—We hope to have the pleasure of spreading this address before our readers in our September issue.

The Alumni address was delivered in the afternoon by William J. Bingham, Esq., of Orange. "*Are the moderns wiser than the ancients—is the human race, as such improving?*" "This," says the New York Herald, "was the burden of his song, and right well did he set his song to music." Mr. Bingham discussed his subject with marked ability. His speech though profound, was enlivened by happy strokes of wit and satire against the pseudo progress of the age. His enunciation is most admirable.

On Wednesday night the exhibition of

the Sophomore Class took place in the following order:

- Repudiation of the charge of French Influence, during the War of 1812.* H. Clay. Nathan B. Whitfield, Lenoir Co.
Alfred to his Soldiers. Kuowles. James J. Perkins, Pitt Co.
Regulus to the Roman Senate. Sargent. John Anthony, Scotland Neck.
Woman. Neal. Nathan P. Ward, Franklin County.
Prospects of the California. N. Bennett. H. C. Thompson, Chapel Hill.
Victor Hugo to the Exiles of Europe. John E. Wharton, Guilford Co.
National Hatreds, Rufus Choate. Joseph Graham, Hillsboro'.
The Death of Webster. Harper. Charles A. Mitchell, Chapel Hill.
Military Insubordination. H. Clay. Leonidas B. Haley, Alabama.
The Frail Tenure of our Earthly Life. Anonymous. Junius B. Deberry, Northampton Co.

Like their younger competitors of the preceding evening, they acquitted themselves well. During a short interval in the exercises, Mr. A. C. Avery, of Burke, received at the hands of Governor Swain, a handsome copy of Shakespeare, a prize awarded by the Prof. of Rhetoric, for the best composition in the Sophomore class.

Thursday was a fine day, and the chapel was crowded with interesting and interested spectators. The order of exercises, as exhibited by the programme, was as follows:

FORENOON.

- I. Sacred Music*
II. Prayer.
III. Latin Salutatory. James Hooper Colton, Ashborough.
IV. Influence: Unimitable in extent and Duration. Peter Evans Spruill, Warrenton.
V. College Education and its Defects. Matthew S. Davis, Warren County.
VI. College Education and its Defects. Duncan Elizabeth McNair, Robeson co.
VII. The American explorer. William Gaston Lewis, Chapel Hill.
VIII. Commemorative Monuments. James N. Turner, Harnett county.
IX. The Fate of the Gifted. Jesse R. Wharton, Guilford county.

X. Geology—not Anti-Christian. Jas. Campbell, Harnett co.

XI. Science: Nature's Complement. Charlton W. Yellowley, Jackson.

XII. Scottish Chivalry. Evander J. McIver, Moore Co.

XIII. Which Way? Edmund J. Gaines, Montgomery Co.

XIV. Greek Address. John Marshall Puttick, Raleigh.

AFTERNOON.

I. Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera. Daniel McDougald, Harnett county.

II. The Well-being of Man. Robt. E. James South Carolina.

III. The Self-made Man. James Robert Gatling, Gates county.

IV. The Sailor's Destiny. William Hunt Hall, Wilmington.

V. Annual Report.

VI. Degrees Conferred.

VII. The Valedictory. Edward Winslow Gilliam, Fayetteville.

VIII. Sacred Music.

IX. Benediction.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts, was conferred on fifty four young gentlemen, composing the Senior Class, as follows :

Richard B. Bellamy,.....Marianna, Fla.
Alexander D. Betts,.....Cumberland.
Nathaniel A. Boyden,.....'....Surry.
Henry M. Brearley,....Darlington, S. C.
James Campbell,.....Cumberland.
Robert A. Carrigan,.....Alamance.
James H. Colton,.....Ashboro'.
Matthew S. Davis,.....Warren.
James W. Ewing,.....Montgomery,
Edmund J. Gaines,.....Montgomery.
J. Robert Gatling,... ..Gates.
Edward W. Gilliam,.....Fayetteville.
John B. Gilliam,.....Bertie.
William W. Glover,.....Robeson.
Thomas B. Graham,....Hillsboro', Miss.
Willis L. Green,.....Warrenton.
James Hadley,.....Davidson, Tenn.
Wm. H. Hall,.....Wilmington.
Atherton B. Hill,.....Scotland Neck.
John R. Hogan,.....Chapel Hill.
Joseph H. Hyman,.....Tarboro'.
Alfred B. Irion,.....Cheneyville, La.
Robert E. James,.....Darlington, S. C.
W. Gaston Lewis,.....Chapel Hill.
William J. Love, jr.,....Wilmington.
Danial McDougald,.....Cumberland.

Calvin A. McEachin,.....Robeson.

Evander J. McIver,.....Moore.

Henry W. McMillan,.....Robeson.

Duncan E. McNair,.....“

Rory McNair,“

H. James McNeill,.....“

Wm. J. Montgomery,.....Montgomery.

Hunter Nicholson,.....Columbia, Tenn.

Malloy Patterson,.....Richmond.

Gideon J. Pillow, jr.,...Columbia, Tenn.

Edward H. Plummer,.....Warrenton.

John M. Puttick,.....Raleigh.

Peter P. Scales,.....Henry, Va.

Jeremiah Slade,.....Martin.

Burton Smith,.....Hillsbo', Miss.

James M. Smith,.....Anson.

Peter E. Spruill,.....Warrenton.

Stark A. Sutton,.....Bertie.

Marcus C. Thomas,.....Beaufort.

Richard A. Torrence,.....Mecklenburg.

James N. Turner,.....Cumberland.

John P. Wall,.....Richmond.

Samuel P. Watters,.....Wilmington.

Jesse R. Wharton,.....Greensboro'.

Charles Whitaker,.....Davenport, Iowa.

Jas. Hervey Whitfield,...Gainesville, Ala.

Thos. D. Williams,.....Warrenton.

Charlton W. Yellowley,.....Jackson.

Having received their Academical Accolade our young friends have gone forth to try their fortunes in the wide world.—We send after them a hearty wish that all laudable efforts may be crowned with abundant success, and that their future career may be graduated to the sanguine hopes of preceptors, friends, and loving relatives. To each of them a kind Farewell !

The degree of A. M., in regular course, was conferred upon the following young gentlemen, *alumni* of the institution.

Charles E. Bellamy, M. D., Columbus, Ga. ; G. A. Brett, Hamilton, North Carolina ; Alfred H. Carrigan, Ark. ; William M. Carrigan, Ark. ; John M. Dennis, Reevesville, S. C. ; James H. Horner, Oxford ; A. D. Moore, M. D. Chapel Hill ; George W. Neal, Wilmington, New Hanover ; James G. Wilson, Williamsborough ; John H. McDade, Melville ; and the Honorary degree of A. M., on *Asher Ray*, Principal of the Female Academy at *Louisburg*.

REPORT.

SENIOR CLASS.

I. SCHOLARSHIP.

In the Senior Class, the First Distinction was assigned to Messrs. Colton, E. W. Gilliam and Puttick.

The Second to Messrs. Davis, Gains, Hall, Irion, McDougald, D. E. McNair and Wharton.

The Third to Messrs. Betts, Campbell, Gatling, Glover, Graham, Hyman, Lewis, McIver, Plummer, Smith, Turner, Whitaker and Whitfield.

The delivery of the Valedictory oration devolved by lot upon Mr. Gilliam; the Latin Salutatory upon Mr. Colton, and the Greek oration upon Mr. Puttick. The speech in French was assigned by the Faculty to Mr. McDougald.

II DEPARTMENT.

Four members of this Class, viz.: Messrs. Hall, Puttick, Slade and Whitfield, have been absent from no college duty during the entire term of four years, involving about 4700 attendances on the part of each. Mr. Boyden entered Freshman, half advanced, and was not absent during 3 ½ years.

Mr. Lewis was absent 4 times from Prayers, and 6 times from Recitation during the Freshman year, on account of sickness, and none afterwards. Mr. Hogan was punctual during the first three years of his course, and lost a single week during the Senior year, while confined to his room by sickness. Mr. Irion was not absent during the Sophomore and Junior years, but lost a week at the beginning of the first term of the Senior year.

Messrs. Davis, Hadly, James D. E. McNair and McNeill entered Sophomore and were perfectly punctual during the three years of their connection with this institution. Mr. Colton entered Sophomore and was not absent during the Sophomore and Junior years, and not during the Senior, except when detained by sickness or other unavoidable causes.

The next most punctual were Messrs. Wharton, Betts, Campbell, Ewing, Glover, Graham, R. McNair, Montgomery, Pillow, B. Smith, Spruill, Thomas, Whitaker and Yellowley.

Twelve members, nearly one fourth of the class, were absent from no duty during the Senior year. These were Messrs. Boyden, Davis, Hadley, Hall, James, Lewis D. E. McNair, McNeill, Puttick, Slade, Wharton and Whitfield. Mr. McMillan was not absent from any Recitation.

JUNIOR CLASS.

I. SCHOLARSHIP.

In the Junior Class, the first distinction was assigned to Messrs. Bingham, Killebrew, Lawrence and Robins.

The Second to Messrs. Alderman, Erwin, Merritt, Slade and Waddill.

The Third to Messrs. J. Bruce, Bryan, Burney, Johnson, Morrow, Stevenson and Yarbrough.

Mr. W. B. Bruce is entitled to the second distinction in Mathematics, and the first in French: Mr. Hines to the second in Greek; Mr. Caldwell to the second in History and in French; Messrs. Mann, Owens and Summer to the second in French.

Mr. Sessions was absent by permission from the Examination on French and the Bible; and Mr. Barnett from that on the Bible; if present, they would have been entitled to Distinctions.

II DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Slade and Waddell have been absent from no duty during the three years which they have been connected with the Institution. Mr. Hines was not absent during the Freshman and Sophomore years, and never during the present year when not detained by paramount engagements. Mr. Hogan has not been absent during three years, except when confined by sickness.

Messrs. Killebrew and D. P. McNair entered Sophomore and have failed in the performance of no college duty. Mr. Morgan has been absent three times, Mr. Summer five, and Mr. Merritt seven times, from sickness, or other causes, in three years. Mr. Drake 3 times from Prayers, twice from Recitation, and once from Divine worship, in two years.

The next most punctual have been Messrs. Barrett, Bruce, W. B. Bruce, Clark, Crump, Green, Hilliard, Johnson, Owens, Windham and Yarbrough. Mr. S. P. Smith has not been voluntarily absent from any duty during the present term.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

I. SCHOLARSHIP.

The first Distinction in the Sophomore Class was assigned to Messrs. Avery and Grady.

The second to Messrs. Barnes, Bingham, Coble, Dugger, Harvey, Jordan, McLauchlin, Thompson, Venable, Webb, Whorton, and Wimberley.

The third to Messrs. Belsher, D. McL. Graham, J. W. Graham, W. H. Hagley, McMillan,

Mitchell, Perkins, Smith, Steward, Thorp, and Williams.

Mr. Mullins is entitled to the Second Distinction in Greek, and Mr. Tillet to the first in French.

Messrs. Flanner and D. W. Saunders were absent from the Examination on account of sickness.

II. DEPORTMENT.

Messrs. Dugger, Grady, Jiggitts, Lewis, Mitchell and W. H. Williams were absent from no duty during the Freshman and Sophomore years. Mr. Coble was absent during the Freshman year, and never except on account of sickness during the Sophomore year.

Messrs. J. G. Anthony, Barnes, Bels'her, D. McL. Graham, Lawing, McKinnon, Thorp, Ward, Williams and Wimberley, were not absent during the Sophomore year.

Messrs. Deberry, Kenan, McMillan, Pegues, Ramsay, F. G. Smith and Venable were not absent during the first term of the present year, and their absences during the second term, with few exceptions were occasioned by sickness.

The next most punctual were Messrs. J. Anthony, J. Graham, J. W. Graham, Harvey, Hunt, C. Lea, McLauchlin and Watson.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

I. SCHOLARSHIP.

In the Freshman class the first distinction was assigned to Messrs. Courts, Lord, McAfree, Morehead and Perry.

The second to Messrs. Bell Glimmer, Dowd, Johnson, Jones, R. H. March, Mason, Miller, J. F. Miller, R. M. Stancill and Twitty.--- The third to Messrs. Coleman, Baker, Clement, Davis, Kerr, MacArtney, Walker, Williamson, Wright, Young and W. H. Young.

Mr. Pool is entitled to the first distinction in Mathematics; and Messrs. Barnes and Burton, to the second in Mathematics.

II. DEPORTMENT.

The following members of the Freshman class have been punctual during the year, viz.: Messrs. Dugger, Faison, Kerr, McAfee, Miller, J. F. Miller, Morehead, Price, Swain and Walker.

Messrs. Allen, R. S. Allen, Elliot, Isler, Lord, B. Marsh, Pool, Ringo, Twitty and J. White, have been very rarely absent. The next most punctual were Messrs. Bonner, Brown, Burton, Johnson, McLean, Phillips, Stancill, Tate and J. W. Tate.

Messrs. Campbell, Colman, Dowd, Foreman, Scales, Swayze, W. C. Thompson, Wat-

lington, Westray and Whitaker, were not absent during the first term, but were all confined by sickness for a longer or shorter period during the second. Messrs. Gilmer, Wright and Stancill were not absent during the second term.

Messrs. Baker, Barnes, Campbell, Clement, Courts, Foreman, Goodman, Gordon, Hawkins, Hill, J. Marsh, Mason, Smith, Strickland, Thompson, Whitaker and Whitfield were rarely absent, except from unavoidable causes.

Chief Justice Ruffin, chairman of the Board of Examiners, attended the examination of the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman Classes in every department of the institution, throughout the entire course, with the exception of the examination upon the Holy Scriptures, which did, not take place until Monday of Commencement week. After a week of assiduous labor, he was compelled to forego the enjoyment of the Commencement festivities, and enter upon the discharge of graver duties, as Chairman of the County Court of Alamance.

Thus passed Commencement. If it was not the most brilliant it was certainly one of the most agreeable we have ever had, and round it will cluster many pleasant associations and memories. The Marshal and his subs deserve especial commendation for the prompt and satisfactory manner in which their duties were performed, and the ladies say they were particularly pleased with the managers.

We clip from the Wilmington Herald, a sketch of Chapel Hill, which we give below. By the way, we thank the Herald for the kind notice it takes of our Magazine in its monthly visits. Others of our exchanges also give us kind words of encouragement; while others still do not so much as acknowledge the *existence* of the N. C. U. M.:

"It is one of the prettiest, if not the very prettiest, spot known to us. The village itself is very much larger than we had supposed, and like country towns generally, has a profusion of shade trees. The college buildings are embowered in a grove of majestic oaks and elms, flinging their broad branches far apart, and making a most grateful shade.

The country is undulatory, and the effect of

the light and shade of the forest, as presented in the waving character of the scenery---successive hill and dale, until at the horizon's verge in one direction, it reminded us somewhat of the distant sea---was of a character to please a poet's or a painter's eye. We profess to be neither; but we are not insensible to the beauties of nature; and we aver that it must be a dull vision that can take in the surroundings of the University without sensations of delight. The buildings themselves are large, generally, but are not sufficient to accommodate the ingenious youth who flock from all parts of the country to avail themselves of the advantages of this renowned seat of learning."

The following complimentary extract we make from the New York Herald, and only regret that our space forbids one more lengthy. Its reporter, Dr. Geo. H. Keith, was among us for more than a week, and won for himself the esteem of all who made his acquaintance. We hope the Dr. will visit us again:

"The University of North Carolina, located in the small yet beautiful village of Chapel Hill, is the institution of the State, and perhaps I should do other colleges no injustice by saying it is the institution of the South. Organized in 1795, the old poplar tree is still standing in the Campus under which the trustees held their first deliberations. The college grounds comprise about twelve acres of high lands, filled with shade trees, native to the soil. The regularity of an artificial grove is thus lost, but the full beauty of both is retained.

The first graduates were in 1798. Taking the table of matriculants as the basis of an opinion, the college seemed to move steadily on, increasing in strength and influence, from its organization up to 1824. For the next 24 years it seems to have passed through a variety of adverse fortunes, and the year 1848 gave it less matriculants than 1824.

But the fostering care of the State, wise councils, and a full and a highly competent corps of professors and tutors, with a very full and rigid course of studies, placed the University in a position to command the patronage of those who would have their sons educated in an institution of the highest order.

Since 1818 the number of matriculants has more than doubled, and last year the catalogue

gives us---Seniors 55, juniors 56, sophomores 92, freshman 96, partial course 13, law students 12. Total 324."

On the the evening of Commencement day a meeting of the Class just graduated was held in the College Chapel, Mr. Jas. H. Colton, of Ashborough, was called to the chair. Mr. James Park, of Tenn., explained the object of the meeting. It was for the purpose of entering into an obligation for the class to meet again, at some specified time, on the same classic ground rendered dear by the pleasures of several years' associations. Remarks were made by different members of this class in regard to the number of years and other questions connected with the proposed obligation. It was discussed, but not definitely settled, whether each one would be *required* to bring *his family* with him. But it was unanimously resolved "That we do meet again, Providence permitting, at this place in June, 1865."

The undersigned were appointed a committee to publish this notice, and also to correspond with the class six months previous to their appointed meeting, and remind them of their obligation.

We therefore, through the University Magazine, perform the first portion of our duty, and in addition express the hope that the genuine friendship and enthusiastic concurrence of sentiment which marked the hour of our parting, may find an echo in '65, which shall more than remind us of these, our hopeful days.

C. W. YELLOWLEY,

M. S. DAVIS,

A. D. BETTS. *Com.*

The following beautiful lines were written by Mrs. Mallett, a North Carolina lady, of fine attainments. They are not found in the "Carols," but are none the less sweet on that account. They will compare favorably with the "Wood

Notes;" and if sung, will not, we are sure produce the discordant sound :

MUSIC'S SPELL.

Hush! Be still! There comes a strain,
Of music, whispering to my heart,
Hush---It comes again, again!
Strangely does my spirit start.
Was it that I heard it oft,
When vows were tender, tones were soft?
When hopes were bright, and life was new?
When joys were many, sorrows few?
Break not the spell, I yet can bear
To dream of joys which once were mine;
Heed! heed not the starting tear,
'Tis bliss to weep at memory's shrine!
It brings back scenes which love had lighted,
But time has since so rudely blighted.
Again I wander 'midst the flowers,
I culled, in young life's happy hours;
Oh! all is beauty, all is song,
Which to that joyous time belong!
Then sound again those thrilling notes,
For near me now a vision floats;
With memories soft and sweet 'tis fraught,
While Fancy's jewels richly wrought,
Are clinging round the lovely thing,
Which MUSIC'S SPELL alone could bring.

As we endeavor to furnish our table with a sufficient variety to suit the tastes of all, we insert the following poem by Sir John Memnis for the especial benefit of the last graduating class. We must remark, however, that we intend no disrespect or disparagement to those ladies who are *blessed* with red hair. Indeed we are not sure but that they have laid aside the custom, which the ladies had in Sir John's day, of having red hair.—We are certain, at least, that we never saw one who would acknowledge it. By one of those strange mutations which time is ever working, red hair has become a beautiful auburn or a dark brown; and perhaps red heads would be wholly unknown but for the hardier sex who prize it as an indication of genius.—But here is the poem, entitled:

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

"Good Sir, if you will show the best of your skill,
To pick a virtuous creature,

Then pick such a wife, as you love a life
Of a comely grace and feature;
The noblest part, let it be her heart
Without deceit or cunning;
With a nimble wit, and all things fit,
With a tongue that's never running.
The hair of her head, it must not be red,
But fair and brown as a berry,
Her forehead high, with a crystal eye,
Her lips as red as a cherry."

We give now what we consider a very good specimen of college versification.—The sentiments are good and right happily are they set to verse. We hope that there is some more *in Bruin*, and that we shall hear from him again:

SIC VITAM AGERE VELLEM.

Oh! tell me not of deeds of glory,
That grace the warrior's name;
That sound aloud the brilliant story,
Of man's immortal fame.

For these are transient as the leaf
That smiles on summer's day,
That decks the stem, but ah, how brief,
For soon it fades away.

And cease to point to glorious lights,
That shine on history's page,
That stand so fair on fame's proud height,
The wonders of the ago.

For grief and toil and woe and pain,
Have marked their journey on,
And ere they halt, their hearts complain
Of peace and comfort flown.

For happiness so earnest sought
Attends not glory's car,
And reputation's dearly bought,
When cures its pleasures mar.

Then may my heart forever rest
Secure from vain desire,
Ne'er beat by envious passion taught,
Or wild ambition's fire.

And all I ask to bless my life
Is sweet content of mind,
To keep me safe from bitter strife
And leave dull care behind.

Then give to me a happy home,
Within some forest shade,
Where birds, with warbling often come,
In plumage bright arrayed.

A bower near the sparkling rill,
Which gaily dances by
A cottage on the gentle hill
On which the moss-beds lie.

BRUIN.

We commend to all, but more especially to our fellow-students, Dr. Franklin's Code of Morals. See what rules regulated the life of this great philosopher and Statesman; and if you, too, desire to benefit your race, practice his simple virtues. Imitate them strictly, and you will, to say the least of it, become an honest man, "the noblest work of God"—

Temperance.—Eat not to fulness, drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others, or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their place; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought, perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Make no expence, but to do good to others or to yourself; that is waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time, be always employed in something useful; keep out of all unnecessary action.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in the body, clothes or habitation.

Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed by trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—How appropriate it is that America should celebrate

the birthday of her liberty, and that at each coming anniversary her people should meet around the altar of their common country, and do reverence to the shades of their ancestors! And right nobly has this day been honored.—The booming cannons, martial music, patriotic speeches, military parades, and sumptuous dinners, seem to inspire every heart with gratitude to Him who rules the destinies of nations, for the peace, plenty, progress and prosperity, with which our nation has been so eminently blest. Under a banner that still floats proudly and joyously in the free air of heaven, America's freemen meet to bury their sectional feelings and party animosities; and we are tempted to believe, that so long as the Fourth of July is held in remembrance, as a day of national rejoicing, just so long will the Union of these States be perpetuated, and our prosperity continue. But instability and change are written on all human institutions, and we should be constrained to watch our liberties with a jealous eye.

The last Fourth was celebrated with becoming spirit at Chapel Hill. A procession was formed, and headed by a band of music, our citizens marched to the college Chapel to hear the exercises of the day. After an appropriate prayer by Dr. Mitchell, the Mecklenburg declaration was read by Mr. Exum Lewis, and the National one by Mr. Isaac Tillett. Mr. H. M. Willis, the orator of the day, was then introduced to the audience. His speech was well conceived and forcibly expressed, and has done our friend from California much credit. The exercises in the Chapel were closed by an oration in behalf of Odd Fellowship, by Dr. Morgan Closs, of the Goldsboro' Female College. Copious showers of rain fell during the day, but the weather was not too inclement at night for the young to meet

and enjoy a social and interesting party.*

While at a party not long since, we noted down the following, which we give as a specimen of stereotyped conversation.

(*Mr. Smiggins, a fashionable young gent, attired in "Mac Grath's latest," with frizzled cravat, white kid gloves, &c., being introduced to Miss Araminta Peachblossom bows very scientifically.*)

Mr. Smiggins—Very fine weather, Miss Peachblossom.

Miss Peachblossom—(*Fanning herself*) very warm and dry indeed—no prospects of a refreshing shower. (*Raining down pitchforks out doors.*)

Mr. Smiggins—(Gasping for breath)—it is really suffocating. Did you attend our last commencement?

Miss Peachblossom—No sir.

Mr. Smiggins—I presume then that this is your first visit to this place.

Miss Peachblossom—(*Rather hesitatingly*)—yes sir.

Mr. Smiggins—Do you dance?

Miss Peachblossom—I am passionately fond of it.

Mr. Smiggins—(*Very politely*)—(Can I have the *exquisite* pleasure of engaging you for a cotillion?)

Miss Peachblossom—Really sir, (*glancing at her card*), I am engaged up to the twentieth.

(*Mr. Smiggins in a quandary, takes his exit—discovers his friend Mr. Tompkins and desires an introduction to the charming Miss Marianna Honeysuckle.*

Mr. Tompkins introduces his friend Mr. Smiggins.)

Mr. Smiggins—Very fine weather Miss Honeysuckle.

Miss Honeysuckle—The rain is quite refreshing.

Mr. Smiggins—Did you attend our last commencement?

Miss Honeysuckle—I did, and never enjoyed myself better.

Mr. Smiggins—How did you enjoy yourself.

Miss Honeysuckle—(*Emphatically*)—very, very well indeed.

Mr. Smiggins—Do you dance?

Miss Honeysuckle—Occasionally sir.

Mr. Smiggins—Can I have the exquisite pleasure of engaging you for a cotillion?

Miss Honeysuckle—(*Rather indifferently*)—you may have the seventeenth.

Mr. Smiggins—(*Taking her card and writing his name upon it*)—Are you acquainted with Miss Peachblossom?

Miss Honeysuckle—Very well.

Mr. Smiggins—She is such a charming young lady—so intelligent—so talkative. You can't imagine what a fine conversation I had with her just now.

Miss Honeysuckle—(*Rather ironically*)—very charming, intelligent and talkative!

(*Mr. Smiggins pausing, gazes vacantly at the floor for a few moments as if trying to think of something more to say but having "run out of soap," withdraws from the room to take a drink with his friend, Mr. Simpson.*

MARRIED.—In the Presbyterian church of Chapel Hill, on the 20th June, by the Rev. E. Mitchell, D. D., Mr. Jas. M. Spencer, to Miss Cornelia Ann, only daughter of the Rev. James Phillips, D. D.

We make this announcement with pleasure, and will do so of all ex-editors who will do as Mr. Spencer has—come back to Chapel Hill and make a selection.

*We are pleased to see our friends participating as Orators on this festival. Mr. J. M. Puttick was the selection made by the citizens of Raleigh, and our class-mate, Mr. Barrett, of Carthage. This was quite a compliment to their abilities, and no doubt they acquitted themselves well, and befitting the occasion.

Mr. S. is now a practicing lawyer of Clinton, Ala., of high promise. In the bride we recognize one of the best friends and most acceptable contributors the Magazine has ever had. We hope she will still favor us with effusions from her pen.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS have we a few words to say. We return our sincere thanks to all who have favored us with contributions, or aided us in the least in getting out this number of the Magazine. This expression of our thanks is extended to all, both to those whose articles we have thought proper to consign to the Baalam-box, and to those whose pieces we deem worthy of insertion. We would hold out every inducement to those who feel inclined to give us their effusions.— But especially to our fellow-students would we say *write*, and when you do so take pains and prepare your articles with diligence and care. The Magazine is yours. It is designed for your improvement. Let it then be to you a literary gymnasium, to which you regularly repair for practice; and thus the exercises of to-day will prepare you for more skillful and difficult feats of to-morrow. But be sure you learn well one feat before you proceed to the next; or else, in the complex operations of the gymnasium, you will make failures mortifying to your pride. In the *order of exercises*, you will perceive that correct orthography, legible chirography, grammatical structure, and such like, are to be mastered before proceeding to combine the analysis of subjects with the beauties of style. We think it would be well, then, for you to be more solicitous about these primary and indispensable elements, than about big words and high-sounding phrases.— Don't write half of a page just to bring in a pretty expression, for it will certainly be at the expense of your argument.

The stately pompousness in which Dr. Johnson delighted, detracted much from him as a writer, while the simplicity and freedom from all mannerism, has contributed much in placing Addison, Hume and Goldsmith among the very best writers of the English language. It is said that Mr. Webster gave force and raciness to his compositions, by using Anglo-Saxon words in every possible instance.— That this is true, we doubt not, for words of foreign origin destroy that simplicity which comports so well with the genius of the language, and give to the article the features of a patch work, "without form or comeliness." When reading these high-flown pieces, we often think of a certain dabbler in literature, who prided himself on his knowledge, and proper use of the English language. Finding a boy fishing upon a mill pond, he thus addressed him,

"Adolescens, art thou not endeavoring to entice the finny tribe to engulf into their denticulated mouths, a barbed hook, upon whose point is fixed a dainty allure-ment?"

"No," said the boy, "*I'm fishing.*"

Let your ideas be good, and then the more simplicity, and brevity you use the better, provided you express yourself clearly. Hear what one says in describing a walk at night—

"It was an hour when Fancy perched on Meditation's wings goes up to explore the vast empyreal waste, all sanded o'er with worlds that slumber like islands of the blest in the bosom of space, and scan the golden stars that fret with living fire, the emerald banners of the eternal firmament."

Such flights are too ethereal; and from such dizzy heights the reader is most sure to fall into forgetfulness of what has preceded. Nothing gives more life and sprightliness to a composition, than a vivid imagination, but then it should

be tempered with judgement. These thoughts have been suggested by the contributions we have had upon, or rather *under* our table.

"NIL ADMIRARI," is declined. Its author is lamentably deficient in what we have set down as prime elements.

"EULALIA," undertook a stale subject, and his, or perhaps *her*, discussion is vague and spiritless. The chirography looks decent, but we had as lief undertake to decipher hieroglyphics, or to translate so much Greek. Try again, you have a good flow of words, and will yet succeed by proper pruning and culture. Let us here say for the benefit of all, that you should write on the first and third pages of your sheet only. Thus you save others much trouble, and at the same secure the more correct printing of your article.

"K. N." we suppose stands for Know-Nothing. The author has given us other indications of his connection, which he should have concealed. When we saw his *brevery*, we looked hard and long for its *soul-wit*, but for some cause or other it was not to be found.

"X. Y. Z." is declined, respectfully.—Its author gives unmistakable evidence, that he has seen Bassuet, and read Allison. A large part of the article may *possibly* be very good, for we confess that we could not understand it. We cannot take "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*."—We must see, at least the meaning of the writer.

We hope these remarks will be received in the kind spirit in which they are intended. We are far from wishing to discourage any one, but duty forces us to be just to the Magazine, before we are generous to our contributors.

To SUBSCRIBERS in arrears, we say, *pay up*,—we need your money. You have given evidence of interest in our undertaking, by subscribing; we now want an as-

surance of your regard more tangible and effective. We owe our obliging publisher, a good large sum. We want to pay it, and appeal to you for aid. Will you permit a man to suffer great pecuniary loss by publishing this the *only* Magazine in the State? The mere subscription list of a periodical is not sufficient to give it permanence and stability. Let this appeal arouse your State pride, and prompt you to do your duty, i. e., *pay for the Magazine as subscribed for*; and accompany the remittances with about two *new subscribers each*! But this would be too good! We suspect we should then get out a periodical worth at least five dollars, and you would have to pay only two.—Try it friends, and see how it will work! Those at a distance will please make remittances to Wm. D. Cooke, Raleigh.—Those on the Hill will please call for a moment at No. 7, W. B.

OUR EXCHANGES, we are happy to say, come regularly. The *Stylus*, *Yale Literary*, *Georgia University*, *Oglethorpe University*; all these Magazines are very similar in design, to our own.

We extend to the new editors of the "Yale Lit." the right hand of fellowship, and wish them much success. In the June No. of *Oglethorpe* we noticed a well written article headed "Fanny Fern."—Though we admire the style of this writer, we cannot commend the abusive epithets he heaps upon one of our most fascinating writers, N. P. Willis. We think that this harsh judgment has been formed upon reasons insufficient. If "Fanny Fern," be "Ruth Hall," and the latter Willis' sister, she would have acted much more honorable to have sought other methods of revenge, if revenge she *must* have. But if she does not sustain this relation to him, she is in a very high degree blameable for suffering the public to think so. In either event then we see nothing in her to commend. We have

read Ruth Hall, and that, too, with pleasure, but it was pleasure derived from fiction and not from truth. We confess that we are admirers of Fanny Fern, and have no disposition, even were we able, to tarnish her "bright name." But we are not blind to her faults, neither are we insensible to the merit of Willis. He may be a "mincing, conceited, tiptoeing, be-curled, be-fumed poppingjay," and a "miserable mortal," still all this belongs to his private and not to his public character. It is of this last we must judge; the first belongs to gossips "and heroes of the tongue." Let those interested fight it out; the public is not often intrusted with family broils.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, comes to hand full, as usual, of interesting matter, and embellished with elegant steel engravings. It is a family Magazine of the highest class.

THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR, is a large octavo of thirty-two pages, published in Augusta, Ga.

THE CAROLINA CULTIVATOR makes decidedly the neatest appearance of any agricultural journal we have seen. From the character of its publisher, we feel safe in saying that it will prove of inestimable value to the farming interests of the State.

The sixth Annual Catalogue of a Female Medical College, located in Philadelphia, has found its way to our room, (will some of the old corps inform us where the editorial *Sanctum* is of which they delighted to speak?) Never having seen a similar catalogue we were pleased to examine it, thinking it something rather "new under the sun."—By the way, we like the plan amazingly. Who dare say that it is not one of woman's inalienable rights to be a *doctor* if *she* choose? And besides, it is just as clear that such a college is the very place for some of our "Modern belles," as it was that Simon's dog was good for *coons*, he was good for nothing else, and ex necessitate, he *must* be good for *coons*!

Woman is, no doubt, ambitious; there opens to her this field of scientific research, and our "modern beaux," will be supplanted in the practice of physic, by their more charming rivals over "modern belles." *Miss Cleopatra Æsculapius M. D.*, Offers her professional services to the citizens of this village. Office opposite the Book Store. Whew! Oh, yes, let them learn the healing art, and then, verily will they be ministering angels to *give us calomel*, soothe our grief, and heal our broken hearts. *Wont they?*

THE

NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

Vol. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1855.

No. 7.

CAROLINA IN 1710.

THE early notices of Carolina in their sketches of Natural History, the condition of society, &c., made hardly any distinction between the two parts into which, for the purposes of government, it was early divided. The Historical Society of the University in their first Report remarked of Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina that "Mr. Carroll might with obvious propriety, have given his work the more comprehensive title of Historical Collections of Carolina. The Northern portion of the province was first settled, and a respectable portion of his pages have quite as much relation to the region North as South of Cape Fear. If, with this change of title, he would give us a third volume, made up of Lawson's and Brickell's Histories of North Carolina, he would render his compilation nearly complete, and would present a fair claim for patronage on "the colder side of the Tweed.

To the works named above as desirable additions to the Historical Collections of Carolina we may add one more, which seems to have escaped the researches of Mr. Carroll, and which is certainly not less valuable than several of those he has given to the public. The title of it is "A Letter from SOUTH CAROLINA:" giving an account of the soil, air, product, trade, government, laws, religion, people, military strength, &c., of that province.

VOL. IV.—No. 19.

Together with the manner and necessary changes of settling a plantation there, and the annual profits it will produce, written by a Swiss gentleman to his friend at Bern." It was printed at London, in 1710, in a small quarto of 63 pages; and reprinted in 8 vo. in 1732, and perhaps also as Mr. Rich suggests (*Biblioth Amer. Nov.*, p. 17,) in 1718. The copy given below is made from the edition of 1732, and is designed to be an exact reprint, retaining the spelling, capitals, &c. of the original; a few words only, occurring on a torn leaf at the beginning, being supplied by an obvious conjecture, and a few lines a little further on, which have defied our efforts at restoration, being omitted. The omission is duly marked.

Of the value of this work to those who would have a clear knowledge of the condition of things in this country an hundred and fifty years ago, we need not speak. We will only say that it is extremely rare. The copy before us is the only one we have ever seen, and we are not aware that another can be found in the United States. It came into the possession of the Historical Society of the University among the papers of Judge Murphy. He procured it probably from Benjamin Smith, Governor of the State in 1810, whose autograph it bears, and who seems (from a note on it in his hand-

writing) to have inherited it among his father's books.

A LETTER

FROM A SWISS GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND
IN BERN, &c.

SIR :

By the last Letters from you, which I had the Honour to receive, you was pleas'd to acquaint me with the Intention of some worthy Gentlemen of Bern, to settle a Fund for transporting annually a few Supernumeraries of our Nation, to the Province of Carolina; a Design both truly pious and generous, which at the same time consults the Interest of Religion, and the Civil Benefit of Mankind. How much better is it for those who have but a small Subsistence at home, to retire to a Place where they may with moderate Industry be supplied with all the necessaries of Life, than to follow the miserable Trade of Destroying for a shilling a Day? How much better for them to improve their own Lands, for the use of themselves, and Posterity; to sit under their own Vine, and eat the Fruit of their Labour; than to be Instruments in the Hands of Tyrants, to ravage and depopulate the Earth, and that only to procure a poor maintenance, and for which there must hereafter be render'd a strict and severe Account?

Since I have been settled here, and for some time enjoyed the many pleasures and Delights of a quiet peaceable Life, I have often reflected on the unhappy Condition of the Military Employment, which I exchanged for this where-with I am now blessed. What constant troubles, Dangers and Fatigues attend it! How deplorable is it to behold the daily Ravages we are oblig'd to make! Who would not be mov'd with the Tears and Lamentations of the miserable? A free People, surrounded with potent Neighbours, must indeed and ought to be brave, and military, perfectly vers'd in Arms, either for their own Defence, or to assist their injur'd Allies. Nor is there any Name more great and noble than that of a Soldier; but then he must be one, who, like the Ancient Heroes, makes it his Business to destroy monsters, assist the Impotent, redress Injuries, oppose Tyranny, and root out Oppression from the face of the Earth. But to follow war merely as a Trade, to hire ones self to the best Bidder, without Respect to the merits of the Cause, is what we could never reconcilè to the Principles either of revealed, or natural Religion :

For this seems to be the perfect Reverse of doing as we would be done by. And what shocks me most of all is, that some People devote their Children to the Wars before, or at least as soon as they are born. This seems to me rather Worse, if possible, than the old heathenish Custom of sacrificing them to appease the Wrath of some angry God, for then the Mischief ended with the Lives of some few unfortunate Victims; but we sacrifice ours to a devouring Deity, who together with their own Deaths makes them the occasion of that of many Innocents. And what renders these things more inexcusable is, that 'tis plain, Mankind is not reduc'd to the unhappy Necessity of Killing one another for Bread; since upon a due calculation, the Earth is so far from being overstock'd with People, that 'tis capable of containing ten times the Number of its present Inhabitants. What vast and goodly Countries are there in the World, wholly, or for the most part unpeopled, and yet very capable of producing all things both for the Necessity and conveniency of Life? An Instance of which is this Province, whereof since you are pleas'd to desire some Account from me, I shall, without any Apology, proceed to obey your commands, and in as small a compass as possible, give you a View of such Things as are necessary to be known, by one who designs to settle there, to which I shall principally confine my Discourse.

Carolina is a Province of the English America, joining on the North-East to Virginia, between 36 and 29 Degrees North Latitude. It is divided into two Governments, commonly call'd North and South Carolina. North Carolina joins to Virginia, and that Part thereof now inhabited by the English, lies between 35 and 36 Degrees N. Latitude. The Parts of South Carolina, now possess'd by the English, lie between 32 and 33 Degrees N. Latitude, and about 80 Degrees Longitude, West from the Lands-End of England.

Between the same Parallels with South Carolina, lie some of the most fertile Countries in the World, as some Parts of the Coast of Barbary, all the middle Part of China, from the middle to the South Parts of Japan, those Countries of India about Lahore, the best part of Persia, Egypt and Syria.

Carolina is in general a plain champain country, having no considerable Hills for the Space of 1000 Miles together along the coast, within 100 Miles of the Sea.

* * * * *

The most common and usual Distance from the Foot of the Mountains to the Sea, is about 200 Miles. The Springs and Fountains of most of our great Rivers are in these Hills, which abound with innumerable Rivulets, and these meeting afterwards together, form many large Rivers; by the Course of which it appears, that the Land has a gradual, tho' insensible Descent from the Mountains to the Sea.

This great Plain is one continued Forest, well stock'd with Oaks of several Kinds Chesnut, Walnut, Hickory; several Kinds, of Firr, Cypress of two Kinds, Cedar, Poplar, or the Tulip-tree, Laurel, Bay, Myrtle, Hasel, Beech, Ash, Elm, and Variety of others, whose Names are scarce known.

The Sea-coast is full of Islands, Sounds, Bays, Marshes, Rivers, and Creeks of Salt-Water, where the Tide useth to rise from 5 foot to 7, seldom higher.

* * * * *

This Province is capable of containing above 60 times the number of its present inhabitants; and there is no place in the Continent of America, where people can transport themselves to greater advantage.

Now as South Carolina far excells the other in improvements and navigable Rivers, I shall confine my Discourse to that, and acquaint you with its Product, Trade, Government, People, Laws, and lastly, with an Account of what is necessary to settle a Man comfortably there.

Besides the Things already mention'd, South Carolina naturally produces Black Mulberries, Walnuts, Chesnuts, Chincapines, which is a small Chesnut, and five or six Kinds of Acorns, all which the Indians, like the Primitive Race of Mankind, make use of for Food; wild Potatoes, and several other eatable Roots, wild Plums, Variety of Grapes, Medlars, Huckleberries, Strawberries, Hasel-nuts, Myrtleberries, of which Wax is made; also Cedarberries, Sunach, Sassafras, China-Root, great and small Snake-root, with Variety of other Physical Roots and Herbs, and many Flowers, which spring up of themselves, and flourish in their Kind, every Season of the Year.

Many things have likewise been transplanted hither, which thrive very well with us, as White Mulberries, Grapes from the Maderas, and elsewhere, all Kinds of English Garden-herbs, six or seven sorts of Potatoes, all of them very good; Indian Corn three sorts, Indian Pease five or six Kinds, Indian Beans several Kinds, Kidney-beans, French Beans, Pompions, Squashes, Gourds, Pomelons, Cucumbers, Mush-melons, Water-melons, Tobacco, Rice three or

four sorts, Oats, Rie, Barley, and some Wheat, tho' not much.

Our Fruits are Apples, Pears, Quinces, Figs three or four Kinds, Oranges, Pomegranates, Peaches fourteen or fifteen sorts.

Tho' we have as great Variety of good Peaches as any Place, perhaps, in the World, yet the principal Use made of them is to feed Hogs, for which End, large Orchards are planted. The Peachtrees with us are all Standards; they yield Fruit in three Years from the Stone, the fourth Year bear plentifully, and the fifth are large spreading Trees.

Most Kinds of British Fruits prosper best up in the country, at some Distance from Salt Water; but Figs, Peaches, Pomegranates and the like, grow best nigh the sea.

Our season of sowing is from the first of March to the tenth of June. The principal seed-time of Rice, from the first of April to the twentieth of May; of Indian Corn, Pease and Beans, the last week of March, all April, May, and the first ten Days of June. In March and April we set Potatoes, Pompions, Cucumbers, Melons, Kidney-beans, &c.

The usual produce of an acre of Indian Corn, is from 18 to 30 Bushels, and 6 Bushels of Indian Pease, which run like a Vine among the Corn: About a Gallon of Indian Corn sows an Acre.

Rice is sowed in Furrows, about 18 Inches distant, a Peck usually sows an Acre, which yields seldom less than 30 Bushels, or more than 60, but betwixt these two, as the Land is either better or worse.

Rice is reap'd in September, to the eighth of October; Indian Corn and Pease from the first of October to the tenth of November: Several Kinds of Pulse are ripe in May and June.

We have Pompions, Melons, Cucumbers, Squashes, and other Vine-Fruits, which ripen, and are eat all the Summer, from the middle of June to the first of October. Fig-trees bear two crops a year, one ripe at the end of June, the other all August. By so great variety of Peaches, Melocotons, and Nectarines, there is this advantage, that we have them in season from the 20th of June to the end of September, for during all that time, one kind or another of them is in perfection.

Rice is clean'd by Mills, turned with Oxen or Horses. 'Tis very much sow'd here, not only because it is a vendible commodity, but thriving best in low moist lands, it inclines people to improve that sort of Ground, which being planted a few years with Rice, and then laid by, turns to the best pasture.

Silk-worms with us are hatch'd from the eggs about the 6th of March, Nature having wisely ordain'd them to enter into this new Form of Being, at the same time that the Mulberry-Leaves, which are their Food, begin to open. Being attended and fed six weeks, they eat no more, but have small bushes set up for them to spin themselves into Balls, which thrown into warm Water, are wound off into raw silk.

Rosin, Tar and Pitch are all produc'd from the Pine-trees ; Rosin, by cutting Channels in the standing green trees, that meet in a point at the foot of the tree, where two or three small pieces of Board are fitted to receive it. The Channels are cut as high as one can reach with an Axe, and the bark is peeled off from all those parts of the tree that are expos'd to the sun, that the Heat of it may the more easily force out the Turpentine, which falling upon the Boards placed at the Root, is gather'd and laid in Heaps, which melted in great Kettles, becomes Rosin.

Tar is made thus : First they prepare a circular Floor of Clay, declining a little towards the Center, from which is laid a pipe of wood, whose upper Part is even with the Floor, and reaches two Foot without the Circumference ; under this End the earth is dug away, and barrels placed to receive the Tar as it runs. Upon the Floor is built up a large Pile of dry Pine-wood, split in pieces, and surrounded with a wall of earth, which covers it all over, only a little at the top, where the fire is first kindled. After the fire begins to burn, they cover that likewise with earth, to the end there may be no flame, but only Heat sufficient to force the Tar downward into the Floor. They temper the Heat as they please, by thrusting a stick thro' the earth, and letting the Air in at as many places as they see convenient.

Pitch is made either by boiling Tar in large Iron Kettles, set in furnaces, or by burning it in round Clay-holes, made in the earth.

Besides the various sorts of Food produc'd by the Earth, South Carolina abounds with black Cattle, to a Degree much beyond any other English Colony ; which is chiefly owing to the Mildness of the winter, whereby the planters are freed from the Trouble of providing for them, suffering them to feed all winter in the woods. These creatures have mightily increased since the first settling of the colony, about 40 years ago. It was then reckon'd a great deal to have three or four cows, but now some people have 1000 head, but for one Man to have 200 is very common.

We have likewise hogs in abundance, which

go daily to feed in the woods, and come home at night ; also some sheep, and goats.

There are tame Fowls of all Sorts, and great variety of wild fowls, as Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, wild Pidgeons, Partridges, Brants, Sheldrakes, Teal ; and near the Sea, Curlews, Cranes, Herons, Snipes, Pellicanes, Gannets, Sea-larks, and many others.

The wild Beasts, which the woods afford for game, are Rabbits, Foxes, Racoons, Possums, Squirrels, wild Cats, Deer, Elks, Buffaloes, Bears, Tygers, wild Kine and Hogs. Tho' the names of some of these creatures are frightful to those who never saw them, yet they are not so to us, for there is none of them, but will fly from a man ; nor do they any injury but to Sheep, Hogs, and young Calves.

The Air of Carolina is generally very clear and fine, even when the greatest rains fall, the weather does not continue long cloudy, for the sun soon dissipates the fogs, and restores the air to its usual serenity. During the heat of summer, the rains are very refreshing and agreeable, and the thunder that accompanies them, tho' naturally terrifying, is welcome upon account of its rarifying the Air. Earthquakes have never yet been known, or heard of in this country.

The heats of Carolina are indeed troublesome to strangers in June, July, and August, in which months are smart claps of thunder, tho' seldom doing any prejudice. But the inconveniency from the heat during that time, is made easie by shady Groves, open airy rooms, arbours and summer-houses ; and to make some amends for it, no country can afford pleasanter weather, in the spring, fall, and greatest part of winter. September, October, November, are pleasant dry months, neither hot nor cold. December and January are moderately cold, sometimes accompanied with sharp cold North-west winds, and frost, which seldom last above two or three days at a time. There is scarce ever any snow, or if it does fall, it lies not above one night. February and March are pleasant, fair, dry months, answering in temperature to April and May in England, which with us are very agreeable months, the weather being then clear and fair, refreshed with gentle Showers once in eight or ten Days, but equal in Heat to June and July in England.

The trade between South Carolina and Great Britain, does, one year with another, employ 22 sail of Ships, laden hither with all sorts of Woollen Cloaths, Stuffs and Druggets, Linnens, Hollands, printed Linnen and Calicoe, Silks

and Muslins, Nails of all sizes, Hoes, Hatchets, and all Kinds of Iron-ware, Bed-ticks, strong Beer, bottled Syder, Raisins, fine Earthenware, Pipes, Paper, Rugs, Blankets, Quilts, Hats from 2s. to 12s. Price, Stockings from 1s. to 8s. Price, Gloves, Pewter Dishes and Plates, Brass and Copper Ware, Guns, Powder, Bullets, Flints, Glass Beads, Cordage, Woollen and Cotton Cards, Steel Hand-mills, Grind-stones, Looking and Drinking Glasses, Lace, Thread course and fine, Mohair, and all kinds of Trimming for Cloaths, Pins, Needles, &c. In return for which are remitted from hence about seventy thousand Deer-skins a year, some Furs, Rosin, Pitch, Tar, Raw Silk, Rice, and formerly Indigo. But since all these don't balance the continual Demand of European Goods, and Negro Slaves, sent us by the English Merchants, there is likewise sent to England, some Cocoa-nuts, Sugar, Tortoise-shell, Money, and other things, which we have from the American Islands, in return for our Provisions. Besides the 22 sail above-mention'd, there enter and clear annually at the port of Charlestown, about 60 sail of ships, sloops, and Brigantines, all from some places of Africa or America.

From Jamaica, St. Thomas's, Currasso, Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands, we have Sugar, Ruin, Molasses, Cotton, Chocolate made up, Coco-nuts, Negroes, and Mony. In return whereof we send Beef, Pork, Butter, Candles, Soap, Tallow, Myrtle-wax Candles, Rice, some Pitch and Tar, Cedar and Pineboards, Shingles, Hoop-staves, and Heads for Barrels.

From New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, we have Wheat-flower, Bisket, strong Beer, Cyder, salt Fish, Onions, Apples, Hops; and return them tan'd Hides, small Deer-skins, Gloves, Rice, Slaves taken by the Indians in war, some Tar and Pitch.

From Madera and the Western Islands, we have wine, and in return, supply them with Provisions, Staves, and Heads for Barrels, &c. Our Salt comes from the Bahama Islands.

From Guinea, and other parts of the Coast of Africa, are imported Negroe-Slaves; but the ships that bring them bring sent, with the effects to purchase them, from England, the returns are sent thither.

In vain would all the advantages of a fine Air, fruitful Soil, and good Trade, be to us, if not encouraged to improve them by a good Government and Laws. Even your Mountains are preferable to Lombardy itself, if one must

there be subject to the Caprice and absolute pleasure of a French Intendant. But this Colony was founded upon the generous principles of civil and religious Liberty, on which noble foundation it hath been raised to its present height. And because it is a received Maxim, that all things prosper best by the use of the same means, whereby they were first formed, the people have not been wanting to secure these valuable privileges, the Assemblies, from time to time, having passed Laws to transmit these blessings to posterity, as fully and largely as we enjoy them at present; so that the civil rights of Englishmen, together with a just, impartial, and intire Liberty of Conscience, are as firmly secured to the inhabitants of this Province, as acts of the general assembly can make them.

The known laws among us are the measure and bounds of power. The highest in authority cannot legally oppress or insult the meanest. Fines, Imprisonments, Death, or other Punishments, are not left to the arbitrary decisions of the Governours and Judges, but are nicely and particularly prescribed by the Laws. Those who are intrusted with the Executive Part of the Government, are obliged to know their Bounds; so far they may go and no further. It is not here as in those countries where slavery is fixed, and struggling with the chains rivets them the faster. But Liberty is so well and legally established, that whatever mismanagements may be occasion'd from those who have the administration, while a sense of Freedom remains, the Vigour of the Constitution will throw off these politick Diseases, and restore the Publick to a State of Health.

The Foundation of this Government is a Charter granted by King Charles II. to eight Proprietors, which, together with a Title to the Land, gives them ample Privileges and Jurisdictions, particularly all such as are any way necessary, to the forming or well ordering a Body politick; reserving always an Allegiance to the Crown of England, and to the People who shall settle in Carolina, all Rights, Liberties and Franchises of Englishmen. By which express Limitation in behalf of his Subjects, the King put it out of their Lordships Power to lay any Hardships upon them, contrary to the Laws of England.

This Province is at present in the Hands of the Right Honourable William Lord Craven, Palatine, the Most Noble Henry Duke of Beaufort, the Right Honourable Lord Carteret, Sir John Colleton, Maurice Ashly Esq, Mr. John

Danson, and Mr. Blake, a Minor. The Power of the Palatine is considerable, for he hath a Negative in all Orders or Decisions of the whole Board; neither can the other Proprietors hold a Board without he be present, or one delegated to act for them. He cannot, however, enact any thing without the Concurrence of four Proprietors, besides himself. The same place that the Palatine hath at the Board of Proprietors in England, the Governour hath in Carolina, besides the Power granted him by Commission.

The Governour calls and presides in all Councils of State, which consist of the eight Proprietor's Deputies. With the Assent of four Deputies, he calls, prorogues, or dissolves, the general Assemblies; appoints Civil Officers, such as Justices of the Peace. He assents to, or dissents from Laws, hath a negative Voice in all Acts, Orders, or Ordinances of the general Assemblies; he alone commissions all military Officers, and disposes of the Militia according to Law, for defence of the Colony. He bears the Title of Governour, Captain-General, and Admiral, of South and North Carolina.

In all Affairs, except those that are military, every Counsellour hath an equal Vote with the Governour, and he can do nothing without the Concurrence of four of them at least.

While the Parliament sits, the Governour, with the other seven Deputies, make the upper House, in the Intervals of Parliament, they are the Council of State and Court of Chancery.

The Governour of South Carolina is appointed by Commission, sign'd by the Palatine, and and at least four more of the Lords Proprietors, during Pleasure. Each Member of the Council hath a Deputation from one or other of the Proprietors, whom he represents. Upon the Death or Resignation of any Member of the Council, the Vacancy is filled by the Votes of the Majority of those who remain: And upon the Death of any Governour, one of the Proprietors Deputies is elected Governour by the rest, and continues so till their Lordships send another from England, or a new Commission to some other person.

The Form of Government is as nigh as conveniently can be to that of England. The Legislature consists of two Chambers, the upper, which is compos'd of the eight Proprietors Deputies; and the lower of thirty Representatives, chosen by the People. By Law, the Governour is obliged to call an Assembly every two Years.

The general Assemblies are call'd by Writs,

issued out of the Secretaries Office, under the Seal of the Colony, and Test of the Governour: These are directed to the Sheriff of each County, bearing Date forty Days before the Return, and he is to take Care that they be duly published.

The first business of the Commons is to choose a Speaker, which being done, they present him to the Governour in a full House, who approves him; then they return to their own House, and proceed to do business, choosing Committees, and in all other respects imitating the House of Commons in England, as nigh as possible.

The lower House seldom passes Imposition-Acts for any time above two Years; and the Reason is, That themselves may be always necessary, and retain that Power they have by Law, and preserve the just Ballance of the Government: They likewise claim all the Powers, Privileges, and Immunities, which the House of Commons have in Great Britain.

They appoint the publick Treasurer, call him to an Account, and dismiss him, when they see fit, by a Vote of their House. For 'tis a received Opinion among them, that the Power of appointing, examining, censuring, and displacing those who have the public Money in their Hands, is much better lodg'd in the House of Commons, who have so great an Interest in the Colony, than in the Hands of any Governour, for Reasons generally known in America.

The lower House likewise presents to the Governour all Persons, who are to receive his Commissions, and have any Salary out of the publick Treasury, such as Captains of Forts, and the like. The Governour, it is true, hath the Power of granting Commissions to these and other Officers, but then the Treasurer cannot pay them any Salary, unless they have been first recommended by the House of Commons.

All Bills generally begin, and are form'd in the House of Commons, but no Act, Order, or Ordinance, is of any Force, without having passed both Houses in due Parliamentary Form. All Bills are read three several Times on three several Days, in each House, before they can pass into a Law.

The Method of ratifying Laws is this; After a Bill or Bills have passed both Houses, in due Form, the Clerk of the lower House is order'd to engross them, upon fair Paper or Vellum. — The Speaker, with the whole House, attend the Governour in the upper House, and present the Bills; then the Governour reads the Title, signs and seals the Bill, and says, In the Name of his Excellency, William Lord Craven,

Palatine, I Ratifie and Confirm this Law, Every one of the other Deputies do and say the like, each in the Name of his Principal. After a Bill is thus ratified, sign'd and seal'd by the Governour and four Deputies, it is then proclaim'd and held for Law.

Neither the Members of the Council, nor the House of Commons, in this Province, have any Allowance for attending the publick Service, but do it at their own Expences.

The Laws of South Carolina are either Acts of our own general Assemblies, or the Statute or Common Law of England. It is taken for granted with us, that no English Laws bind the Plantations, except such as particularly mention them, till they are put in Force by Act of Assembly, in each particular Province.

Because Promulgation is in a manner absolutely necessary to render any Law obligatory, the general Assembly first peruse all English Acts of Parliament, draw up an Account of as many intire ones, and Parts of others, as are fit for this Province, and by an Act of Assembly mentioning these Acts, they put them in Force. Thus we have Schedules of such English Acts of Parliament made Law, beginning with the great Charter of England, and running thro' all the Statutes, down to those made in the Reign of her present Majesty. And this is held to be the most rational Method, both for distinguishing such English Laws as are not proper for this Colony, and for promulgating them that are.

By an Act of Assembly, the Common Law of England is ordain'd to be of Force here, in Cases not provided for by the Statutes of this Province; with this Exception, nevertheless, that nothing of a Religious or Ecclesiastical Nature, tho' practised in England, by the Common Law, shall be of any Force in South Carolina.

By the Laws of this Colony, the Governour alone, the Chief Justice alone, any two of the Council, or two Justices of the Peace, have the same Power of granting Writs of Habeas Corpus, as the Justices of either Bench have in England, and are under the same Penalties in case of Neglect or Refusal.

Tho' it is Commendation sufficient for our Laws, to say they are as nigh to those of England, as conveniently may be, yet we have in several things refin'd upon the English laws.—For Instance.* The Jurors are not here return'd

by the Sheriffs, but the Names of all the best qualified Persons in the County are agreed upon and settled by Act of Assembly, and put together into a Ballot-Box. At the End of every Court this is set upon the Table, before the Judge and Beuch, and after it is shaken, a little Child draws out 48 Names, which are read, and a List of them taken by the Sheriff, that he may know whom to summons. These 48 are put in the second Division of the Ballot-Box, out of which at the opening of the next Court, another Child draws 12, who are to serve as Jurors, and if any just Exception be made, he draws others, until the Jury be full. The same Method, with little Alteration, is taken in returning Juries for the Sessions of the Peace.—The names of those who have served are put in the third Division of the Box, where they lie till those in the first Division are almost all drawn, and then they are again put into this. The Reason of their lying in the third Division is, because one Set of Persons should not be too much burthen'd, but that all should have an equal Share of the Trouble, as nigh as may be.

The Ballot-box hath three Locks and Keys, kept by three several Persons appointed by the general Assembly, whereof the Judge of the Court is one; neither can the Box be opened without the presence of those three.

The Reason of all this Precaution in returning Jurors is, for the better and more effectual Preservation of the Lives and Estates of the Inhabitants. For the Sheriffs, Marshals, and all other such Officers, being appointed by the Governour, and keeping their Places only during his Pleasure, if the returning of Juries lay in their Power, 'tis more than probable, they might at some time or other, pack such instruments as would be ready to gratify him, to the Ruin of any Person against whom he had conceiv'd Malice or Displeasure. Considering therefore, how easily, frivolous and unjust Pro-

Esq., when member of assembly afterwards Landgrave Smith." This Thos. Smith is believed to have been an ancestor of Gov. Smith. It was he to whom the South is indebted for the introduction, about 1695, of the culture of rice into this country. (Martin's N. C. I. 198.) This service, however, great as it has proved to be to the prosperity of the South, was due partly to a happy accident as well as to a wise forecast. The authorship of the "improvements" in the trial by Jury, here claimed for Landgrave Smith—an improvement no less wise than simple—has been ascribed to Mr. Locke who prepared the Fundamental Constitution of Carolina; though we find no trace of it there.

* "An improvement," says a MSS. note of Gov. Smith, "introduced by Thos. Smith,

Prosecutions are set on foot, and Evidences fit for any Turn may be procur'd, nothing can be a greater Security than this noble Law ; for after all the Arts and management betwixt a bad Governour, Judge, and Attorney General, to carry on an illegal Prosecution, the whole Contrivance is at last spoiled by the impossibility of Packing a Jury for the purpose.

Our Legislators have wisely consider'd the Frailty and Passions of Men, how difficult it is for those in Power to keep themselves within Bounds, and how inclin'd they are to Resentment ; for which Reason, tho' they never endeavour'd to abridge their Governour's Power of doing Good, yet, by this and other Methods, they have aimed at leaving them as few Opportunities of doing Hurt as is possible.

For Administration of Justice, Courts of Common-Pleas are held quarterly, by a Chief Justice and some Assistants. No Cause less than forty Shillings can be brought before this Court; all under that Sum are determin'd in an expeditious Manner, by a Justice of the Peace.

There is no other Court superiour to this but the Chancery, of which the Governour is Chief Judge, and the other Counsellours his Assistants. All Appeals from the Common-Pleas are finally determin'd in Chancery, and from thence are issued out Exhibitions and Supersedeas's to inferiour Courts. They act in that Court after the same Manner, and claim the same Power, which the Court of Chancery hath in England.

The same Judge and Assistants, who keep the Court of Common-Pleas, do, every six months, hold a Sessions of the Peace, and general Goal-Delivery for the whole Province ; before whom are tried all Pleas of the Crown.— They sit generally three or four Days at a time, till all Business be done. This Court is attended with all its proper Officers, as the Queen's Attorney, Constables, Marshal, Goaler, &c.

The Governour signs the Warrant for Execution of Criminals, and hath Power, if he please, to grant a Reprieve, till their Lordships either pardon them, or signifie their Pleasure to the contrary.

For the Benefit of Merchants and others, who are going out of the Province, and cannot stay the common Methods of Proceeding at the ordinary Courts, upon Application made to the Chief Justice, he is by Law oblig'd immediately to call a Special Court, to determine their Affairs ; so that Strangers have have no just cause given of complaining, that the Laws of this Colony have not made suitable Provision in their behalf.

Probats of Wills, and Letters of Administration, are granted by the Governour in Council, who is reckoned the Ordinary of the Place, and gives Marriage-Licences, which are left ready sign'd, with a Blank for the Names, in the Secretary's Office : But those who take them out, generally enter into Bonds, with sufficient Securities, that they have no Wife already, and that their intended Marriage is in all Respects legal.

All Writs and Precepts run in the Name of his Excellency the Palatine, and the rest of the true and absolute Lords Proprietors of Carolina. The Attorneys are licensed by the Chief Justice.

The Chief Justice's Commission is from the Lords Proprietors, and is usually during Pleasure.

Besides the Governour and Chief Justice, the Lords Proprietors appoint the Receiver of their Revenues, Surveyour General, Naval Officer, &c.

The Secretary's Business is to keep the publick Records of the Country, to take care that they be fairly laid up, to make and record all Patents for Land, to file the Certificates of Surveys, to keep a Register of all Deeds, Conveyances, Probats of Wills, and Letters of Administration, to write Commissions for Officers civil and military.

The Receiver of the Lords Proprietors has the Charge of their Lordships Revenue, receives the Money paid for the Sale, and Rents of Lands, all Fines in criminal Cases, and Escheats ; out of which he pays Salaries to the Governour, Chief Justice, Queen's Attorney, and other incident Charges relating to the Support of the Government.

The Treasurer for the country is appointed by the House of Commons. He keeps all the publick Accounts, receives all Taxes, Duties, and Imposts, appointed by Acts of Assembly ; out of which he pays all Sums of Money, ordain'd to be paid by any Law of the Province, or any Order or Ordinance of Parliament, sign'd by the Governour and Speaker of the House of Commons. Once, during every Session of the Assembly, a Committee of the House of Commons is appointed to examine his Accounts, who generally make a strict Enquiry, compare every Article with his Vouchers, and then make Report of the whole to the House, who, if there be no just Objection, pass the Accounts, order them to be sign'd by the Speaker, and that is his *Quietus*. This frequent Examination of the publick Revenues and Disbursements, keeps us

from being embarrass'd with tedious and intricate Accounts.

For Defence of the Colony, our Laws oblige every Male Person from 16 to 60 Years of Age, to bear Arms, who are all under their proper Captains, Majors and Colonels, by whom they are duly exercis'd once in two months. It is not here as in England, where an ordinary Mechanic thinks himself too good to be a soldier. Every one among us is versed in Arms, from the Governour to the meanest servant, and are all so far from thinking it below them, that most People take Delight in military Affairs, and think no body so fit to defend their Properties as themselves. We have the same Opinion of Arms as the Romans, and other free People, generally had, and believe them to be best intrusted with those who have the greatest Interest.

There are likewise enroled in our Militia, a considerable Number of active, able, Negro Slaves; and the Law gives every one of those his Freedom, who in the Time of an Invasion, kills an Enemy; the publick making Satisfaction to his Master for the Damage sustained by the Slave's Manumission.

Besides these Forces, English Officers are appointed over the Indians with whom we are in Friendship, who are order'd, with the utmost Expedition, to draw them down to the Sea-coast, upon the first News of an Alarm. This is reckon'd a very considerable Part of our Strength, for there being some thousands of these, who are hardy, active, and good Marksmen, excellent at an Ambuscade, and who are brought together with little or no Charge; in all Probability, if the French or Spaniards should make any attempt upon Carolina, they might have Reason to repent it.

The Arms which every one is obliged to have, and bring into the field, are a good Fusée, carrying a Bullet of about 18 to the pound, a Cartridge-box, so waxt as to keep out all Water, with at least 16 Cartridges, a Sword, or Cutlass, Worm, Pieker, spare Flints, &c.

The Inhabitants of Carolina, especially those born there, are dextrous and expert in the Use of Fire-Arms. If regular Troops excel in performing the Postures, this Militia is much superiour in making a true Shot. The Habit of Shooting so very well is acquir'd by the frequent Pursuit of Game in the Forests.

We have no regular Troops in Carolina, except a very few in the Port, and Sentinels in several places along the Coast. Upon any Alarm, there are proper Officers appointed to

lead a certain Body of Militia into those Ports where they may be most useful. And as we have no regular Troops, for many Reasons we desire none. A Planter who keeps his Body fit for service, by Action and a regular Life, is doubtless a better Soldier, upon Occasion, than a Company of raw Fellows raised in England, whose Spirits and Vigor are soon pall'd by an idle, effeminate Life, in a warm Climate. And the same Charges that would transport two or three Companies of regular Troops hither, to serve as Soldiers, would send the same Number of men, and enable them to settle as Planters, who, by their Industry, would add to the Improvement and Trade of the Province, and be equally serviceable for its Defence.

Since the Beginning of this War we have exerted our selves very much in Defence of the Colony, having fortified Charlestown with strong and regular Works, and erected another Fort upon a Point of Land, at the Mouth of Asby River, which commands the Channel so well, that Ships can't easily pass it, when compleatly finished, and furnished with large Guns. We have likewise been at great Expences in providing necessary Supplies of Arms and Ammunition.

Besides this, there have been undertaken several foreign Expeditions; one against St. Augustine, a Town and Garrison of the Spaniards, on the Coast of Florida, in the Latitude of 29 Degrees; and others against the Spaniards and Indians of Apalacheia. I shall not trouble you with a long Account of these Enterprises, but only tell you our Forces entirely broke and ruin'd the Strength of the Spaniards in Florida, destroy'd the whole Country, burnt the Towns, brought all the Indians, who were not kill'd or made Slaves, into our own Territories, so that there remains not now, so much as one Village with ten Houses in it, in all Florida, that is subject to the Spaniards; nor have they any Houses or Cattle left, but such as they can protect by the Guns of their Castle of St. Augustine, that alone being now in their hands, and which is continually infested by the perpetual Incursions of the Indians, subject to this Province.

These Expeditions have added very much to our Strength and Safety; First, by reducing the Spanish Power in Florida so low, that they are altogether uneapable of ever hurting us; then by training our Indian Subjects in the Use of Arms, and Knowledge of War, which would be of great Service to us, in case of any Invasion from an Enemy: and what is yet more

considerable, by drawing over to our Side, or destroying, all the Indians, within 700 Miles of Charlestown. This makes it impracticable for any European Nation to settle on that coast, otherwise than as subjects to the Crown of Great Britain; because we are capable of giving them such continual Molestation, by the Incursions of our Savages, that they could not easily subsist or venture to make any Improvement.

The Charges of these Fortifications and Expeditions, though very necessary, were yet so considerable, that they created some Uneasiness, and the Assembly finding it was in vain to struggle with the difficulty, by raising annual Taxes, which could not have been levied soon enough to answer the present Exigency, they concluded to stamp Bills of Credit, at first for about 6,000 pounds, and having had Experience of them, about 10,000 Pounds more since.

By the Laws that establish the Bills of Credit, their Currency is secur'd. To proffer any Payment with them is a Tender in Law, so that if the Creditor refuse to take them, he loseth his Money, and the Debtor is discharg'd from the Minute of the Refusal. But we have no Instance of that Kind, the Funds upon which they are made being so good, that they pass in all Payments without any Demur or Dissatisfaction.

The House of Commons took extraordinary Care that the Credit of these public Bills should be well establish'd. They suffer'd none to be made by private Banks, not being willing to put it in their power to injure the Public; but fix'd them on such Foundations which nothing could destroy, but what, at the same Time, should ruin the whole Province; that is, upon Acts of Assembly, appointing such Duties as were not to be lakeu off till the Bills of Credit were entirely cancell'd.

There never was yet found among us one Instance of counterfeiting these Bills, and all the Care imaginable has been taken to prevent it; For being first stamp'd with Blanks left for the sums, they were brought into a Chamber adjoining to the House of Commons, where they were fill'd up, by a Committee of five, two members of the Council, and three of the Lower House, who, besides the Flourish and the Counter-part, usual in England, sign'd them with their hands, and seal'd them with one common Seal: so that whoever attempted to counterfeit, must, besides the indenting and intricate Flourish, imitate five several well known hands, and a Seal, which could not remain long undiscover'd, since all these Bills are continually circulating thro' the Treasury.

After the Bills were numbred, indented, sign'd and seal'd, they were given to the Treasurer, together with a Schedule of all Debts due from the Public, which he immediately discharg'd with them. Three Commissioners are appointed by the Assembly to examine the Treasurer's Books weekly, and to see that such Bills, lying in his Hands, be cancell'd, which the necessary Expences of the Public do not require to be used.

Our Bills of Credit were at first made to run with 12 per Cent. Interest; but upon making the second Parcel, the Assembly was sensible of the great Inconvenience of that Method. For it not only made Currency more difficult, by reason of the Endorsements, and computing the times they had lain in the Treasury; but gave the Treasurer likewise an Opportunity of injuring the Public, by giving Credit for what Time he thought fit, as often as they came into his Hands. Besides, the Interest gave Encouragement to People to hoard them, which was a common Prejudice, by keepiug so great a Part of the Cash from Circulating in Trade. And lastly, this devouring Interest was such a constant Addition to the public Debt, that, if continued, it would have made it impossible to sink the Bills in any reasonable Time, unless by troublesome Taxes.

These Reasons made the Assembly Enact, That from that Time forward, the Bills of Credit should run to all Intents and Purposes as they had done, without any Interest at all. And we quickly found the Benefit of it. For this both eased the Public of a great Burthen, and the Bills circulated more in trade, and with less Difficulty among the common People. The Assembly indeed, by this Act, expos'd themselves to the Censure of those who little regard the public, so long as their own private Interest is advanc'd; but they wisely consider'd, that to save the Public 2,000 Pounds a Year was more to be regarded, than to gratifie the unreasonable Avarice of some particular Persons.

It is probable, there are very few Countries where public Credit is better preserved than with us, or where Paper Cash circulates more smoothly. And this proceeds from every ones being satisfied of the Goodness of the Funds, and the Honour which the Assemblies have always taken Care to preserve, in discharging all just Demands upon the Public, together with the good Husbandry they have us'd in disposing of the public Money; Frugality being a Vertue very useful in large Governments, but absolutely necessary in small and poor ones.

Bills of Credit with us have never fallen lower than the intrinsic, nor can they well do so, upon those Principles whereon they are established.

There are at present no Taxes in South Carolina, either upon real or personal Estates;—But the public Revenue arises from Duties laid upon Spirits, Wines, and other Liquors; upon Slaves, Sugars, Molosses, Flower, Bisket, &c., upon all dry Goods imported, 3*l*. per Cent. and 3*d*. per Skin upon all Dear-skins exported.—All these Duties together, may, at present, amount to about 4,500 Pounds per Ann. out of which the yearly Disbursements are as follow.

To 10 Ministers of the Church of England,	1000 <i>l</i> .
For finishing and repairing Fortifications,	1000
For the Officers of Forts and Sentinels,	600
To the Governour,	200
For military stores,	300
Accidental Charges,	400
	<hr/>
	3500 <i>l</i> .

Which taken out of 4500*l*, their remain yearly 1000*l*. to cancel so many of the Bills of Credit.

This Computation is nigh the Truth this present Year; but the State of things is alterable, either by unexpected Demands upon the Public, or by the Increase of Trade, and consequently of the Revenue.

Assesments have seldom been us'd with us: When there are any, the Method is, for the Assembly to ascertain the sum to be raised, and appoint Assessors, who shall lay it equally upon all real and personal Estates, throughout the Province. They appoint likewise Officers in every Precinct, who return to the Assessors, upon oath, a Schedule both of the Persons and Estates, in their respective Divisions. All Persons who are assessed have this privilege, That if they believe themselves tax'd for more than their due Proportion, they may swear to the real Value of their estates, and so procure an Abatement of what they are over-rated.

Besides Bills of Credit, the Money most common in this Province is French Pistoles, Spanish and Arabian Gold: which before the late Act, that regulates the Currency of Money in the English Colonies, past at 6*s*. and 3*d*. a Penny-weight, and 2*d*. every odd Grain: Dutch and

German Dollars, and Peruviau Pieces of Eight, passed at 5*s*. Mexican Pieces of Eight, of twelve Penny-weight, at 5*s*. every Penny-weight above twelve to seventeen being 3½*d*. more.—We have likewise 7½*d*. and 3½*d*. Pieces of Spanish Money, commonly call'd Royals, and Half-Royals. There is little English Money, but what is, goes at 50*l*. per Cent. Advance, that is, a Crown at 7*s*. and 6*d*. a Guinea at 32*s*. and 3*d*. and so in proportion.

South Carolina was first settled about the Year 1667. The Penal Laws then in Force in Great Britain, contributing very considerably to send the first English Colonies hither. It has likewise had a large Addition of Inhabitants by the Revocation of the Edict of Nants, the French Refugees having found here a safe and pleasant Retreat, from the rigid Church Discipline of their Dragooning Apostles. They live in good Friendship with, and are helov'd by the English, who being sensible, that their Assistance has contributed not a little to improve the Country, have been ready to oblige them upon all Occasions, wherein it lay in their Power; as in passing general Laws of Naturalization, admitting them into all Posts Civil and Military. And this good Understanding not only continues, but increases daily, by Cohabitation and Inter-marriages.

The European Inhabitants of this Province are, for the most part, People of Sobriety and Industry; which, together with the Advantage of the Climate, enable them to live in great Affluence of most things necessary for Life. I may venture to say, that this Country is much better improv'd than any other English Colony on the Continent of America, in proportion to the Length of Time, and Stock of English Money originally expended in Settling it.

No People are more hospitable, generous and willing to good Offices to strangers; every one is ready to entertain them freely, with the best they have. That Moroseness and Sullenness of Temper, so common in other Places, is very rare among us.

Tho' we are so happily situated, that no body is obliged to beg or want Food, yet the Charity of the Inhabitants is very remarkable, in taking suitable Methods to prevent any Persons falling into extream Necessity. For Commissioners are appointed by Act of Assembly, to take Care of the Poor, and necessary Helps are settled for that End; tho' there are few Occasions to make use of this Provision, unless towards the Widows or Children of such Strangers, who die before they are comfortably set-

tled. And even in these Cases so many People are inclined to support them, that the Commissioners are not often troubled; their Neighbors of Substance generally taking one or two such unfortunate Orphans, whom they not only educate, and provide for, with a great deal of Humanity, during their Minority, but likewise are very generous and liberal in assisting them, after they are grown up, to settle themselves in the World. For People here are not yet arrived to that sordid Temper and partial Fondness, to breed their own Children to the height of Delicacy, and suffer others of the same Blood and Nation, to be destitute of the common Necessaries of Life.

Those born of European Parents, are for the most part very temperate, and have generally an Aversion to excessive Drinking. I cannot at present call to mind above two or three in the whole Province, addicted to that Vice.— They are likewise ingenious, of good Capacities, and quick Apprehensions, and have Heads excellently well turn'd for mechanical Works and Inventions; with little or no teaching, they'll make Houses, Mills, Sloops, Boats, and the like.

All People in this Colony are either Planters, Traders, Artisans, Indian Subjects, or Negro Slaves. A Planter is a common Denomination for those who live by their own and their Servants Industry, improve their Estates, follow Tillage or Grasing, and make those Commodities which are transported from hence to Great Britain, and other Places.

It is not necessary to insert the exact Numbers of the several Inhabitants; but the Proportions they bear to one another, and each to the whole, are as follows,

Whites $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Planters} \\ \text{Traders} \\ \text{Artisans} \end{array} \right\}$ as $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 8\frac{1}{2} \\ 1\frac{1}{2} \\ 2 \end{array} \right\}$ to 12.

All the Whites, Indian Subjects, Negro Slaves, $\left\{ \right\}$ to the whole, as $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 12 \\ 66 \\ 22 \end{array} \right\}$ 100.

There are very few European Servants, and these are treated with as much Gentleness as any where in the World, being seldom put to other Employments than to exercise some Trade, oversee a Plantation, or to carry Goods to Market; the greatest Drudgeries being perform'd by Slaves. And upon the Expiration of four Years, they who came Servants, are as free in all respects, and as much entitled to the Privileges of the Country, as any other Inhabitants whatsoever.

By many Acts of the General Assembly, all

foreign Protestants, of what Denomination soever, are made Denizens within three months after their Arrival, and no other Qualification requir'd than to go before some Magistrate, and take the Oath of Allegiance, by which the Person is naturalized to all Intents and Purposes.

It must needs be very acceptable to all good Christians, to hear that Religion and Piety have increas'd and flourished among us, in good Measure; the Labours of some reverend Persons, who have exerted themselves in the Service of their great Master, having been bless'd with very desirable success; which besides the Advantages in respect to a future Life, has also greatly contributed to the Good of the Society, by refining those Dispositions which were otherwise rude and untractable.

There are eight Ministers of the Church of England, three French Protestant Congregations, whereof two of their Ministers are lately proselyted to the Church, five of British Presbyterians, one of Anabaptists, and a small one of Quakers. The Ministers of the Church of England have each 100*l.* per Annum, paid out of the public Treasury, besides Contributions and Perquisites from their Parishioners. The other ministers are maintained by voluntary Subscriptions. The Proportions that the several Parties in Religion do bear to the whole, and each other, is at present as follows,

Episcopal Party, Presbyterians, including those French who re- tain their own Dis- cipline. Anabaptists, Quakers,	} to the whole, as	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 4\frac{1}{4} \\ 4\frac{1}{2} \\ 1 \\ 0\frac{1}{4} \end{array} \right\}$	} 10.

10

Nothing can be more reasonable than the Price of Lands in this Province; we must do their Lordships the Justice to say, that they have always, in that respect, dealt with great Favour and Gentleness. The first twenty Years they got little or nothing at all, and since not much more than is barely sufficient to support the necessary Charges of the Government. By this Conduct the Proprietors have advanced the Interest of the English Nation to their own present loss. For if their Lordships had not remitted many years Arrears of Rent, if they had not waited a great while for Money due for Lands, and suffer'd the People to supply themselves with Slaves, before they paid it; if they had not sold their Lands, and established their rents at so moderate a rate; the Country had not

been in Circumstances to purchase all the effects brought yearly from Great Britain, in twenty-two Sail of Ships, as they now do.

The Method has hitherto often been for Men to settle themselves upon a piece of Ground, improve it, build, raise, stock, plant Orchards, and make such Commodities, which being sold procured them Slaves, Horses, Household Goods and the like Conveniencies; and after this was done, in seven or eight years they might begin to think it time to pay the Lords something for their Land.

Free and common Soccage is the Tenure by which Lands are held, a small Quit-Rent being paid annually to the Proprietors, as Lords of the Fee, in lieu of all Services, Perquisites and Demands whatsoever. There are two Ways of taking out Titles; one is by Purchase, at twenty Pounds a thousand Acres, paid to the Lords Receiver, the Grant whereof reserves to their Lordships an annual Rent of a Shilling for each hundred Acres; the other is without any Purchase money paid down, but by taking out a Patent, upon Condition to pay yearly to the Lords Proprietors a Penny for each Acre.— Every one is at Liberty to choose which of these Methods he will, tho' the former, being much preferable, is most common.

The Tenour of the Grants of Lands from the Proprietors, runs to this Purpose: First their Lordships Title by a Charter from K. Charles II. is recited; then, in Consideration of so much Money there acknowledged to be received, they sell, alienate, and make over unto A. B. his Heirs, &c., a Plantation, containing so many Acres of Land, situate and lying in such a county, and having such a Form and Marks, as appear by the plan of it annex'd, he or they paying for the same, the Sum of one Shilling yearly, for each hundred acres, in lieu of all Dues or Demands whatsoever.

When a person would take up land, (as we term it) he first views the place and satisfies himself that no other has any property there, and then goes to the Secretary, and takes out a Warrant for the Quantity he desires. Warrants ready sign'd by the Governour are left with proper Blanks in the Secretaries Office, and directed to the Surveyor, empowering him, to measure and lay out such a number of acres for such a person, and to return a plan and certificate thereof into the Secretaries Office. Then the Secretary files the certificates, and writes a Grant (the Form whereof is settled by Act of Assembly) which he annexes to the plan, and

carries it next council day, into the council, to be sign'd by the Governour, and such of the council as are Trustees for the Sale of Lands, and sealed with the publick Seal of the colony. If the Grant is to be for Lands purchas'd, a Record of the Receipt of the purchase Money by the Lords Receiver, must be produced as a Warrant for signing the patent.

If any one designs to make a Plantation, in this Province, out of the Woods, the first thing to be done is, after having cut down a few trees, to split Palissades, or Clapboards, and therewith make small Houses or Huts, to shelter the Slaves. After that, whilst some Servants are clearing the Land, others are to be employed in squaring or sawing Wall-plats, Posts, Rafters, Boards and Shingles, for a small house for the Family, which usually serves for a Kitchen afterwards, when they are in better Circumstances to build a larger. During the time of this Preparation, the Master Overseer, or white Servants, go every evening to the next Neighbour's House, where they are lodg'd and entertain'd kindly, without any charges. And if the person have any wife or children, they are commonly left in some Friend's House, till a suitable dwelling place and conveniencies are provided for, fit for them to live decently.

The properest Time to begin a Settlement is in September, or at farthest, before the first of December. The Time between that and the first of March is spent in cutting down and burning the Trees, out of the Ground, design'd to be sowed that Year, splitting Rails, and making Fences round the Corn Ground, and Pasture. The smallest Computation usually made is, that each labouring Person will in this Time, clear three Acres fit for Sowing.

In the second Fall, or Winter, after a Plantation is settled, they make Gardens, plant Orchards, build Barns, and other convenient Houses. The third or fourth Winter, persons of any Substance provide Brick, Lime, or other Materials, in order to build a good House. The Lime here is all made of Oister-shells, burnt with Wood; of these there is great plenty lying in and by all Creeks and Rivers, in great Heaps or Beds, where large Boats are loaden at low Water.

Our Cows graze in the Forests, and the calves being separated from them, and kept in pastures, fenced in, they return home at Night to suckle them. They are first milk'd, then shut up in a Fold all Night, milk'd again in the

Morning, and then turn'd out into the Woods. Hogs rove several Miles over the Forests, eating such Nuts and Ground-Roots as they can find; but having a Shelter made at home to keep them warm, and something given them to eat, they generally return every evening.

People who design to make their Fortunes in new countries, should consider Beforehand, what Method, or course of Life they purpose to follow, when they arrive there; and not flatter themselves with vain Fancies, as if Riches were to be got without Industry, or taking suitable Methods to attain them. 'Tis encouragement sufficient for a rational man to know, that when due means are us'd, they seldom fail of obtaining the End. In this province as little will serve to put a person into a Way of living comfortably, as in any place whatever, and perhaps less. That you and your friends may be thoroughly convinc'd of this, without being led into any Mistakes, I shall here first insert an Account of what is necessary to settle a planter to live with comfort and Decency; and next a List of what is sufficient to settle an Estate of 300*l.* a Year, from which you may proportion other conditions of Life as you please.

In order to live comfortably, after a Man's own and Family's passage is paid, and cloaths bought for the first year or two, he must have,

2 Negro Slaves, 40 <i>l.</i> each	80 <i>l.</i>
4 Cows and calves, 1 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> each,	5
4 Sows, 15 <i>s.</i> each. A canoe 3 <i>l.</i>	6
A Steel Mill, or pair of Querns,	3
Axes, Hoes, Wedges, Hand-saws, Hammer, and other Tools,	2
200 Acres of Land 4 <i>l.</i> Survey and other charges 2 <i>l.</i>	6
A Small House for the first Year or two	8
Corn, Peas, Beef, Pork, &c. for the first Year,	14
Expences and Contingencies,	26
	150 <i>l.</i>

This Calculation is made in the Money of the Province, which is just 100*l.* Sterling.

The Things mention'd here are of Necessity to one who would settle with any tolerable Decency. And from this small Beginning, by moderate Industry, accompanied with the blessing of Heaven, a Man may get a competent Estate, and live very haudsomely. But there are

many who settle without any Slaves at all, but labor themselves.

Here follows an Account of what is necessary to settle an Estate of 300*l.* per Annum, with the Value of the particulars, as they are most commonly sold there.

30 Negroes, 15 men and 15 Women, 40 <i>l.</i> each,	1200 <i>l.</i>
20 Cows and Calves, 1 <i>l.</i> 5 <i>s.</i> each,	25
2 Mares, 1 Stone-horse, 10 <i>l.</i> each, 6 Sows and a Boar, 6 <i>l.</i>	36
1000 Acres of Land, 20 <i>l.</i> Survey and other necessary charges 7 <i>l.</i>	27
A large periagoe 20 <i>l.</i> a small Canoe 2 <i>l.</i> a Steel Mill, 4 <i>l.</i>	25
10 Ewes and a Ram 7 <i>l.</i> 3 dozen Axes 6 <i>l.</i>	13
Hoes, Hatchets, Broad Axes, Nails, Saws, Hammers, Wedges, Maul Rings, a Froe, and other necessary Tools,	23
Ploughs, Carts, with their Chains and Irons,	10
A small House for the first Year or two, afterwards a Kitchen,	20
300 Bushels of Indian Corn and Pease, at 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> per Bushel, with some beef, Pork, &c. for the first Years provision,	50
Expences and Contingencies,	70

Total 1500*l.*

This Sum of Carolina Money being reduc'd to Sterling, makes 1000*l.*

The 30 Negroes beginning to work in September or October, will clear 90 Acres of Land, plant and hoe it; half of which, that is 45 acres sowed with Rice, will, after the common computation, yield 1000 Weight an acre, which sold at 15*s.* a hundred, the middle price, amounts to 337*l.* 10*s.* The other 45 acres are to be sowed with Indian Corn, Pease, Pompions, Potatoes, Melons, and other eatables, for the Use of the Family.

I am so far from exceeding due Bounds in this Calculation, that I don't by much come up to what I know is annually done by many. This shews the very great Difference between purchasing an Estate of Land in England, and settling one in this Province. For the sum of 1000*l.* laid out in England, at 20 Years Purchase will buy but 50*l.* a Year, and here it settles 337*l.* 10*s.* per annum, Money of this colony, which is 225*l.* Sterling, besides maintaining a House in great Plenty, with most sorts of pro-

visions necessary for Life. And to give the larger allowance, I have not inserted the profit to be made in remitting the 1000*l.* in proper Goods, but have reckon'd it as brought hither in Specie.

As for those who have no Substance to bring with them, they are either Laborers or Tradesmen, for whose Satisfaction I shall insert the usual Wages and Prices of Labour.

		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
A Tailor	hath per Diem	05	: 00
A Shoe-maker	"	"	02 : 06
A Smith	"	"	07 : 06
A Weaver	"	"	03 : 00
A Bricklayer	"	"	06 : 00
A Cowper	"	"	04 : 00

A Carpenter and Joiner have from 3 to 5*s.*

A Day-labourer from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.* with Lodgings and Diet.

Those who oversee Plantations per Annum, from 15 to 40*l.* Such as are employ'd to trade with the Indians from 20 to 100*l.*

The best Time for Europeans to arrive here, in respect to health, is September; for then they have eight months moderate weather, before the Heat comes, in which Time the climate will become agreeable.

If a considerable Number of People should form a Design of coming hither, to settle in a community or Neighborhood, it would be proper to send Agents beforehand, to choose convenient Lands, and purchase corn, and other Necessaries. And if these made a common Plantation, at the charges of a Joint-Stock, a Year or two before the Arrival of the others, about the Middle of the place where they designed a Settlement, and stock'd it with 20 Negroes, cows, Hogs, &c., it would be very useful to shelter and receive their Friends upon their first landing; the Sick, likewise, might be there taken care of, and the poor supplied with corn for their first Year's provision; of all which Accounts might be kept, and payments made, when they that received it grew able.

This country, perhaps, may not abound so much with those gay and noisy Amusements, which generally the great and rich affect; but for such who have experienc'd the Frowns of Fortune, and have yet something left to make a handsome Retreat from the World; for those who affect Solitude, contemplation, Gardening, Groves, Woods, and the like innocent Delights of plain simple Nature, and

who, with a small fortune, would provide some competent fix'd Settlement for themselves and children; there can scarce any place in the British Dominions be found, that will answer their Expectation. As there are no Beggars among us, so we cannot pretend there are any vastly rich, few Estates exceeding 1000 or 1200*l.* a Year, and from thence gradually down to 30*l.* Most of us enjoy that State of Life which many people reckon the happiest a moderate Subsistence, with the Vexation of Dependence.

When I consider of what Importance this colony may be in time to the British Nation, the great Quantities of their Manufactures it might take off, and the Variety of commodities which it is capable of producing, to make suitable Returns; I am perfectly surprised there should not be the least care taken to increase the number of its inhabitants. If the small Number here at present employs two and twenty Sail of English Ships, besides sixty smaller Vessels from other Parts; to what Height may the Trade be brought, if the people were fifty times the Number they are now, which the country would easily contain?

The Situation of this province is such as not to interfere with England, in any Branches of its Manufacture; there is no money requir'd to be sent hither; it is capable of producing many commodities, which are now brought from other Nations, by money exported from England. The Government may always regulate the Trade as they please, which they cannot do in foreign Dominions, but by treaty and consent.

South Carolina may be made useful to Great Britain, if the Lords Commissioners of Trade, would please to concert Measures for sending hither all, or at least some of the most necessary commodities which the country is capable of producing. For which End, it might not be amiss to consult the Growth and Product of such countries, as lie in or near the same Latitude, and from correspondents there, as consuls or Merchants, to get seeds of each Kind well preserved, and as soon as possible remit them to Carolina, such, for instance, as Almonds, Dates, Olives of several Kinds, Coffee, Tea, great Variety of Grape-Stones, all Sorts of Drugs from Barbary, Persia, Egypt, Syria, &c. Persons might likewise be sent over, who are perfectly skill'd in making Potash, and others expert in framing mechanical

Engines, as Saw-mills to go with the Wind, and the like.

Moreover, 'tis to be wish'd, that upon the Conclusion of this War, the Government would erect a Fund for transporting annually hither, for some years, 100 Families, of the poorer sort of People, suppose but of three persons, one with another, either of their own Nation or Foreigners, and furnish them with Necessaries, to help them in settling, and for their support the first year ; which would amount to about 20*l*. Sterling a Head. That the Kingdom would soon find its Account in this, I shall endeavour to demonstrate, by computing what advantage 'twould receive in 20 years, by sending 100 families, or 300 Persons, whereof we will suppose but 100 are men. I shall not here proceed in that extravagant manner, usual with some in Calculations of this kind, but observe such a Medium as must be granted to be very moderate, by all who consider the matter.—Wherefore, to give yet the greater Allowance, I will suppose for the present, that white Women and children are of no advantage, (tho' 'tis not altogether so) and only reckon men fit to Labour, and the Slaves of both Sexes.

I consider, then, no other Advantage the first seven Years, but that each Family hath purchased four Slaves ; and suppose of themselves to be diminish'd by death ten in a hundred, so that at the end of seven Years, the Account will stand thus :

White Men,	90
Slaves of both Sexes,	360
	<hr/>
Laboring People,	450
The lowest Computation usually made is, that each laboring Person here does, one with another, add 5 <i>l</i> . yearly to the wealth of Great Britain, which, in the whole, is, per Annum,	5 2250 <i>l</i> .

About the twentieth Year there will be an Addition both to the Whites and Slaves, by Propagation and purchase, of about fifty in the hundred ; wherefore the Account of the yearly advantage to Great Britain, will then stand thus :

White Men,	135
Slaves of both Sexes,	540
	<hr/>
Laboring People,	675
	5
These at 5 <i>l</i> . each per annum, will, in the whole, yield to Great Britain the annual sum of	3375 <i>l</i> .

At the end of the first seven years, the profit of the year ensuing has been computed at 2250*l*.

In the 20th year at 3375

Which together make, 5625

And half being taken for a Medium of the annual advantage, is 2812*l*. 10*s*.

This multiplied by the Number of years from 7 to 20. viz.

13, 13

Amounts to 36562*l*. 10*s*.

Advantage in the whole 20 years.

Tho' the Value of what such a Settlement may be afterwards worth cannot well be computed, yet to make some small Estimate, I shall suppose the aforesaid 300 persons, their Slaves, improv'd Lands and Descendants, to be worth to the British Nation, only after the common Value of Estates in Land, at 20 years purchase,

	<i>l</i> .	<i>s</i> .
Yearly Value the 20th year,	3375	: 00
		20

Real Value at 20 Years purchase	67500 : 00
Advantage of the whole first 20 years	36562 : 10

Total 104062 : 10

This certainly is profit sufficient to encourage them to lay out 6000 Pounds, and that not in Money, but in Freight, Cloaths, Tools and other Necessaries, which is no great Loss to the Kingdom in general, only a Charge to the Government.

Having calculated the Benefit accruing to the British Nation, for laying out 6000 pounds to be at the End of 20 years 36562 pounds, 10 Shillings, in money already received, and a real Estate settled, worth at least 67500 pounds, I shall now compute what advantage the proprietors will make, which the first seven years is nothing.

At the end of 7 years	90 Families.
On the 20th year	135

Together	225
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Half of which being taken for a Medium is	112
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I suppose then in the 13th year, which is the Medium between 7 and 20, every Family buys

400 Acres of Land

112 Families,
400

44800 Acres.

l. s.

These 44800 acres, at 20%. a Thousand come to 896 : 00

The yearly Rents at 20s. 1000 acres, for 7 years, viz. from the 13th to 20th Year, 313 : 12

The Lords have receiv'd at the end of twenty years 1209 : 12

The real Value of these 44800 acres yielding 44l. 16s. per Ann. at 20 Years Purchase, comes to 896 : 00

The whole 2105 : 12

Subtract a fourth part for Loss, Expenses in receiving, and the necessary Charges of the Government, there will then remain 1579 : 04

This compared with the Profit already computed to redound to the Kingdom, is almost the sixty-sixth Part thereof, and just that proportion of Charges, according to the strict Rules of Justice, the Lords Proprietors of Carolina should allow for carrying on a Design of transporting people, and rendering the country more useful and profitable to the British Nation than it is at present.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavor'd, in as few Words as I could, to acquaint you with what I think is most requisite for you to know, relating to this Province. I might easily have swell'd my Letter to a regular Treatise, but fearing to be tedious, have left many Things untouched, and could not well say less, without falling short in giving you that Satisfaction you desire, and which it will always be my Ambition you should receive from me, in whatever Demands you are pleas'd to lay upon,

Sir,

Your, &c.

Charlestown, June 1, 1710.

OUR COUNTRYMEN.

"Our Countrymen; or, Brief Memoirs of Eminent Americans, by BENSON J. LOSSING, author of the Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution, &c."

This is the title of a modest and unpretending Tribute to the memories of more than three hundred departed worthies of our country. Prepared by its accomplished author under the pressure of domestic affliction, it will, perhaps, hardly compare with his more elaborate and extended researches in the same field, of which his Pictorial Book of the Revolution will be a lasting and invaluable memorial. But these brief sketches are well calculated, and indeed, as he states in his Preface, intended to excite still further inquiry into the lives and fortunes of the many eminent men whose labors and triumphs he has only allowed himself space to allude to—and with this object, he appropriately commends the book rather to the youth of our land. We cannot think there is

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any danger of its frequent reference to the early days of our national existence. Any reliable records of the settlement of our States, of the struggle for Independence, and of the men and women who were useful and honorable in those days, is a valuable addition to our libraries and reading rooms. The years are rapidly passing away in which the personal reminiscences, the stray facts and anecdotes, the family letters and family gossip, of such inestimable value to future generations and to future historians, can be any longer gathered up from oblivion.

To Mr. Lossing especially, thanks are due for his labors in this department.—There are many men who were eminent in their day, of whom but slender memoirs even now can be gleaned from failing memories and uncertain tradition. And when to the pen of the ready writer, the historian adds the skill of the draughtsman and graver, the task is doubly grate-

ful—preserving not only the spirited biography, but the suggestive portrait, with pleasant sketches of the fields and old-fashioned homesteads, which a few more years will change and dismantle. On the other hand we must be permitted to suggest, in reference to the book before us, that as all men are not born to distinction, it is surely a fruitless labor of love to attempt to rescue from the common lot of oblivion all merely good men or women. Why, among this galaxy of great and good men, soldiers, artists statesmen and divines, Mr. Lossing has thought proper to introduce two ladies of color, with comfortable-looking portraits of each appended, we are at some loss to determine.—Why should Aunt Phillis and Aunt Katy, be so gallantly handed down to posterity in company with Ames and Rutledge, any more than any other unpretending and respectable females who teach Sabbath schools and indulge in writing marvellously bad doggrel, all over the land? We protest against such levelling of position and reputation.

As North-Carolinians, and writing for a North Carolina Magazine, it would be entirely too much to expect that we should not raise the usual pean of gratulation, common to "those of our ilk," upon discovering that we have been noticed, and proper rank has been assigned our great men among their contemporaries in a work of this kind. We, therefore, cheerfully embrace the opportunity afforded by Mr. Lossing, to say that we are proud of the representatives he has selected for our State. The memories of Ashe, Harnett, Davie, Gaston, Caswell, and Macon, are precious in our eyes, and we are pleased that Mr. Lossing has awarded them their appropriate niche in his gallery of Portraits.

Looking through the book with a view to the selection of some sketch that would afford a fair specimen of its style, and be generally interesting to our readers, we

wavered in some doubt, now inclining to the notice of John A. Lillington, then to that of Fisher Ames. Happily remembering, however, that the ladies should ever have the preference, and that the tradition of a love-story imparts a fragrance as of long withered rose leaves, and sheds a glow of interest over even humble names, we have chosen to present the brief notice of the fortunes of Mary Phillipse, the lady who refused to become Mrs. George Washington.

"The beautiful and accomplished American girl of twenty-six summers, who won the first love of Washington, just when his greatness was dawning, is worthy of the historic embalmer's care, for she forms a part of the story of the great central figure in the group of American worthies of the past generation. Mary Phillipse was the daughter of the Hon. Frederick Phillipse, speaker of the New York Colonial Assembly, and one of the early great landholders on the Hudson river, in Westchester county. She was born at the more modern manor-house of the family, in the present village of Yonkers, on the 3d of July, 1730. Of her early life we have no record except the testimony which her accomplishments bore concerning her careful education.—Her sister was the wife of Col. Beverly Robinson, of New York, and there Miss Phillipse was residing when she made the acquaintance of Washington, above alluded to. It was in the memorable year 1756, when the whole country was excited by the current events of the French and Indian War. Washington was a Virginia Colonel, twenty-four years of age, and had won his first bright laurels at the great Meadows, and the field of Monongahela. On account of difficulties concerning rank, he visited the Commander-in-chief, Governor Shirley, at Boston, and it was while on his way thither, on horseback, that he stopped at the house of Col. Robinson, in New York. There he saw

the beautiful Mary Phillipse, and his young heart was touched by her charms. He left her with reluctance and went on to Boston. On his return he was again the willing guest of Colonel Robinson, and he lingered there, in the society of Mary, as long as duty would allow. It is believed that he offered her his hand, but a rival bore off the prize. That rival was Colonel Roger Morris, Washington's companion-in-arms on the bloody field of Monongahela, and one of Braddock's aids on that occasion. Roger and Mary were married in 1758, and lived in great happiness until the storm of the Revolution desolated their home. Col. Morris then espoused the cause of the king; and when the American army, under Washington, was encamped on Harlem Heights, in the Autumn of 1776, his beautiful mansion, overlooking the Harlem River, became the head-quarters of the Commander-in-Chief. Both Col. Morris and his wife were included in the act of attainder, passed by the New York Legislature, in 1778. It is believed that she and her sister Mrs.

Inglis, were the only females who were attainted of treason during the struggle. A large portion of their real property was restored to their children, of whom John Jacob Astor purchased it in 1809, for one hundred thousand dollars, and afterwards sold it to the State of New York, for half a million. Colonel Morris died in England in 1794, at the age of sixty-seven years, and his wife lived a widow thirty-one years afterward. She died in 1825, at the age of ninety-six, and was buried by the side of her husband, near Saviourgate Church, York, where their son, Henry Gage Morris, of the royal army, erected a monument to their memory."

In conclusion we must add, that we think Mr. Lossing's marginal notes contain not the least curious and interesting of his *Collectanea*. Why should not a Book of the Traditionary Anecdotes of the Revolution be compiled? We commend the idea to the attention of our book-makers, and meanwhile hope that every body will get Mr. Lossing's book, and read it for himself. C.

COLLEGE CUSTOMS.

BY CENSOR.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—

It is my fortune, or misfortune, if you will, to be of a retiring disposition, and somewhat contemplative mind. I have ever sought to avoid the intimate associations of my fellows, and by communing with my own thoughts, and reflecting on the follies of mankind, I have passed my time in college, if not so pleasantly, at least as profitably, as the most of my fellow-students. In this letter I send you the result of my reflections, on one of our most pernicious college customs, viz. *electioneering*. I cannot boast of being able to "shoot folly as it flies," for I never was "good on the wing." But luck-

ily for me it is not necessary to shoot it flying. It is so tame in our midst, that we can shoot it sitting. If you do not reject this epistle, I may, perhaps, favor you with another, and if you do reject it, why, I'll—I'll—*try you again, anyhow!*

It has been aptly remarked, that a college is the world in a miniature. And I may add, that as in the great world by which we are surrounded, there are many mischievous customs, which have ever called for the lash of the satirist, and the indignant frowns of the moralist, so in our little world, there are, I think, customs which should be frowned down by the better part of the students.

First among these customs of which I think we should disapprove, is that of electioneering for those offices which are in the gift of the students. It must have been observed by every one who pays much attention to the state of affairs in college, that there has grown up in our midst a spirit of rivalry (not laudable rivalry in the pursuit of learning,) which, if permitted to increase, will have a most injurious effect on the students and the institution. It has a tendency to dissever the bands of good fellowship, to set up a false standard by which a person should select his associates; substituting in place of mental and moral qualifications, a latitudinal or longitudinal criterion, if I may be allowed the expression. Are we to be prevented from enjoying the friendship of an intelligent man, because forsooth, he may not live within the limits of our own small district? Shall we wrap ourselves in ignorant egotism, and, like the blind jew of old, suppose that no good thing cometh from Nazareth? Such will inevitably be the case, if we countenance that electioneering spirit which prevails to such an extent in our midst. Almost the first thing a Freshman does, after arriving on the Hill, is to declare himself "out for office." Surely young men do not know what a ridiculous figure they cut, in calculating the chances of an election which is to take place two or, perhaps, three years afterwards, and *neglecting* to calculate the more probable chance of disapproval or dismissal.

Besides creating ill will and sectional feeling amongst the students, it is a great bar to the cultivation and practice of that courtesy of manner which should characterize every southern gentleman. No young man who possesses the finer feelings of a gentleman, likes to be falsely charged with electioneering. Yet to such an extent has this electioneering spirit been carried, that we are apt to suspect him who treats us with politeness, of a

desire to secure our votes, or in college phrase, of "flying 'round." It is evident that there can be no kindly intercourse, no exchange of the simple courtesies which make life agreeable, and without which college life especially, becomes a mere tedious round of duty, where persons are continually suspecting each other of interested motives in all their acts. Those who are really desirous of cultivating a friendly intercourse with their fellows, are restrained by the fear of being charged with "electioneering," and withdraw themselves from a society in which their every word and action is misconstrued.

But great as is the evil which this custom has upon our moral and social qualities, its injurious effects are far greater in diverting our minds from the legitimate object of the college course. There are some slight grounds for believing that our fathers and guardians, in sending us to the University, had in view another object than that, we should become what is termed in college language, a "popular man." Perhaps they considered the University an intellectual arena, in which we could train our minds for the combat of life.—Perhaps they thought it a field in which the ingenious youth of the South met, and vied with each other in the pursuit of knowledge. Alas! that they should entertain opinions so obsolete; expectations destined to so grievous a disappointment. They will have to learn that this is a new era in our little world. Old things have passed away, all things have become new. No longer, as in their day, does the student, a man in years and intellect, treat with deference, and obey with respectful submission his instructors; but the slender scion of young America, now raises his voice in gosling tones to bid defiance to law and order. Instead of endeavoring to gain the approbation of the Faculty, his highest ambition is to become the leader of a college party, and in order to accomplish this object he com-

mences a system of electioneering, which would challenge the admiration of many an old politician. If, at first, he may desire to gain literary distinction, he soon abandons his books, and spreads every sail to catch the breeze of popularity that may waft him to that much desired haven—a college office. The expectations of an indulgent father, and the hopes of an affectionate mother, are forgotten, in his ardent desire to exhibit himself, in all his beauty, to the admiring gaze of the fair ladies who honor our annual festival with their presence. No longer does he exercise his intellect in endeavors to comprehend the principles of mathematical science, or with the zeal of the true scholar, exert all his energy and application to discover the meaning of an obscure passage in the classics. The chief object of his thoughts now is, how he may gain the favor of his fellows.—“How may I conciliate this man, whom I have offended, or dispel from the mind of that one the prejudice which he entertains against me?” Such are his thoughts. Suddenly he becomes very conciliatory in his manners. He has a smile and a bow, (Frensy’s best) for every one. His generosity is unbounded. His score of dear friends revel in cigars, *et cetera*, at his expense. It would almost seem as if you were conferring a favor on him, by accepting a favor at his hands. In short, he suddenly becomes what is called “a darned good fellow,” which is rather an equivocal compliment to say the least of it.

If we examine this subject, we will find that the custom of electioneering not only mars the friendly intercourse which should exist between students of the same

University, not only frequently checks the student in his pursuit of knowledge, but that it does not even accomplish the end intended. The battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. It is not always the case that the strongest electioneerer is the successful candidate. Obscurity is the appropriate sphere of some men. They should keep in the dark as much as possible, that their defects may not be noticed. If, however, there are those who, disregarding my advice, shall work upon the old plan—electioneering with might and main for office—they may be sure that their virtues will be overlooked, and their faults held up in every light by those who oppose them. And when, at last, the important moment arrives, which decides whether they shall be actors or spectators in our commencement comedy, they will often find that their “flying ’round,” though it may, perhaps, have gained the favor of a few of that class, which can be influenced by the flattering attentions of the electioneerer, has also incurred the disapprobation of the better and more influential part of the students.

And now, Messrs. Editors, let me say in conclusion, that these remarks are aimed at the evils of a custom, and have no personal direction whatever. I am neither, as some may suppose, a disappointed aspirant for office, nor a candidate who does not possess the faculty of electioneering. I am independent of all offices, never having solicited, or intending to solicit any favors of that kind. If I shall be successful in directing the attention of the thinking portion of college, to this matter, it will be as much as I desire, and alas, more than I expect.

STRAY LEAVES FROM MY BUDGET—HUNT IN SHOAL WATER BAY—WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune." A very wise saying, no one will deny. But who knows when this tide comes along? Who knows when it is flood tide in his affairs? Who knows when he thrusts his bark upon the stream, whether he is taking the ebb or flood? Many made the trial with high hopes; their barks are launched, laden with the most sanguine expectations.—With colors flaunting in the gale of friendly applause, the parting gun is fired, and swiftly the vessel wends her way in the broad and plain channel of success. The pilot at the helm cries, "All's well!"—But all is not well: breakers appear under the bow, and before the fated vessel can be turned from her course, she dashes in amongst them, and after a few surges disappears. She had taken the wrong tide, and her loss was the consequence. Thus is it ever. We are continually making voyages of this kind, sometimes without gathering the pearls of experience from the strands whereon we were wrecked; at others, growing wiser, stronger and more undaunted as the dangers and disasters accumulate o'er our heads, we trim our sails, meet the first blast of the storm, weather the breakers and come out finally in the open sea beyond. The sky looks clear, the water transparent, the breezes gentle. We are on the flood tide, bearing along swiftly, and we know not by what accident we found it, or rather that it found us. Thus has it ever been with me. But being very fortunately one of those happily constituted individuals of the genus *homo* who, while there is a plank left, never gives up the ship, who

always beholds a ray of sunshine through the clouds of adversity, and nourishing the fond hope that a "better time is coming. I enjoy the passing hour as well as circumstances will permit. But I hope the reader will pardon the preamble to what is intended as a mere flying sketch of some incidents happening during one of these shipwrecks. Leaving San Francisco, in the fall of 1850, on one of the voyaging expeditions, with the intention of locating a city, or rather of making one of a party, who were engaged in that business; with dazzling expectations, and the self-satisfying knowledge, that we could not fail, I found myself, after a very short voyage, indeed, safely deposited on the northern side of the mouth of the Columbia river, at a place called Pacific City. Twelve houses were all the city could boast at the time, but that was a matter of small importance, for everything grows rapidly in that part of the world, and I most sanguinely believed, the city was soon to be the metropolis of the northwest coast.

Not many weeks elapsed, however, before the dream vanished, and I awoke to the terrible reality of my situation. In a city with but a dozen houses and not more than four times as many human beings, a stormy winter advancing upon us, and no means of getting away until the spring, our fate was, or rather would have been sad, indeed, if game had not been plentiful, and hunting grounds near at hand. After a long and tedious spell of rainy and stormy weather, the sun at last emerged from the gloom, the elemental rage ceased, the waters assuaged, and the dry land appeared. What was to be done?

There was but one thing to do, and after making suitable preparation, such as repairing our canoe, cleaning guns, and filling powder flasks, we set on a hunting expedition in Shoalwater Bay, just North of the Columbia River. But four constituted the party, Charly, myself, and our Indian boys, whom we carried along to paddle the canoe, and take care of our baggage. A short time after leaving the city we reached Johnson's landing, where we intended making a portage of our canoe, and other goods, wares, &c., over a high hill into a lake beyond, which was connected with Shoalwater Bay, by a small stream through which the Indians travelled in winter, when the water was high. After a half hour's hard work our canoe was safely deposited on the waters of the lake, and we soon dashed off towards the upper end, and entered the slough. The water in the slough was, unfortunately, too high, and bitterly did we rue it, for before we had threaded the almost interminable labyrinth, our faces were scratched, our clothes torn, and our spirits ruffled, by the rose bushes and berry bushes overhanging the stream, in many places so low as to make it necessary for us to lay flat on our back in the bottom of the canoe, and propel her by putting our paddles against the bushes overhead.

At last, after three hours of toil and vexation, we emerged from the mouth of the slough into Shoalwater Bay. Owing to the crookedness of the stream, we had paddled seven miles to come three, and as night was coming over us, and being fatigued by our exertion, we turned the bow of the canoe towards some Indian huts a few miles off, intending to remain there until morning. In a short while we landed opposite the Indian huts, and by their assistance our baggage was soon carefully secured.

We then entered one of the cabins, spread our blankets on the floor alongside of the

fire, and commenced a *pow wow*, with the Indians while the squaws prepared some clams and oysters for us. Giving our boys directions to bring our coffee and *et ceteras* into the cabin, we made a cup of coffee, and informed our host, that we were ready for the clams. An old Squaw presented me with a pair of tongs, rather unique in appearance, and decidedly primitive in style, to wit, a piece of cedar with a split, which required considerable skill to use it, and bade me go to work fishing clams out of the fire. After making several ineffectual attempts, much to the amusement of the Indians, I succeeded in learning to use the instrument, and after supplying Charley and myself, with enough for our supper, we made a hearty meal, our appetites being considerably sharpened by the day's work. As soon as we finished our meal, the segars were produced from our cases, and rolling ourselves in our blankets we sank down on the ground, and regaled ourselves with the fumes of our segars. The Indians chatted in their peculiar guttural jargon in which we occasionally engaged until sleep overpowered us.

The next morning we arose early and prepared ourselves for an exploring expedition to the upper end of the bay, about which very little was known except by the Indians and a few hunters. The steamer *Active*, of the Coast Survey, was then on her way up the coast, for the purpose of exploring the bay, and its tributaries.—Setting out from the cabins immediately after making an early breakfast, we crossed the bay and proceeded up the Eastern shore, occasionally stopping to get a shot at some ducks or geese. The land on this side of the bay was high, rugged and covered with dense forests of spruce, hemlock, fir and cedar, many of them over two hundred feet high. Occasionally a small piece of prairie breaks upon the view like an oasis in the desert. The small patches of prairie are the feeding

grounds of numerous herds of elk and deer, and as our canoe would shoot round some high point, and swiftly approach these beautiful spots, they would scamper off into the forest, where they were soon lost to view. On we paddled until noon, when we landed, cooked some of our game, and ate our dinner. We were now more than half way up the bay, and we were anxious to complete the other half before night. So, packing up our cooking utensils, and jumping into the canoe we glided along rapidly over the smooth water of the bay. By night we reached the north end of the bay, having paddled forty miles since morning. Here we encamped for the night. The next morning we explored the northern part, penetrated some large navigable rivers, and killed a deer and some other game. The north end is very similar to the eastern side, being broken rugged, and densely wooded. We then crossed over to the western side, and as the night was approaching, built a camp, fire, and cooked our supper.

From this side we had a fine view of the whole bay, and we resolved to avail ourselves of it at some future time, when we had our pencils and paper along.—Night cut off our view, and as we gathered around the camp fire to eat our supper, we settled our future plan of operations, as we now intended to commence hunting in earnest. It was agreed, that in the morning we should return to the Indian huts, and make them the centre of a semi-circle in which we were to hunt. According to agreement, at daybreak we ate our breakfast and started down the bay. The land on the western side has been formed by successive layers of sand thrown up by the breakers on the coast, and is not more than a mile and a half in width in any part. The roaring of the ocean can be distinctly heard in the bay. On the sand thus thrown up, a rich soil has been formed, and rich plains and al-

most impenetrable forest cover it from the entrance of the harbor to the south end.

Immense herds of elk and deer are to be found in the forest, and on the plains, together with the bear, wolf and panther.

The woods are alive with grouse and pheasant, and the shores of the bay are covered with wild fowl of every description. At a subsequent time in our hunting expeditions on the coast side of this tongue of land we found great quantities of cranberries, whortleberries, and last but not least, Salmon berries. The last, a berry, peculiar to the northwest coast, is a species of raspberry, almost the size of a large thimble, and very much the same shape. It takes its name of Salmonberry, from the fact of its becoming ripe simultaneously with the entrance of the salmon into the bays and rivers of the coast, and also from its being of the same delicate pink color as the salmon's meat. But to return from our description of the bay to the narration of our hunt. By night we reached the Indian cabins, and prepared ourselves for the morning's hunt. To the south of the cabins, about one mile, lay a large stream which was nearly dry at low tide. Here large flocks of geese, ducks, curlew and snipe, congregated to feed when the tide was low, and here we determined to make our debut in the morning. But when morning came we found the tide too high, to hunt there; so after making our blinds we started off, Charley to the north, and I turned to the south, along the margin of the forest, to hunt for grouse and pheasant. After a brisk walk across the intervening prairie, and an occasional shot at some stray snipe, as they would arise before me, I entered the edge of the wood, and commenced a search for some grouse or pheasant, which at this early hour of the morning are to be found on the ground. In a few moments a fine pheas-

sant rose out of the bushes a few paces an head of me, and darted off in a direct line ahead, affording a beautiful shot of which I quickly availed myself. A raccoon next attracted my attention, and became my victim; and before Charley's hunting horn sounded a recall, I had strung five pheasants more, and five large grouse, to my belt.

Charley, I found on meeting him, had been more successful, having killed a deer and six grouse.

Giving our game to one of our boys and directing him to secure it, we started for our screen, the tide being now quite low, and the flats covered with game. In a short time we were snugly ensconced behind the bushes, where we prepared ourselves for at least four good shots at the game before us, now become so thick as to completely feather the flats. Charley at last gave the signal by discharging one of his loads right amongst them, and as they rose in confusion, our remaining three loads were discharged with terrible effect. In the wildest disorder, and not knowing from whence the blow came, they sailed about over the flats, swooping down close to their dead companions and giving us time to re-load, and discharge amongst them again. Not wishing to slaughter them, after we had killed as many as we wanted, we left our concealment, and by the assistance of the Indians, who had now approached us, gathered up the dead, and sent the boys on the flats, with sticks, to kill the wounded.—With our eight discharges we had killed over one hundred curlew, and as many geese, ducks and snipe; more than I ever killed or saw killed, by two men, in so short time. While the boys were collecting them, we returned to the Indian huts, and prepared for our return home

as soon as we could get our game into the canoe, as we had now been from home five days, and were anxious to return. As soon as the game was all collected, we distributed some amongst the Indians, placed the rest in the canoe and started for home. By night, after suffering again from the briers, and being more fatigued in consequence of having to pack so much game over the portage, we arrived safely at home. Here we had a good supper, after which we smoked our segars and lay down, on comfortable beds to dream of sweethearts and friends in the homes of our birth.

How changed the scene since those days of carelessness, since those days of disappointment.

The people who once lived in that city, have, some gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," others have taken up their residence elsewhere, in Washington, or Oregon Territories. But the change, like all changes in that enterprising part of the world, has been for the better.

Shoalwater Bay, then seldom visited, by white men, and then only for the oysters with which it abounds, or for the purpose of hunting, has now become a place of some importance. Farms have been located on the spots of prairie, several stores have been erected, vessels frequent the bay, the sound of the wood chopper's axe, and the whirring of the saw mill betoken the approach of commerce and civilization. One of the heroes of this tale has changed the garb of a fashionable man for the toga of a Pioneer and become a thriving merchant, farmer, and ship owner; the other deponent saith not what has become of him.

MONTAGUE.

DOESTICKS AND THE WINKLES.

We have before us two books—both works of fiction, viz: *The Winkles*, or *The Merry Monomaniacs and Doesticks*, which have lately been issued—the former from the press of D. Appleton & Co., New York, the latter by Edward Livermore of the same place. Let us take them up separately and see if they carry out the evident intention of their authors:

"*The Winkles*" is rather a large sized volume of four hundred and twenty-four pages, and purports to be "An American Picture, with Portraits of the Natives." The design of the author, in writing it, was evidently to present to the world a merry picture, full of life, fun and frolic. Let us now take a peep into it and see if he has carried out his purpose:

In the first place, we think it is objectionable on account of its great length. Every one knows that an appetite for the funny and witty is soon appeased, and then the rest is so much extra. The author plainly saw this himself, and endeavored to obviate it by introducing among the funny characters two or three of the grave kind, who are on the other extreme and are out of place—and all the sentimental love talk is given to them.

The practical jokes &c., which are perpetrated by the author's evident favorite, Walter, are, to coin a word, schoolboyish in the extreme; and certainly not becoming one of the heroes if not *the* hero of the book. The "larks" into which Walter is led by the author do not seem to us to do much credit to his head or heart: they are in fact quite puerile, and certainly it did not require much exercise of his mind to plan, or much physical courage to carry them through. But he has a wilful old "Aunt Wilsome," who encour-

ages all his "wild pranks" and gives him money in furtherance of them. This Aunt of his is, we think, one of the best drawn characters of the book. It is really amusing to hear her talk and watch her scheming for a husband.

Harold Pollen, the poet, is another well drawn character. He experiences all the vicissitudes of life and is not ashamed to tell it. He is one of Walter's strongest friends, for the simple reason that the latter loaned him a linen garment when he was sorely in need of it. He is beloved and wooed by the old aunt, and magnanimously refuses her hand, "he don't want her money"—but on the whole, we think him a rather unnatural character.

Lucy is a well drawn character; but she too seems at times very much out of place, with her boisterous relatives. Yet sometimes, to show that she is a Winkle, she is made to burst out into a laugh, and that too in scenes in which commiseration and pity seem more becoming than thoughtless and foolish laughter. The author, in fact, seems to think that the very essence of fun and light-heartedness consists in unnatural and ridiculous practical jokes.

The great personage of the book is Napoleon Winkle, "a monomaniac on the subject of the great Napoleon's battles:" and we must confess that he is funny. The old gentleman likens himself to the "Little Corporal," and has his grounds divided up into kingdoms, principalities, &c., like the continent of Europe. He lives in France, and carries on unceasing wars with the others. A big bull, which he facetiously calls England, gives him a great deal of vexation and trouble by breaking out from the boundaries of his

island, and making incursions into the sacred territory of France. The old gent, calls out his soldiery on these occasions, and does battle valiantly with "John." Old mortars, crammed with sand bags, cannon loaded with wooden balls are discharged at him to no effect—and it frequently happens that Napoleon is tossed by the bull, and comes off from the battle, minus a garment.

We wish we could dwell longer on this character, for he is decidedly our favorite, as he was of all the "Winkles." The "dramatis persona" amount to fifty-seven, a most unconscionable number for one volume.

As we said before, we think the author was on a strain all the time he was writing his book, in order to "think up" what funny scene he could "get up" next.—The characters generally are unnatural, some of the scenes ridiculous and absurd; and finally we think if D. Appleton & Co., had not published it, the book would never have sold as it has. As a final and parting glance at the book, let us relate a little circumstance that happened to Col. Oakdale:—The Col. had been out shooting woodcock about a week before, and had left one in his game bag, which, following the laws of nature, was in the last stage of decomposition, when this morning, that we speak of, he with Walter, went out gunning again. He and Walter both smelt something very much like a dead rat all day, but did not know what it was. Coming home he smelt the "rat" again, stronger than ever—he ordered the house to be searched, but with no effect. The servants came in and looked every where in vain.

"Massa," said Tom, an emancipated slave from the Old Dominion, "it's nigh you. I can scent like a dog and I track to you."

"Track it to me, you infernal fool! What do you mean?"

"I'll 'splain, massa. You killed one woodcock last week ——."

"Yes last week, and I have not killed any since.

"That's the truf, massa. Did massa eat 'im."

"No! cook, why did'nt you serve up the cock I killed last week?"

"I nebber seed it."

"Never ——."

"Stop, stop, massa!" said Tom, "I'll 'splain, my nose is right. Don't be 'fended, massa," he continued, inserting his hand into one of the pockets of the colonel's hunting coat, and pulling out the wood cock, in an advanced state of decomposition. The truth was, the colonel had never taken the bird from his pocket; and although he recollected the fine shot which brought him down, he had forgotten everything else.

He rushed out of the room and threw off his coat, *while Virginia and her rival suitors were convulsed with laughter.*

If any one can see how a young lady can be "convulsed with laughter" by seeing a dead bird drawn out of a game bag, we must confess we can't—they must have greater imaginative powers than the generality of mankind. With this, we dismiss the book.

"Doesticks: What he says"—this is the title of that other book. And what was it written for? Fun. Does the author carry out that idea? We defy any human being, who has a soul capable of enjoying wit and humor, and who has read the book, to say that he has not. The very "nom de plume" itself of the author is enough to bring a smile on the face of a stoic. Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B. What a rollicking, free and easy, good humored sound it has, suggestive of the good things you will find within. Read the preface of the book, and say that the very impudence of the thing has not a "taking" air about it:

"This is neither a History, Romance, Life-Drama, Biography, Autobiography, nor postmortem examination, but a series

of unpremeditated literary extravaganzas, written without malice aforethought by the single hero thereof—purely for his own glorification, and printed by the publisher solely for his own profit.” Read his piece “To the reader.” We will take the first four lines: “In a literary point of view this book claims nothing: This is the manufactures assertion. In a literary point of view this book amounts to nothing. This will be the readers’ conclusion.” If you can swallow that and read further you will be fully repaid.

Let us take a specimen of the book, and then the reader can form his own judgment as to the qualities of it to amuse—and let us see if he can withhold a smile at the unblushing ridiculousness of the article. We will take his “visit to a medium”—Dampfool, it must be premised, was one of Doesticks’ friends, who accompanied him in his rambles.—He goes to see the “rappers,” and after going in, and with several others putting his hand on the table, the knocking commenced; after some preliminaries, the “knocking became general—medium said the spirits were ready to answer questions—asked if any spirit would talk to me. Yes. Come along, I remarked—noisy spirit announced its advent by a series of knocks, which would have done honor to a dozen penny postmen “rolled into one.” Asked who it was—ghost of my uncle—(never had an uncle)—inquired if he was happy—tolerably. What are you about? Principal occupations are, hunting wild bees, catching cat fish, chopping pine lumber, and making hickory whipstocks. How’s your wife? *Sober* just at present. Do you have good liquor up there? *Yes* (very emphatically).—What is your comparative situation? I am in the second sphere; hope soon to get promoted into the third, where they only work six hours a day, and have apple dumplings every day for dinner—good bye—wife wants me to come and spank the baby.

One of the old fozzles now wanted to talk spirit—was gratified by the remains of his maternal grandmother, who hampered out in a series of forcible raps, the gratifying intelligence, that she was very well contented, and spent most of her time drinking green tea and singing Yankee Doodle.

Dampfool now took courage, and sung out for his father to come and talk to him—(when the old gentleman was alive, he was “one of ’em”)—on demand the father came—interesting conversation—old man in trouble—lost all his money betting on a horse race, and had just pawned his coat and a spare shirt to get money to set himself up in business again as a pop-corn merchant. (Dampfool sunk down exhausted and borrowed the brandy bottle.)

Disconsolate widow got a communication from her husband, that he is a great deal happier now than formerly—don’t want to come back to her—no thank you, would rather not.

Little boy asks if when he gets into the other world, he can have a longtail coat—mother tells him to shut up—small boy whimpers, and says that he always *has* worn a short jacket, and he expects when he gets to heaven, he’ll be a bob-tailed angel.

Went at it myself; inquired all sorts of things from all kinds of spirits, “black spirits and white, red spirits and grey.” Result as follows:

By means of thumps, knocks, raps, and spiritual kicks, I learned that Sampson and Hercules have gone into partnership in the millinery business. Julius Cæsar is peddling apples and molasses candy. Tom Paine and Jack Sheppard keep a billiard table. Noah is running a canal boat. Xerxes and Othello are driving opposition stages. George III. has set up a caravan and is waiting impatiently for Kossuth and Barnum to come and go halves. Dow, Jr., is boss of a Methodist

campmeeting. Napoleon spends most of his time playing penny "ante" with the three Graces. Benedict Arnold has opened a lager-bier saloon, and left a vacancy for S. A. Douglass (white man.)

John Bunyan is a clown in a circus. John Calvin, Dr. Johnson, Syksey, Plutarch, Rob Roy, Davy Jones, Gen. Jackson, and Damphool's grandfather were about establishing a travelling theatre: having borrowed the capital (two per cent.

a month)—they open with "How to pay the Rent;" Dr. Johnson in a fancy dance; to conclude with "The Widow's victim," the principal part by Mr. Pickwick.

Ghost of Marmion wanted a dish of soft crabs, and called out, after the old fashion, to charge it to Stanly," &c.

It is a "glorious" book to read travelling, and would be invaluable on a rainy day. Let all true lovers of fun buy and read it.

A SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

"Its dewey morn, and odorous noon, and even,
With sunset, and its gorgeous ministers,
And solemn midnight's tingling silentness;
And autumn's hollow sighs in the sere wood,
And winter, robing with pure snow and crowns
Of starry ice the gray grass and bare boughs;
And spring's voluptuous paintings when she breathes
Her first sweet kisses."

Bearing in mind the parting admonition of our venerable President, that out of my twenty-odd classmates who preferred to toil after fame and fortune along the thorny road of the Law, more than half would end their days at the plough, I thought best to begin at the little end and see if "by hook or by crook," I could not make my way to the large one. My fortune as kindly predicted for me by my "old mammy" was that I would come out of the kinks, and though even then

"Her heid was bending to the woul'
Where she maun shortly gang,"

she hoped sincerely to see me rich, very rich, and all from farming. Poor soul! she has long since been laid under the sod and

"Tears fell when she was dying.
From eyes unused to weep,"

for rarely has mother earth received into her bosom one of her children more faithful, honest or affectionate.

Behold us then, a couple of recent graduates, pleasantly jogging along a quiet

country road in search of the farm. The first view of the little white cottage, breaking on our view as we wound up the steep road, was truly a picture of beauty, nature's finest handiwork set in a frame of unsurpassable richness; the building, itself without pretence, was modestly shaded by a trellis of blooming creepers, whose waving branches alternately shutting out or opening the view, reminded one of a rustic beauty, tossing her curls in wanton glee, as she dances in "maiden meditation, fancy free." That scene with its accompaniments of lowing cattle and noisy poultry, the children peeping from behind their mother's apron in curious expectation half in fear and half in wonder at the strangers, the embowered spring whose waters ran purling through their mossy retreat, and the exquisite thrill of the pure liquid, have all combined to form one of the fairest pages in my book of experiences, and now wearied and worn, harrassed with the brawl of more active scenes pressing on through ways narrow,

rugged and difficult, "while thick upon our sandals lies the dust of life's hot way," it is purely refreshing to turn back to that page where in colors of living light, that picture beams transcendantly bright, "and never can I forget what it has been to me."

Of the many pleasant memories of that gorgeous summer time, some though sweet and mournful to the soul, like remembered music are scarce worth relating to the public; others are sanctified by the confidence of friendship and the veil cannot be lifted; some are the delightful reminiscences of children, who loved to roam wherever their truant fancy might direct their steps; nothing eatable or drinkable being secure from their invasions. Some there are, and these, happily, are few, of one who then walked hand in hand with me, over the rugged paths; we ate, slept, rode and hunted, laughed and sung together as though summer days would last forever. Alas! our paths are separated, and when we meet now in the intercourse of business his grasp is cold, his eye strange, and those golden cords which once bound our hearts, so that they beat in unison, are snapt forever and if the rusted links still remain with him it is only to canker. One of my favorite walks was by the side of a bold stream which ran through the fields; often have I strayed there with book and gun. Many a cunningly hidden pool it had, deep under the shelving bank, where the mimic waves dashed and danced over the pebbles, sometimes in sunshine and then in shade, leaping out from their dark retreat to take just the slightest glimpse of the sun, through the overhanging branches, and sailing back to tinge all their fellows with the same light of gladness. A high hill stood bolt upright on the bank and the stream, as if afraid of the grim monster, all crowned with trees and seamed with rocks, made a wide sweep to the other side and left a

nice little level, just before a cavern or rocky shelf, under which you could shelter yourself in driving rain or piercing heat. Here it was delightful "to sit on rock and muse o'er flood and fell." A charming place to think it was too! but about what? Surely no one would do a graduate of our Alma Mater the injustice to imagine that he could look at the bright heaven above him or the pure wavelets dancing so gracefully, the many hued flowers nodding in the breeze, and like generous hearts shedding their fragrance on all around; could these things be so and not carry back my thoughts to her whose blue eyes and winning ways have played the duce with me. Heigh-ho—these things have passed away; but her initials stand there yet deep cut in the rock.

But it was at night that the beauties of the little farm shone forth most resplendent. I used to think that there the moon was more brilliant, the air purer and the water sweeter than any where else. To describe the charm which pervaded all nature through and through, and touched the truest and most delicate portion of the moral system would require a more intimate knowledge of the anatomy of perception than I have yet obtained. One of the deepest sensibility would feel such a scene and describe it in liquid verse to the melody of soft flowing music, and then were you in a susceptible mood with the one you most dearly loved close at your side, you would see the hill-side cottage before you.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

"Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
"Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
"Become the touches of sweet harmony"——

—— "In such a night as this
"When the sweet wind did gently buss the trees,"

how delightful to sit and sing:

"Guarda la bianca luna,
"Guarda la notte azzura
"Un aura non susurra
"Non tremola uno stel,"

And how sad and disparing the feeling which *would* come over me at the close of that tender sonnet :

" Ah mai tu non sapesti
" Rispondermi casi."

Then the quiet Sundays ; everything around seemed to know that it was the Sabbath. Did you never notice, dear reader, how sometimes when the spirit seems most free from earthly clogs, you can feel that it is Sunday? The buds and flowers hold up their heads, and look meekly to heaven, and the birds and bees sing out their song of praise, but it is "a new song" for the holy day. And when all created beings send up their mighty hymn whose "words go out into the ends of the world, though neither speech nor language is heard among them, our hearts silently and adoringly turn to the almighty giver, and our secret prayer more felt than spoken, may be more acceptable, offered with clean lips and bowed head than thousands of rams or the most pompous ceremonial of gaudy worship under gilded roofs "ceiled with cedar and painted with vermillion." After a glorious summer rain too, when the sun comes out brighter, for the dark clouds around him and a gentle breeze sets the corn-blades dancing, all glittering with gems ; how easy it is to fancy we hear that noble psalm of rejoicing. "Thou waterest the furrows, thy clouds drop fatness and the little hills rejoice ; the valleys stand so thick with corn, that they laugh and sing."

It is perhaps not much to be regretted that such a picture as is here presented should not last forever ; it was too bright for a practical money-making age, but clouds would come over the smiling scene, and the same sun which smiled on gorgeous castles on starry heights tipped with tints of rosy light, often beheld those proud turrets scattered in wide spread ruin, leaving not a trace of the

airy nothings, to tell the tale of the happiness which once dwelt therein. Armed with chemistry, geology, botany and all the noble sciences so sedulously instilled into us at our University, I almost thought that like some mighty enchanter of old, it was only necessary to open the volumes, every line of which contained some weighty truth extorted from nature, by the sages of ancient time and pronouncing the magic words, the crops would spring and bear golden harvests in my very steps. If Stephens and Davy, Boussingault Liebig and Johnston, not to mention our own learned professor, all agreed that silica was indispensable for the crops, why did not the wheat grow, in obedience to the dictum, on the purest of sand banks. If granite and aluminum were the basis of the most lasting soils, why did not the corn grow on my fields where the rocks lay so thick, you had almost to use a rifle at a rest to get the seed in its proper place and the clay was so strong and stiff you might dig up ready made bricks. The answers to all these questions came in due time, but not before I had made up my mind, that many a wise head and able hand could put lines and crops on paper, while they could not plough a furrow, and after the crop was made, could not satisfactorily demonstrate the difference between a peck of potatoes and a sheaf of wheat, between guano at \$50 a ton and a corn crop that cost \$10 a barrel to make it.

The little cottage still gleams brightly amid the trees ; the vines and flowers are as fragrant as ever, but they have passed into other hands ; mine were too much burnt to hold the farm ; there are plenty of apples and peaches, milk and curds and such like household luxuries ; the vines are now bending beneath the promise of future enjoyment, and, reader, I invite you to come and feast with me if you shall ever be able to find the location of this "Fancy Sketch."

THE PRESS.

Could a modern printing press, with all its ingenious mechanism and in full action, have been inspected by one of those learned savans of a past age, who with weary hand was wont to transcribe thought upon the brittle leaf or rude parchment, what would have been his awe-struck emotion! Doubtless, as did the untutored children of the forest at first sight of the white-winged ships of the Spaniards; he would have imagined it from climes celestial and fallen in mute worship before it as a new idol!

Yet if as a mere mechanical contrivance it would have thus impressed him, how much greater would have been his astonishment and admiration when made to comprehend its great effects—the wonderful revolutions it has caused and the mighty power which it now wields! We cannot perhaps better appreciate its influences and bearings upon society than by imagining the consequences were it blotted from existence. Such a catastrophe would be scarcely less ruinous intellectually and morally than would, in the physical world, the obscuring of the sun from the heavens. For as that brilliant orb dispenses light and heat for the sustenance of vegetable and animal existence, so do civilization and society, as naturally derive their vitality from its health-inspiring beams. Effectually deprived of them, they would droop and wither and finally perish. Thought, confined to too narrow limits, would lose its energy and assume all the effeminacy of a hot-house existence; while the venerable and instructive records of by-gone days would degenerate into traditionary fables.

The world could not go on without the press. It is the great store-house whence

is furnished sustenance for the soul.—Would that it distributed none but wholesome food! Would that it were a pure fountain of unadulterated waters where the minds of the millions of the human family might quench their thirst with no fear of imbibing corruption!

Unfortunately it is not the case. Indeed, great as has been the indebtedness of enlightened progress to this mighty thought-diffusing, light-dispensing agent, its present aspect may furnish some ground for the fear that its evil influences will ere long counterbalance all the good accomplished. In the old world it is presented as the willing slave or pampered tool of royalty: at one time ingloriously shrinking from the defence of human right and justice—at another pandering to the brutal tastes, and excusing the glaring follies of corrupt courts. Of course we admit that in those strongholds of tyrannical sway, this is doubtless its normal, or rather unavoidable condition; nor shall we presume to decide in how far talent is wilfully prostituted, or to what extent the Press should be held accountable for having failed to correct, or as having promulgated, prevalent errors. We can but regret that it has become, with but few exceptions, a mere reciprocating machine—mutually fostering, and nurtured by rotten dynasties and a vitiated public opinion.

But it is to the press in our own country that we would more particularly direct attention. To say that such an agent has so long enjoyed free and uninterrupted activity, is but saying that its influence is about paramount to all others.—And, in the aggregate, what is that influence? Annually millions of volumes are

sent forth as messengers, either of good or evil to a nation of thinking intelligences. It would be not far wrong to assume that two-thirds of these are calculated to vitiate and corrupt; and when we consider the natural proneness of weak humanity for the low and vile, rather than the exalted and refined, we are hardly adequately prepared from a knowledge of the character of the works, to estimate the amount of injury.

The newspaper-press enjoys a more extended field and consequently greater facilities for working out direct and permanent results among us. Here it is fettered by no tyrant chains but in untrammelled freedom flings out its countless sheets, destined to penetrate every nook and corner of the continent, visiting alike the hearth of the humble cottager and the library of the princely millionaire.

Original constitution and our liberal institutions, render us a people, more than any other, fond of inquiry, of reading and collecting facts for ourselves. It is to be lamented that the same causes have not induced a habit of close and accurate investigation. Our tendencies thus far have been radical rather than conservative.—Our chief characteristic as a nation has been a spirit of reckless adventure whose prompting is “go ahead” without once pausing to reflect whether we are right. In social, political and, too often, in religious matters we are prone to precipitancy—to jump at conclusions, from deep convictions and then readily embrace whatever will flatter our prejudices and urge forward the favorite cause.

Hence the universal patronage of newspapers and especially those of the partisan order. This is often made the subject of wonderment and referred to as most creditable. And indeed it would be were the press free from corruptions and under the control of an enlightened public sentiment; but so constant has been its advancing power that it may be said

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to mould—in fact, to constitute, public opinion. We cannot, if we would, undervalue its transcendent importance. A mighty tribunal it presides over the land—looks with equal eye upon the far and the near, the humble and the exalted—summons all alike to trial—condemns or acquits and proclaims the verdict. Whether its decisions are often just, or whether it has not forfeited all rightful claim to such prerogative may, we think, be questioned. To a great extent, it has evidently fallen into vulgar hands. The general tone of the sentiments expressed infallibly betray a want of good breeding and of the higher qualities of mind and heart. The most common decencies and courtesies of society are constantly outraged by the repetition of low epithets as applied both to parties and individuals.

What an array of dishonesty, chicane, vilification and disgusting abuse, is presented in the history of the political contests of our country! We remember an instance in a recent campaign in which an editor, after having most justly condemned and held up to public censure a distinguished speaker for having indecently reviled his opponents, furnishes a striking commentary upon his own precepts by closing the article in terms of most bitter vilification against the very individual whose faults he was correcting.—Alas, for human consistency! Yet this is perhaps a too favorable exemplification of the policy of the times. Instead of the sound teachings of patriotic wisdom, exciting appeals to the passions and the meanest species of special pleading are resorted to for political success. Hence it is that the high-minded and worthy shrink from office and men of little character acquire great power, through sheer impudence. A late distinguished member of Congress declares that there is more moral cowardice among the members than among any similar body of men known in history. And what is this but

an evidence of prostration of moral principle among the people whom they represent? Truly the mind of the nation is fearfully diseased. Else, why those social and sectional enmities which have so long menaced our independent existence? Why the universal tolerance, yea popularity, of political enormities that ought of themselves to shock common sense, and which ere long will again cause our glorious Union to totter upon the verge of dissolution and ruin? And what has contributed more to prepare for such a crisis than a debased and dissolute Press! Assuredly if retributive justice is to mete out due rewards to those who from narrow, selfish motives lend their influence to an unholy cause, many are heaping destruction upon themselves!

True, there are some noble exceptions to what we have been portraying. A few, who, occupying an independent, neutral position, have scorned to sell themselves for any mercenary advantage—who have ever been found ready to embrace the right for its own sake irrespective of consequences.

There is some slight palliation for those who pursue the opposite course in the fact that it is often the most immediately successful, and necessity leads them to endeavor to reap solid benefit from their labors. There is no profession which de-

mands such peculiar, such diversified, such universal endowments, and none requiring so much incessant and arduous labor, nor is there any; comparatively speaking, so poorly rewarded.

However, experience will warrant the assertion that no enterprise can be ultimately injured by pursuing worthy ends with determined integrity and uprightness, and that those establishments which have acquired permanent force and substantial consistency have been distinguished for elevated aims and patriotic conservatism. When this higher position shall have been assumed by journalists generally, we may hope that our literature will become more pure—that man's highest capacities and richest sources of happiness will be fully developed—and may anticipate the dawn of a far more enlightened civilization than the world has ever beheld. Then will party strife be merged in the earnest desire to promote the national welfare—all will live under the conviction that the future of this great republic is being moulded by our action—and the sublime spectacle will be presented of a great people enjoying freedom of thought and liberty of action and characterized by the highest aspirations, the noblest purposes and the most energetic endeavors.

SYCAMINE.

LIFE'S EVENING HYMN.

BY A LADY OF CAMBRIDGE, MD.

I'm almost gone!

Long, long, on Time's tempestuous sea I've
tossed,
My loosening bark and I—and I have lost
All that made life most dear. Now darkened
hopes,
Affections blighted, and decaying props,
Are all that I have left. Still, still, I steer
Toward yon bright haven. Nearer and more
near

It seems, while in the dim receding past
Each swelling surge rolls darker than the last.

I'm almost home!

Behind me lies one wild and boundless waste
Of murky waters, dull waves in their haste
With sad confusion o'er each other fall.
Shapeless they seem and meaningless withal,
Still I can trace athwart the trackless sea
One slender silver line that marks for me

The safe, the narrow way—while from afar
With gentle radiance shines my guiding star.

I'm almost home !

The noon has long since passed, and earthly
joys

Have ceased to lure me with their false decoys,
Eve's lengthening shadows close around me
now

And life is lonely, while upon my brow,
With chilling touch, I feel the breath of night,
Earth's night ; for in the distance there's a light

Betokening brighter day, and all is fair
And cloudless in the home that waits me there.

Almost home !

Father, I come ! I've passed the waters through,
"I've finished all Thou gavest me to do,"

Afflictions, trials, sorrows, all are o'er.

I soon may rest upon a heavenly shore ;

Life's ocean-storms are wasted—I have passed
Through every mortal conflict but the last.

I now await upon a tranquil sea,

That *one fierce blast* to waft me home to Thee.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

BY CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands ;

Be sure of your curb and rein ;

For I scorn the power of your puny hands,

As the tempest scorns a chain !

How I laugh'd, as I lay conceal'd from sight,

For many a countless hour,

At the childish boast of human might,

And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,

A navy upon the seas,

Creeping along, a snail-like band,

Or waiting the wayward breeze ;

When I mark'd the peasant fairly reel

With the toil which he faintly bore,

As he feebly turn'd the tardy wheel,

Or tugg'd at the weary oar.

When I measured the panting courser's speed,

The flight of the carrier-dove,

As they bore the law a king decreed,

Or the lines of impatient love—

I could not but think how the world would
feel,

As these were outstripped afar,

When I should be bound to the rushing keel,

Or chain'd to the flying car !

Ha, ha, ha ! they found me at last :

They invited me forth at length,

And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-
blast,

And laughed in my iron strength !

Oh ! then ye saw a wondrous change

On the earth and ocean wide,

When now my fiery armies range,

Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the water's o'er,

The mountain's steep decline ;

Time—space—have yielded to my power ;

The world—the world is mine !

The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,

Or those when his beams decline ;

The giant streams of the queenly West,

And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,

To hear my strength rejoice,

And the monsters of the briny deep

Cower, trembling at my voice.

I carry the wealth and lord of earth,

The thoughts of his god-like mind ;

The wind lays after my flying forth,

The lightning is left behind.

In the darkness depths of the fathomless mine

My tireless arm doth play,

When the rocks never saw the sun's decline,

Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up

From the hidden cave below,

And I make the fountain's granite cup

With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,

In all the shops of trade ;

I hammer the ore and turn the wheel

Where my arms of strength are made.

I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—

I carry, I spin, I weave ;

And all my doings I put into print

On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,

No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"

And soon I intend you may "go and play,"

While I manage this world myself.

But harness me down with your iron bands ;

Be sure of your curb and rein ;

For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,

As the tempest scorns a chain !

EDITORIAL TABLE.

KIND READER: Seated in our armed-chair, securely settled in our beautiful little village, and surrounded by the thick foliage of the gigantic oak, which serves as a protection from the exhausting and overpowering heat of the summer's sun, we are preparing to send forth, for the second time, since our debut as Editors, to the friends of our dear little charge, another number. Gratified with the success that has attended the first, we trust that this may, in the eyes of the generous public, not be altogether without interest. Deviating somewhat, from the generality of editorials, we have, after much consideration, and reflection, as to what would be most likely to interest, and attract the attention (truly most deservedly,) of a majority of the literati, and Philanthropists especially, who are readers of our magazine, concluded to devote a part of this editorial to the consideration and partial examination of Popular Education in our country. Among the many subjects that have for the last three or four hundred years engaged the minds of men, we find that that of education, which though now acknowledged by almost all to be one of the most important, has been one of the last to be considered. Man's mind has been, until within the last century, engaged in inquiring into the rights and privileges, which as a human being he considered himself as justly entitled to; in learning and accomplishing himself in the art of war for the protection of his family and property from the invasion of his savage brother, and in freeing his home from the hourly danger of ferocious beasts. And now having escaped from

political and religious despotism—having asserted and made good his right, "to worship his God according to the dictates of his own conscience," and to translate the Bible agreeably to his own wish and understanding, he stands forth to urge upon his fellow man the importance to the human race of the science of Education, nor does he urge in vain. The progress which education has made in Europe, and especially in our own country is truly gratifying.

The advantages of education have been brought home to almost every one, and if the system in use in some of the States is persevered in, the day cannot be far distant when this inestimable blessing shall be common to all.

The immense Libraries of Europe whose shelves, heretofore, void of any treatise on education, groaned under the weight of hundreds of thousands of musty tomes dedicated to the explanation of Law, Politics and Medicine, now begin to give place to the more, or equally important volumes which treat of the guidance and education of the human family. And as the demand or market for such works increases in the same ratio do the works increase.

The success of the educational system employed in some of the States, has been unparalleled, but in others, though it has been of very great value, the system pursued is attended with numerous deficiencies.

The text books provided for the use of common schools, and we might also say with much truth, for that of Colleges in our country, are too often selected with-

out much reference either to the capacity of the student, or to the usefulness of the study. Books are introduced into the schools which are either so uninteresting in themselves, or are written in such an uninteresting style, that the student finds no pleasure whatever in perusing them, and feels as if he were relieved of a burden, when his task is accomplished. A child is frequently looked upon as a ninny by his teacher, because he refuses to commit to memory a lesson that he cannot understand, while at the same time in our opinion, he shows great sense and brightness of parts in so refusing.

It is a very mistaken notion entertained by some people, that there is some absolute and singular good in certain ideas; that certain statements or facts are of great importance, because they find them recorded in books. They consider the man who can repeat a long string of facts or dates as very wise and learned, while at the same time he may be anything else than a *sage*. Truly has it been remarked by a really wise man, "that the amount of our knowledge depends not upon the number of ideas we have, but upon the number of *relations*, we perceive between them, how it seems to us, if more attention was paid to the selection of text books, that is, if works better adapted to the genius of the pupils, works from which they could derive a practical education, were substituted in the place of these old books which their great grandfathers studied, and which they are taught to believe are *good enough* for them from the simple fact that they were used by their fathers, a great change would be effected. If such a substitution were made in all of our common schools, we think that education of our youth would be vastly improved. A new race of children would spring up amongst us.

If, instead, as is now the case, of stu-

dying out the dry and difficult explanation of some philosophical principle, the school rooms were provided with apparatus, and convenient instruments, for displaying the beauties and wonders of nature, how much more interest would be taken in it, and what a vast greater number would understand the object of their study?

It may be said by some that to provide the school and lecture rooms with such instruments and apparatus would be too heavy an expense. We grant that to procure some instruments would be costly, but then the benefit derived from them would counterbalance the expense of procuring them. Besides, some of the most beautiful and important experiments might be performed with very cheap and simple instruments.

We are told that Newton employed to unfold the composition of light and origin of colors, only a prism, a lens and sheet of paste board. And that the great Franklin discovered the nature of lightning with a kite, a piece of riband, a wire, and a key. So we see that with competent teachers, the education of the youth could be greatly improved, at very little expense. But we must content ourselves with the rapid strides which education has made within the last half century, recollecting that it requires time for the perfection of anything. An authentic writer upon this subject says that the progress attained in the science of education in the civilized nations of Europe, and America, within the last half century, immeasurably exceeds that of the entire period which preceded it. The education of the people in our country is of vast more consequence, than in any other country in the world. For if they are the rulers of the country it must be evident to every one, that the success and prosperity of our institutions depend in a great measure upon their wisdom and integrity. Education elevates their minds,

and frees their souls from mean and grovelling lusts and desires. It exposes to their view the low and dangerous aims of the demagogue, who seeks by flattery and trickery to raise himself upon the ruins of his country.

Education of the people is our national safeguard, and supplies the place of a large standing army.

WE invite the attention of our readers to the following interesting letter, written by Gov. Swain, President of our University, to Dr. Gibbes, of S. C., which we extract from the Raleigh Register. It is indeed worthy of this gentleman, who has rendered himself so conspicuous by his valuable researches into the documentary history of North Carolina:

CHAFER HILL, June 18.

DEAR SIR: I have availed myself of my earliest leisure, since my return from New York, to look into your Documentary History of the Revolution in South Carolina, and am much pleased with it. These letters, daguerreotypes of the "times which tried men's souls," present history in its most authentic, and not unfrequently in its most attractive form. Some of them are important to the historian of the Union, and many of them are as interesting to the people of North as of South Carolina.

I will be glad to hear of the early completion of your work, and am particularly anxious to see the details of the Snow-Camp campaign, and General Williamson's account of the expedition against the Cherokees in 1776. General Rutherford, at the head of 2,500 militia from this State, co-operated with Williamson in the expedition against the Cherokees. We were fully represented in the Snow Camp campaign, and subsequently, indeed, in all your principal Revolutionary battle-fields.

In connection with your book, I have spent a few hours in turning over the leaves of Gov. Caswell's Letter Books, two folios of 640 and 350 pages, which are at present in my possession, by the courtesy of our Governor. Gov. Caswell was called to the Executive chair on the 18th of December, 1776, and remained in office until about the beginning of May, 1780. These volumes contain numerous letters from Governor Rutledge, Henry Laurens, President

of the Congress, Rawlins Lowndes, Generals Ashe, Howe and Lillington, which will serve quite as effectually to illustrate your annals as ours.

To one incident I beg leave to call your attention. On the 20th September, 1778, Cornelius Harnett, one of our delegates to Congress, writes to Gov. Caswell as follows: "The South Carolina and Georgia delegates are so incensed against Gen. Rob't Howe, that he is directed immediately to join Gen. Washington at headquarters and Gen. Lincoln is to command in the Southern department. This gentleman is a valuable and experienced officer—he is ordered to repair immediately to Charleston.

"By the resolve of Congress, enclosed to you by his Excellency the President, you will find it is the desire of South Carolina that you should take the command of the North Carolina troops with the rank and pay of a Major General in the Continental service."

On the 29th September John Penn writes: "The high opinion entertained of your Excellency here, and the very great desire that the delegates of that State (South Carolina) had that you would accept the command, was the reason of the resolve relative to you; but in this you will, no doubt, consider the interest of North Carolina, and the propriety of being absent from your government."

Governor Caswell, it seems, declined the command at that time, and called John Ashe as Major General, Bryan, Butler, Lillington and Rutherford, as Brigadiers, into service. In 1780, immediately upon the expiration of his gubernatorial term, he went to the head of our troops, with the rank and promised pay of a Continental Major General, and served as such under General Gates in the disastrous defeat at Camden.

To return to Howe—on the 24th November, Harnett again writes to Caswell, complaining in general terms, that Howe's recall had been produced by small and unworthy motives, personal and perhaps feminine intrigues, and that although Congress had yielded to those influences, his abilities were admitted, and a fair opportunity would in due time be afforded for their display.

The late A. M. Hooper, Esq., in a biographical sketch, recently published in the University Magazine, intimates that the pride of the two States was touched by the election of a North Carolinian to the command of the Southern Department, when these States and not his own were the theatre of war; and that Howe, from

the beginning to the close of his career, was never cordially sustained by either of our Southern sisters.

It seems that on the 13th of August, 1778, there was a hostile meeting at Cannonsburg, in your State between Howe and General Christopher Gadsden; the latter having refused to retract injurious reflections upon the conduct of the former. Barnard Bee was the second of Gadsden, and General Charles Pinckney of Howe. Howe's ball greeted Gadsden's ear, the former was untouched, and they subsequently became warm friends. The celebrated Major Andre made this duel the subject of a satirical poem of eighteen stanzas, which is preserved in Johnson's Traditions and Reminiscences of the Revolution, pp. 204, 5, 6.

Harnett had the best possible reasons for sustaining and cherishing the reputation of Howe. The latter was not merely a gallant soldier, but a polished gentleman of rare attainments. He is understood to have been a scion of the noble stock that bears his name, and to have enjoyed extensive intercourse with good society at home and abroad. This may have been one reason for the extraordinary attention which he received at the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. The proclamation of the latter, issued "on board the Pallas, in Cape Fear river, in the province of North Carolina," on the 5th of May, 1776, offered free pardon to all such as should lay down their arms and submit to the laws, "excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Cornelius Harnett and Robert Howe." On the following Sunday, between two and three o'clock in the morning, 900 troops, under the command of Lord Cornwallis, landed in the county of Brunswick, and ravaged Howe's plantation.—The incidents, and his brilliant services in the defence of Norfolk, were sufficient inducements to the Continental Congress to place him at the head of our forces in the Southern Department. Can you supply me with satisfactory proof of the real causes which produced his recall?

The General Assembly of this State, at the last session, authorized the Governor to appoint an agent to collect documentary information, in relation to the history of North Carolina, with authority in his discretion to visit the mother country for this purpose. I have, at the request of Gov. Bragg, given some attention to our domestic sources, and have succeeded in securing some interesting papers.

The original Letter Book of Gov. Tryon, containing his official correspondence from October, 1764 to December, 1771, and the minutes

of the Council from April, 1765, to June, 1771, presenting his views of the commotions produced by the passage of the Stamp Act, and the details of the war with the Regulators, a folio of 600 pages—is in the hands of the copyist at Cambridge, under the generous supervision of Jared Sparks, LL. D.

Your forthcoming volumes promise to obviate the necessity of much research among your public archives. In the Charleston Library, nevertheless, and especially in the files of our revolutionary newspapers preserved there, which my friend Dr. Joseph Johnson has already examined for me, with good results, I hope to find interesting materials for history, which do not come within the range of your collections. Can you direct my attention to other depositories within your State of like promise?

I hope in due time to be able to examine the collections of the Historical Society of Georgia, at Savannah, which I suppose contain rich treasures of information, not merely in relation to Georgia, but the entire South.

Yours, very respectfully,

D. L. SWAIN.

R. W. GIBBES, M. D.

CAPTURE OF GOVERNOR BURKE—*Battle of Elizabethtown*—In our number for May (*ante. p. p.* 149, 50.)

Our readers were furnished with a more circumstantial account of the capture of Gov. Burke, at Hillsborough on the 13th of September 1781, than had heretofore been published. The following letter from Archibald McLain, an ardent whig, and an eminent lawyer, to James Iredell the father of Governor Iredell, and subsequently one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, contains information which will be new and interesting to all our readers. It enables us moreover to ascertain with reasonable accuracy the date of the affair at *Elizabethtown, which is hereafter to be chronicled among the events of the memorable Autumn of 1781.

*For a detailed account of the Battle of Elizabethtown, see the Univ. Mag. for 1842, or the transcript in 2d Wheelers Historical sketches, p. p. 36-43, and Cafuthers revolutionary incidents, p. p. 397-419.

Gov. Nash had refused to submit to a re-election at the hands of the General Assembly, which convened, as the record informs us "in the County of Wake, on the — day of June 1781." His successor Gov. Burke, entered upon the duties of the office on the 24th, nine days previous. Fanning had entered Pittsborough, and carried the officers of the County and the Court into captivity. On the 5th of August he captured Col. Alston and his followers on Deep River, on the 14th Cambleton was in his power, on the 1st of September he defeated Colonel Wade at McFalls Mills. On the 18th McNeill and Fanning took possession of Hillsborough, seized Governor Burke and suite, and retiring as suddenly as they had approached, delivered him to Major Craig by whom he was committed to close confinement as a prisoner of State. In this emergency Alexander Martin the Speaker of the Senate, succeeded to the helm of State—the third Governor during this disastrous year. He held the office until the return of Gov. Burke from captivity, in February 1782. Cookes Rev. History of N. C. p. p. 138-'9.

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SAMPSON, HALL, Sept. 21, 1781.

DEAR SIR: I have already made some attempts to convey you a letter, but from the public confusion, have always been disappointed.

The present month seems big with events of importance. Cornwallis surrounded with powerful armies and a large fleet, and Washington it is asserted on his march to Virginia. I cannot conceive how the siege or even the blockade of N. York should be maintained if the General has in reality left it with 5000 French troops. What is left appears to me inadequate to any purpose of that kind and I should think the fleet would not venture to encounter the equinoctial storms in a place so much exposed as that wherein it was stationed.

For want of the arms which have been so long expected, the Tories in this district and more western counties have increased considerably. In truth it is rather for want of good officers. Mr. Slingsby (Mrs. DuBois's brother-in-law) who had accepted of the command of

Bladen and Brunswick counties, and was at the head of a considerable number of Tories, was lately surprised and routed at Elizabeth town. In this action we had only one man wounded, but it is thought dangerously, killed, wounded and taken of the enemy, 19. Slingsby since dead of his wounds. Several of another party have been since taken, but the intelligence which we have just received of the Governor being taken at Hillsborough may give a fatal turn to our affairs, as this is now the tenth day since it happened, you may probably have heard of it. The town of Hillsborough was plundered, the Tories retreated with the Governor, and it is said about one hundred continental soldiers and several officers to some place near Lindly's mill*. The paroled officers were taken and Col. Lytle much wounded though he was unarmed, whilst their horses were hid in a thicket, and their plunder displayed in an old field, two of the opposite parties met and engaged which occasioned a smart action of the whole under Butler and Martin, and though we wanted ammunition kept the field with clubbed muskets. The Tories fled, leaving their horses and plunder, but in the beginning of the action had sent off their prisoners under a guard through Guilford. MacNeill killed, and Fanning's left arm broken. Many of these particulars are from Abs. Tatom who had been taken and escaped in a dark night and was got to Mr. Rands.

The prisoners are pursued by 200 of our horse and expresses sent to way-lay the passes; but Brown of Bladen has few men and the Tories about him are numerous. Kenan does nothing in this county. As there is an opportunity to New Bern, I would not omit writing to you, though I want spirits even to move. I have lost my only surviving son in Wilmington, and considering the situation of my daughter, may justly say that I am bereft of all my children.— But though all hopes of future happiness in this life is cut off, I have still a heart left for my suffering country. The tyranny under which this part of the country groans is to be attributed as much to the malice and self-interested views of the newly converted *loyalists* as to the avarice of the British officers. To such base motives I am indebted for my never-to-be recovered losses. Though I have reason to be-

* The only circumstantial account which has ever been published of the attempt to rescue Governor Burke at Lindly's mill is given in the Revolutionary Incidents of the Old North State by Dr. Catrulers pp. 207—219.

lieve Mr. Hooper is in our part of the country. I have not wrote to him. If he should be there, this will serve equally as well. Remember me affectionately to him and present my compliments to Mr. Johnston and his family, Mr. and Mrs. Pollok, &c.

I am, with best respects to Mrs. Iredell and your family.

Dear sir, very sincerely yours,

A. MACLAINE.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY—BRITISH INVASION, 1776.

The most remarkable incident, in the history of North Carolina, is the well ascertained fact that in the spring of 1776, within a fortnight of the earliest intelligence of the approach of the squadron of Sir Peter Parker to our shores, 9,400 men or about one-third of our estimated male population between the ages of 16 and 50 years were arrayed to meet the invader. To the evidence by which this statement is sustained, and for interesting details of the invasion of Sir Henry Clinton, our readers may turn to Cookes' Revolutionary History of North Carolina p. 124.

The following letter which has recently come to our hands, the original of which is before us, supplies additional information in relation to the sections of the province from which a portion of the troops came, and the circumstances under which they were embodied.

The writer of the letter was Bromfield Ridley, a respectable lawyer of Granville, father of Bromfield L. Ridley, one of the chancellors of Tennessee, and a professor in the law school at Lebanon.

Bromfield the elder was, it seems, one of the proprietors of Transylvania, and had just returned from that distant wilderness, when he was summoned to the field. The letter was addressed to his co-proprietors, Richard Henderson and John Williams. The former was a judge of our Superior Courts before the Revolution, and was at that time Governor of Transylvania. The latter was one of the

three first Judges appointed under the State Constitution in 1777, and retained a seat upon the bench until his death in October 1790.

HILLSBOROUGH, Feb. 14, 1776.

GENTLEMEN: Nothing yields me more satisfaction than having an opportunity of writing to you at a period the most critical that ever was known in North Carolina. I got home from Transylvania on Tuesday the 30th of Jan., my happiness was doubled in finding not only Mrs. Ridley and my children but all my friends in a good state of health. Figure to yourselves the pleasure that I promis'd myself in the society of them. Eight days and only eight did the justice which I owe my country and posterity admit of my staying with them. I obeyed the summons. Mr. Burton and myself arrived here on Saturday last, two hundred men well equipped from Granville yesterday, together with those collected in Orange amount in the whole to five hundred men and upwards now encamped at this place. Troops are also raising in the Western and Southern parts of this province and others coming to our aid from Virginia. I apprehend that the number when collected together will in the whole fall very little short of five thousand men. The conduct of the highlanders in Cumberland and Anson Counties and some of our old regulators obliges the friends of liberty to take up arms. Their intention is to join Governor Josiah, who has again got possession of Fort Johnson, protected by several ships of war. I refer you to the latest Virginia paper which I enclose you. I also refer you to Capt. Hart, by whom this will be delivered, for further particulars relative to the movements of the Tories. We are determined to prevent their joining the Governor. It gives me real pleasure to inform you that last Thursday when I left home both your families and friends were well. I left Mrs. Williams at my house. Pray, gentlemen, advert to my interest in your country. I expect to be called upon every minute to march. I wish it was in my power to write more fully. Capt. Thomas Satterwhite commands a company of fifty men from Granville and is in high spirits. God bless you.

I am gentlemen,

Your real friend,

And hearty well wisher,

BROMFIELD RIDLEY.

Col. JOHN WILLIAMS.

"MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN."

This is imprinted on the forehead of man in the cradle, and only fades on the brink of the grave. It is not the careworn cheek of the sire of three score that echoes it back, but the cankering worm in the bloom of youth, it, too, whispers it on. Sadly do we hear it in the crowded streets; and the dusky walls of even the hermit's cave, cannot stifle it. It seems to be an element in the human breast, which can for a moment be smothered with mirth, but can never be extinguished.

However happy may have been the past, and however smoothly may glide the hours of the present, yet there is *some* object in the dim distance, that we long to grasp, and in contemplation of which we spend gloomy moments, and even morn that we are of earth, and that our powers are so feeble.

In the vice that we see around us in the depravity of our fellows; in the frailty of human schemes; in the uncertainty of human events; in the smiles of scorn; in the eyes of deception; in the grief of disappointment; in the agony of despair, in blighted hope, in stricken conscience, in the gushing tears of infancy, in the flushed cheek of youth, in the tottering step of age, and on the very wings of time do we not see it written in blazing, yea! in indelible letters, that

"Man was made to mourn?"

See the bustle in the crowded mart;
see the broils around the private hearth-stone;
see man in all the walks of life—
and how true is it that we all—

"Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man is made to mourn?"

THE AXE AND THE TOMA-HAWK.

It is said that the bee is the harbinger of the whiteman, and the buffalo of the Indian. How beautiful is the illustration,

that the busy bee should precede the hum and bustle of civilization, and that the wild roaving buffalo the light and cautious step of the Indian! When the first bee had sucked the flowers on the banks of the Mississippi, and filled its cell with virgin honey, the sound of the axe was heard and the approach of the Whiteman was near. It was then that herds of buffalo were seen winding their way westward, and the toma-hawk, placed in the belt of the savage, soon gave way to the axe.

The toma-hawk is indeed an emblem of barbarity; its province is traced in blood, and it is best suited to the hand of its own benighted owner. The axe is an emblem of civilization; its province is traced by the hand of progress, and its sound is heard mingling with the voices of the patriot and divine, among the loudest tones of busy life. Thus it is with their owners, different beings with far different aims, and the approach of one is invariably the retreat of the other.

Soon the axe will be heard in the extreme depths of the West, and the wand of civilization be swayed near behind. Then the toma-hawk and poor Indian will have no resting place, and eventually cease to be numbered among the things of earth. A toma-hawk exhibited in the twentieth century, will tell a sad tale of woe; its wandering owner driven from the very earth, and it, a heart-rending object to the philanthropist, left alone to tell of the Aborigines of America!

A correspondent of the Wilmington Herald residing in Natchitoches, La., sends the following Epitaph written on the death of a horse called Spread Eagle, to that paper. Spread Eagle was kept by "Old Jimmy Hogg" of the "Hill" for hire, and if we are to believe his Epitaph, must have suffered many of the ills and hardships of Life. The lines were written in 1816, by Junius A. Moore, a nephew of

the late Major A. D. Moore, and at that time a student of the University. He removed to Ala., about thirty years ago and there died. The correspondent remarks that he was decidedly a man of genius—*poetu nascitur*, &c.

1816—ON THE DEATH OF "SPREAD EAGLE," A HORSE.

Soft be the turf where rests thy honored head,
And sweet thy slumbers, much lamented
"Spread."

May Spring's first dews thy sacred hillock lave,
And flowers perennial deck thy lonely grave.
Oft shall the pensive student, musing near
Thy house of rest, bestow the pitying tear—
Think on thy former worth—thy pristine grace;
Thy fair proportions and delightful pace,
Say to himself, while memory arrays
Full to his view thy feats of other days—
"Rest, honored Gray! above the ills of life—
Fatigue, starvation, and incessant strife.
No more with blows thy honor shall be stain'd;
No more with oaths thy honest nature pain'd;
No more unshod shall flinty rocks assail
Thy tender feet—or flies thy graceful tail;
No more unpitied bend beneath thy load,
Or trace, with wearied steps, the tedious road."
Thus shall he say,—and with assiduous care,
Off from thy stone the covering bramble clear;
Carve with his knife the letters of thy praise,
And sing the Veteran Champion of the Chaise!

The English language is subject to various and strange anomalies. The vowels each have several different sounds, and this must ever prove a source of perplexity to one learning the pronunciation. The following couplet will illustrate this difficulty, and show how utterly impossible it is to apply rules in pronouncing English:

"Though the rough cough and hiccough plough
me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue."

Another fruitful source of confusion is the grammatical changes a word undergoes in different connections. Take for instance;

A GRAMMATICAL PLAY UPON THE WORD THAT.

"Now *that* is a word which may often be joined,
For *that that* may be doubled is clear to the mind;
And *that that that* is right is as plain to the view
As *that that that that* we use is as rightly used too;
And *that that that that that* line has in it is right
In accordance with grammar is plain to our sight."

One more irregularity will we notice, and it is one of the strangest in the language. It is that we attach to the same word, meanings diametrically opposite.—The word *fast* is as great a contradiction probably as we have. We say the 'ship was *fast* because the ice was immovable, and the ice disappeared *fast* for the contrary reason, it was loose. A clock is called *fast* when it goes quicker than time, but a man is told to stand *fast* when he is desired to remain stationary. People *fast* when they have nothing to eat; and eat *fast*, consequently, when opportunity offers to eat.

The following beautiful extract is taken from an address delivered before the graduating class at Rutgers College by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen. The whole address will well repay a careful perusal, but we will be satisfied if but the following paragraph is read and remembered:

"Resolve to do something useful, honorable, dutiful, and to do it heartily. Repel the thought that you can, and therefore you may, live above work and without it. Among the most pitiable objects in society, is the man whose mind has not been trained by the discipline of education: who has learned how to think, and the value of his immortal powers, and with all these noble faculties cultivated and prepared for an honorable activity, ignobly sits down to do nothing; with no influence over the public mind; with no interest in the concern of his country, or even in his neighborhood; to be regarded as

a drone, without object or character, with no hand to lift, and no effort to put forth to help the right or defend the wrong. Who can think with any calmness of such a miserable career? And however it may be with you in active enterprise, never permit your influence to go into hostility to the cause of truth and virtue. So live that, with the Christian poet, you may truthfully say that

'If your country stand not by your skill,
At least your follies have not wrought her fall.'

One of the most interesting pages in the history of the American Revolution is the West Point tragedy. We can never hear the recital of the events that brought Major Andre to such a melancholy fate, without having our sympathies enlisted in his favor. Think of one so young, brave, amiable, accomplished, and talented, about to perish on the gibbet, and making an appeal to his captor General, not for life, but for an honorable death;—and tell me should this simple request have been refused him? Andre had risked all upon the cast of a die, and as he had lost, he had to suffer a death that Washington did not feel at liberty to alleviate. In the General's language "this young man met his fate as an accomplished man and a gallant officer." Willis has admirably expressed:

ANDRE'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON.

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow;
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now;
I can die with a lip unstirr'd,
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burn'd to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in!

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live—
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!"

We insert the following letter, sent to us by a member of the present Sophomore class, which, to say the least of it, is not very complimentary. We would refrain from publishing it, fearing it would detract more from his "HONOR" than impair ours, were it not that it might give him still further cause of complaint. We are sorry, however, that we have so far injured his reputation with the Public as to omit his name from among those who have taken a distinction of which he seems so proud. The letter needs no comment from us—it will answer for itself:

MESSRS. EDITORS: Your last number of the Magazine is before me, containing a very *poor* description of commencement, and also a list of those on whom distinctions were conferred.—During ALL my stay in College up to the present time, which has been a *whole year*, I have subscribed to your Magazine, and thought it would do *tolerably well* to wile-away a few hours of a sleepy Saturday afternoon. But to my great chagrin and disappointment you have committed, in your present number, a most material oversight—an oversight for which I will never forgive you. But you must not think that, by so doing, you have in any way injured me, or made me any less in the estimation of the Public; for this would be assuming too much to yourselves, and doing me, I can assure you, but little credit.

You must know, then, that in enumerating those members of the Freshman class—the present Sophomore; upon whom the second distinction was conferred, you have committed the egregious blunder of omitting my name. Now it is well known to you, as well as to the other members of College, that the *second Mite-men* are by far the most talented men in College—they are the literary gentlemen of College.—The first Mite-men are these dull, plodding, phlegmatic dolts, who go about with their eyes

fixed upon the ground as if thinking over some hard proposition in Calculus or Analytics; who impair their constitutions while in College, and, as soon as they graduate, satisfied at the immortal honor of having taken first distinction at the University of North Carolina, sink into insignificance. It is not so with those who have the honor of taking the *second distinction*. This class is composed of those who are called, in College, *brilliant men*. They glance over their lessons, make good recitations, and devote most of their time to reading, writing, and making preparation for debate. Now I am one of these kind of men, and expect to 'enroll my name high in the temple of Fame;' so that your slight cannot hurt me. Third Mite-men are too insignificant to be noticed here—they belong to that class who 'would if they could.' You will then, Messrs. Editors, *immediately* stop my number—I wish to see not another one from you.

Respectfully,

A. B. C.

P. S.—Call at No. — and all dues shall be forthwith paid.

CHAPEL HILL, Aug. 11, 1855.

OUR CATALOGUE:—It seems late in the day now to mention the Catalogue of 1854-'55; but we could not do so sooner, and this is a matter of regret for several reasons. One of which is, that towards the close of last session good many of us received catalogues from our friends at other Colleges, with a request to exchange. We could not do so within any reasonable time, and why? For the same reason that we could not notice it sooner in the Magazine—simply because we couldn't get hold of it. And why was this? Ah! somebody else must answer that question. We can give the *pass-word*—we know not the unexplanation. It certainly would not be reasonable to expect the catalogue by the end of the collegiate year at least. However, the matter cannot be remedied now; and we are glad that we can say we are truly proud of our catalogue notwithstanding its tardy forthcoming. It tells to the world that the University is in a most prosperous condition, that the

number of students for the last year far exceeds that of any preceeding—that this increased number of students has brought about various modifications and improvements in the course of instruction—and that by a corresponding increase in the number of the Faculty, that course of instruction has been rendered the more thorough and efficient.

The Catalogue numbers 324, "and the cry is still they come." The freshman class recently organized far outnumbers any preceding one; and in addition to this, quite a respectable number have joined the sophomore and junior classes.

Now let us take a glance at our internal policy. How are we provided for in other respects! The Catalogue says the "rooms in the College Buildings are never full." This may be *literally* true, but if they are never full it is not because there is not a sufficient number here to fill them. A very simple calculation will show precisely what number can be accommodated with rooms in the college buildings. In the east building there are twenty-one double rooms, and four single ones. In the west building twenty-three double, four single. South building twenty-three double and two single. Now the College laws expressly declare that "more than two persons may not live in one room at any time without permission specially obtained."

Well now, allowing two to every double and one to every single room throughout the entire building, leaving none unoccupied, one hundred and forty-four students can room in College and no more. This leaves one hundred and eighty—more than half the entire number—to seek shelter elsewhere. "Whither shall we flee?" The only alternative is to rent a room in the village, and pay for it ten to twenty-five dollars per session. Now say the average per annum rent of rooms in the village be twenty dollars—which is certainly a very fair estimate—then the

one hundred and eighty students who are excluded from the College buildings will pay in one year the *extra* sum of three three thousand six hundred dollars.

No one can fail to see the unfairness, as well as want of economy in such a state of affairs. It looks really *dark*, as we say of certain "unenviable specimens of — fruit" brought to this market sometimes. But it is said the "*blackest* time o' night comes just ere the morn;" and indeed even now "the glow-worm shows the matin to be near." The Executive Committee have been here, examined our condition external and internal, physical, mental, moral and social; and have determined to give us more room and that too as speedily as possible. So we may expect new buildings, either in separate localities or in conjunction with the old ones, very soon. So mote it be.

We invite the attention of all who are interested in the early history of the Carolinas to the leading article in this number. It was evidently written by some one who was not unacquainted with the condition of the provinces. We cheerfully recommend it as being well worthy of a perusal by both young and old.

While on this subject we must remark that we are extremely sorry to see a disposition among the students to repudiate everything of a historical character that appears in the pages of the Magazine; for while we endeavor to perform our duty in a manner acceptable to all parties we are conscious that the only thing which gives dignity and substantiality to the Magazine is the historical matter which from time to time is given to the public through its pages. Even if we were disposed to publish none but light and flimsy articles, we could not with justice to the older portion of our subscribers do so; for no inconsiderable number of this latter class supports and values the Maga-

zine only in proportion as it contributes to the development of the history of the State. We hope hereafter that we shall see a more liberal spirit displayed by our fellow-students, and hear fewer complaints of the course which we are forced through necessity and justice and policy to take.

We have received several contributions, which have been deferred for further examination.

We regret deeply the necessity of announcing to the public, in the same number of our Magazine, the deaths of two sons of the University; one of whom was a fellow laborer with us, and personally known to us. While we grieve at the untimely death of these distinguished members of our social body, we sincerely hope it may be a useful lesson to those who are inclined to waste these golden opportunities; and may bring them seriously to think of their obligations to their friends and their duty to their God.

DIALECTIC HALL, Aug. 10, 1855.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, while the sound of the Funeral knell is still echoing in our ears, and the untimely deaths of our worthy and honored members have from time to time bowed us down in grief and in the depths of humility and submission to his will, to send additional affliction by severing the silver chord, which bound to life JUNIUS B. ALEXANDER, whose many virtues and social and intellectual qualities rendered him alike an ornament to society and an idol to his bereaved friends, who was a perfect model of purity and christian virtue, whose example sowed seeds of true piety, that generations will not eradicate, and whom we recognise as one of the brightest stars in our galaxy.

Therefore in view of his connection with this body, be it,

Resolved, 1st. That, while we humbly submit to the awful fiat of Almighty God, we feel constrained to give vent to that heartfelt sorrow, which the melancholy tidings of his death have inflicted upon us, to mingle our tears with those of his numerous friends without this Hall and to mourn his loss more immediately as members of this body.

Resolved 2d. That we hold in the highest estimation the many admirable traits, which adorned his character; that benevolence open to all, that urbanity, which so endeared him to all, that spotless integrity so bright even at the lamps last flicker.

Resolved 3rd. That we deeply sympathise with his widowed mother, brothers and sisters in the loss of so dear a son and brother, and that we condole with them over that void, which an Allwise Providence has made in their family circle and which no earthly power can fill.

Resolved 4th. That these resolutions be entered upon our records, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased, and also to the University Magazine, Salisbury and Charlotte papers with request to publish.

S. P. CALDWELL,
W. A. OWENS,
A. C. AVERY, } Com.

CHAPEL HILL, Aug., 1855.

Whereas, it has pleased an Alwise Providence to take unto himself our late fellow-member, JOHN W. HOLMES, who, thus in early manhood, has been cut short in his earthly pilgrimage, and whose spirit has gone to the God, who gave it, and whose untimely death, we calmly and sincerely submit to, as being in accordance with His Alwise Dispensation.—Therefore, be it unanimously,

Resolved, That as a member of our common society, and as a fellow student, we do deeply deplore the death of one, whose amiable disposition, and generous heart endeared him to all who knew him.

Resolved secondly, That we, in humility, deeply sympathize with the relatives of the deceased, and mingle our sorrow with theirs over the void, that an Alwise Providence has made.

Resolved thirdly, That these resolutions be entered upon our records; that a copy be sent to his friends, and to the Wilmington papers with a request to publish them.

LEWIS W. HOWARD,
ROBERT G. BARRETT,
E. G. MORROW. } Com.



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THE

NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA. BRITISH INVASION OF 1780-81.

BY *Samuel* SAMUEL JOSEPH GRAHAM.

In our number for December last (vol. 3, p. 404,) we published under the head of "Reminiscences of the Revolution," a very interesting letter from General Graham to Judge Murphy. In connection with that letter, we had occasion to deplore the loss of his manuscripts, which were placed many years since in the hands of the late Joseph Seawell Jones, Esq., author of the Defence of the Revolutionary History of North Carolina."—Having made many fruitless inquiries after them, we had at that time very faint hopes that they would ever be recovered. Our reference to them, however, attracted the attention of a friend who knew something of their history and through his intervention, we have been able to trace them to their hiding place, and restore them to the original and rightful proprietor. Mr. Jones on his removal to Mississippi nearly twenty years ago, left a trunk of papers in the possession of a relative, who sometime afterwards emigrated to Florida, and on his departure confided it to a gentleman who until the recent demise of Mr. Jones, was not aware of the character of its contents.

This fortunate discovery enables us to

lay before our readers the first of this series of manuscripts, from the pen of General Graham. Of the value of these contributions, to our historial literature, those will be most deeply sensible who had taken the greatest pains to thread the maze, in which the discordant accounts of previous writers had involved us. The plain unpretending but perspicuous narratives of General Graham resolved many doubts and difficulties, and will carry conviction of truthfulness to the mind of every reader. They add very materially to our previous stock of information, on the subjects to which they relate, and constitute indeed, the only connected and reliable account of the British invasions in 1780, and 1781, that has ever been written.

Few of his contemporaries suffered and achieved more than the author during this eventful period of our history and no one has done so much to illustrate our Revolutionary annals.

No true North Carolinian will turn coldly away from these graphic descriptions and accounts of revolutionary scenes and events, or read them without increased respect and affection for his native state.—EDS. UNIV. MAG.

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF EVENTS IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

In the Histories of the Revolutionary war by Marshall, Ramsay and Lee, the details given of transactions in this section of country are frequently inaccurate, and many things which had a bearing on the general result entirely omitted. The two former, had not the means of correct information, and Lee did not join the Southern army with his legion until in the month of February, 1781, after which his narrative may generally be relied on.

It may be remembered, that there was a marked difference in the manner of conducting the Revolutionary and the late war between us and Great Britain. In the latter, the commandant of a party sent an official report in writing to his superior officer or to the Secretary of the war Department, of every trivial combat with the enemy. In the former of all the battles fought in the South, there were not more than three or four official reports ever published. The historians had to collect some of their information from common fame and other precarious sources. The truth is, that many of the officers of that time were better at fighting than writing, and could make better marks with their swords than with their pens. Their object did not appear so much to have their names puffed in the columns of a newspaper as to destroy their enemy or drive him from their country and establish its independence.

The histories of Ramsay and Lee, which are the most in detail of the transactions in the South, are calculated to make an erroneous impression in

reciting the operations under the command of General Sumter in the months of July and August, 1780, and of General Pickens in the months of February and March, 1781. From the number of the field officers from South Carolina under their command, the reader would believe that in the ranks of the former, the principle force consisted of the militia from South Carolina, whereas the fact was that in the well fought battles of Rocky Mound and Hanging Rock, the North Carolinians under the command of Cols. Irwin and Haggins and Major Davie, constituted the greater part of his command, and the field officers referred to, had not sometimes each a dozen men with them. In the following February, when General Andrew Pickens was vested with the command of the troops 6 or 700 in number assembled in the rear of Lord Cornwallis on his march to Dan river, there was not more than 40 of the South Carolina militia in his ranks and his men were chiefly from between the Yadkin and Catawba rivers from the then counties of Meeklenburg and Rowan, from which Iredell and Cabarrus have since been separated.

It may further be remembered, that the Brigade of state troops raised by the state of South Carolina in the spring of 1781, when each man furnished his own horse and military equipments, the regiment commanded by Cols. Polk, Hampton, and Middleton, were mostly raised in the Counties aforesaid.

It is admitted that some of both officers and soldiers of the militia of South Carolina, were as brave and enterprising as ever went to a field of battle, but

those well affected to the cause of Independence were but few in number.—The most of the lower districts, (except Marion's Brigade,) were endeavoring to save their property either by moving to North Carolina or Virginia, or the greater number by taking protection from the enemy. From the conduct of the few before alluded to, Ramsay's History gives character to the whole militia of the State, who were not disaffected when it is well known a great majority of them saw little military service. The counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan, not only furnished the greater part of the troops commanded by Gen. Sumter, but it was in all cases his place of retirement when menaced by a superior force of the enemy and from whence he mostly organized and set out on his several expeditions.

The writer finding those things unfairly represented has undertaken in his plain way to present a more correct account of several transactions than has heretofore been given, and to take notice of some which have been entirely omitted, which in his opinion are worthy of being preserved.

For the truth of the facts he states, he appeals to those who were present on the several occasions related of whom it is believed more than a hundred are living. Some of the details may appear minute and trivial but not so to those who were present, and it is expected the present generation will read with some interest the part their fathers and relations acted in those times, more especially, when they have a personal knowledge of the very spot where each transaction took place.

BATTLE AT RAMSOUR'S.

FOUGHT ON THE 20TH JUNE, 1780.

The unsuccessful attempt made by General Lincoln to take Savannah, and the subsequent capture of the army under his command, at Charleston, inspired the royalists with hope, and induced Sir Henry Clinton to regard the States of Georgia and South Carolina as reannexed to the crown. The south was left destitute of any regular military force to support the cause of the revolution; there were no regular troops south of Pennsylvania, to oppose the British or keep the Tories in awe; and within a few weeks after the surrender of Charleston, detachments of British troops occupied the principal posts of Georgia and South Carolina. Lieutenant Colonel Broom marched up the Savannah river and occupied Augusta; Lieutenant Colonel Balfour took possession of Ninety Six on the Wateree, and Lord Cornwallis pushed forward to Camden. The object of this last movement was threefold: One, to intercept the retreat of Colonel Buford, who had been hastening with a few continental troops to the relief of general Lincoln at Charleston; the second, to open an easy communication with the Scottish settlements on the Pedee, Drowning creek and Cape Fear; and the third, to keep in check the Whigs of the Waxba settlement on the Catawba, and of the south western counties of North Carolina. The effect which these movements were calculated to produce upon the public mind, was increased by the defeat of colonel Buford and the slaughter of his men. The States of South Carolina and Georgia yielded submission to the royal author-

ity, and the commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton, embarked with the main army for New York, leaving only four thousand troops for the southern service. The command devolved on Lord Cornwallis, who immediately repaired to Charleston to establish such commercial regulations as the new state of things required, and to arrange the civil administration of the State, leaving Lord Rawdon in command at Cambden. North Carolina had not yet been invaded, and the hopes of the revolution in the south seemed to rest on the efforts which that state should make.

Charleston surrendered on the 12th of May, 1780. On the 29th of that month Tarleton defeated Colonel Buford in the Waxba settlement, forty miles south of Charlotte in North Carolina. Brigadier general Rutherford ordered out the militia in masse, and by the 3rd of June nearly nine hundred men assembled near Charlotte. On that day intelligence was received that Tarleton was on his return to Cambden, and on the next day the militia, after being harangued by the Rev. Doctor M'Whorter, president of the college at Charlotte, were dismissed by general Rutherford, with orders to have their arms in good repair and be in readiness for another call. Major Davie* having recovered from the wounds received by him at Stono, again took the field, and part of his cavalry were ordered to reconnoitre between Charlotte and Cambden.

On the 8th of June general Rutherford was informed of the advance of part of the troops under Lord Rawdon to

Waxba creek,† thirty miles south of Charlotte, and issued orders for the militia to rendezvous on the 10th at Rees's plantation, eighteen miles north east of Charlotte. The militia, to the number of eight hundred, promptly assembled; and on the 12th, having heard that Lord Rawdon had retired to the Hanging rock, General Rutherford advanced ten miles to Mallard creek. On the 14th the troops under his command were organized. The cavalry, sixty-five in number, under Major Davie, were equipt as dragoons, and formed into two troops under captains Simmons and Martin; a battalion of three hundred light infantry was placed under the command of Col. William L. Davidson,* a regular officer, who could not join his regiment in Charleston after that place was invested, and now joined the militia. Five hundred remained under the immediate command of General Rutherford. In the evening of the 14th he received intelligence that the

† The day after Lord Rawdon reached Waxba, he, with a life guard of twenty cavalry visited the Catawba Indian towns, six or eight miles distant from his encampment. These towns are situate above the mouth of Twelve Mile creek, on the east bank of the Catawba river. The warriors, headed by their General New River, had left their towns on the preceding evening to join the troops under General Rutherford. Curiosity alone seemed to have induced Lord Rawdon to visit the towns; but his approach frightened the Indians, who fled from their houses. His Lordship discovered two white men and four or five Indians, armed, moving briskly down the west bank of the river, and thinking it to be a movement to intercept his return, he hastened at full gallop to his encampment.

* Afterwards Brigadier General Davidson, who fell in the action at Cowan's Ford, on the Catawba.

*Since, General Davie.

tories were embodying in arms beyond the Catawba river, in Tryon county,† about forty miles to the north west of his then position. He issued orders to Colonel Francis Locke, of Rowan, and Major David Wilson, of Mecklenburg, to Captains Falls and Brandon, and also to other officers, to make every effort to raise men to disperse the Tories, it being deemed impolitic by General Rutherford to weaken his own force, until the object of Lord Rawdon's expedition was better ascertained.

On the 15th General Rutherford advanced two miles to the south of Charlotte. On the 17th he was informed that Lord Rawdon had retired towards Camden, and that the Tories† were assembled in force at Ramsour's mill, near the south fork of the Catawba. A man by the name of John Moore, whose father and family resided about six miles from Ramsour's mill, had joined the British army the preceding winter, and leaving the detachment un-

der Cornwallis on the march from Charleston to Camden, he arrived at his father's on the 7th of June, wearing a sword and an old tattered suit of regimentals. He announced himself as Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of North Carolina loyalists, commanded by Colonel John Hamilton of Halifax county. He gave to the people of the neighborhood the first particular account which they had received of the siege and capture of Charleston, and the advance of the British troops to Camden. He appointed the 10th of June for an assembling of the people in the woods, on Indian creek, seven miles from Ramsour's. Forty men assembled, and Moore told them it was not the wish of Lord Cornwallis that they should embody at that time, but that they, with all other loyal subjects, should hold themselves in readiness, and in the mean time get in their harvest: that before the getting in of the harvest, it would be difficult to procure provisions for the British army; and that as soon as the country could furnish subsistence to the army, it would advance into North Carolina and give support to the royalists.

Before this meeting broke up, an express arrived to inform them that Maj. Joseph M'Dowell, of Wake county, with twenty men, within eight miles of them in search of some of the principal persons of their party. Confident of their strength they resolved to attack M'Dowell; but some preparations being necessary, they could not march until the next morning; when finding that he had retired, they pursued him to the ledge of mountains which separate the counties of Lincoln and Burke, and not being

† Since divided into the counties of Lincoln and Rutherford.

‡ In the year 1771, Governor Tryon having defeated the regulators at the battle of Alamance, detached General Waddle with a brigade to the western counties, and directed him to cause the people to assemble at certain stations and take the oath of allegiance to his Majesty George the 3d. A part of Waddle's command had halted at Ramsour's, and most of the men in the adjoining country had taken the oath. These men thought that this oath imposed upon them an obligation that neither the change of circumstances nor the conduct of his majesty's government could impair.— They adhered to the royal cause from conscientious motives. There were few among them who had sufficient information either to understand or explain the true grounds of the contest.

able to overtake him, Moore directed them to return home and meet him on the 13th at Ramsour's. On that day two hundred men met Moore, and they were joined on the next day by many others, among whom was Nicholas Welsh, a Major in the regiment commanded by Colonel Hamilton. He had lived in that neighborhood, and had joined the British army eighteen months before. He was directly from the army of Lord Cornwallis, and gave information of Colonel Buford's defeat. He wore a rich suit of regimentals, and exhibited a considerable number of guineas, by which he sought to allure some, whilst he endeavor'd to intimidate others by an account of the success of the British army in all the operations of the south, and the total inability of the whigs to make further opposition. His conduct had the desired effect, and much more confidence was placed in him than in Colonel Moore. They remained encamped until the 20th, during which time a detachment commanded by Colonel Moore made an unsuccessful attempt to capture Colonel Hugh Brevard and Major Joseph M'Dowell, each of whom, with a number of whigs, came into the neighborhood to harrass the tories who were assembling.

By the 20th nearly thirteen hundred men had assembled at Ramsour's, one fourth of whom were without arms.—General Rutherford resolved to concentrate his force and attack them, as soon as he learned that Lord Rawdon had retired to Camden. With this view he marched, on Sunday the 18th, from his camp south of Charlotte, to the Tuckasegee ford on the Catawba, twelve miles

nearer to Ramsour's.* In the evening of that day, he despatched an express to Colonel Locke, advising him of his movement and of the enemy's strength, and ordering Locke to join him on the 19th in the evening, or on the 20th in the morning, a few miles in advance of the Tuckasegee ford. The express was negligent and did not reach Colonel Locke. The morning of the 19th was wet, and the arms of General Rutherford's men were out of order. At mid-day the weather cleared up, and orders were given to the men to discharge their guns. This discharge produced an alarm in the neighborhood, and the people thinking the tories were attempting to cross the river, many of them came in with arms and joined Rutherford. In the evening he crossed the river and encamped, sixteen miles from Ramsour's. When Rutherford crossed the river, it was believed that he would march in the night and attack the tories on next morning; but express had reached Colonel Locke, he waited for Locke's arrival, that he might on the next day march in full force to the attack. At 10 o'clock at night Colonel Jas. Johnson, of Tryon county, reach Rutherford's camp. He had been despatched by Colonel Locke to give notice of his

* The fords referred to in this narrative are,

1. Tuckasegee, lowest on the river, twenty miles from Ramsour's.
2. Tool's, ten miles higher up, twenty-two miles from Ramsour's.
3. Beattie's, eight miles above Tool's, eighteen miles from Ramsour's.
4. M'Ewen's, four miles above Beattie's, 20 miles from Ramsour's.
5. Sherril's, six miles above M'Ewen's, 22 miles from Ramsour's.

intention to attack the tories at sunrise the next morning, and requesting Rutherford's co-operation. Rutherford, in the confident expectation that his express had reached Colonel Locke shortly after Colonel Johnston had left him, made no movement until the next morning.

In pursuance of the orders given to Colonel Locke and other officers at Mallad's creek on the 14th, they severally collected as many men as they could; and on the morning of the 18th, Major Wilson, with sixty-five men, passed the Catawba at Tool's ford, and joined Major M'Dowell, with twenty-five men. They passed up the river at right angles with the position of the tories, to join the detachment of their friends who were assembling at the upper fords. At M'Ewen's ford being joined by captain Falls, with forty men under his command, they continued their march up the east side of Mountain creek; and on Monday the 19th, they joined Colonel Locke, Captain Brandon, and other officers, with two hundred and seventy men. The whole force united amounted to four hundred. They encamped on Mountain creek, sixteen miles from Ramsour's. The officers met in council, and they were unanimous in the opinion that it would be unsafe to remain in that position, as the tories could attack them after a march of a few hours, and from the inferiority of their force they had no doubt the tories would march on them as soon as they learned where they were.

It was first proposed that they should recross the Catawba at Sherill's ford, six miles in their rear, and wait for re-

inforcements, believing that with their force they could prevent the tories from crossing. To this it was objected, that a retrograde movement would embolden the tories, whose numbers were increasing as fast as probably their own numbers would increase after they had recrossed the river, and no additional security could therefore be obtained by such a movement.

It was next proposed, that they should march directly down the river and join General Rutherford, who was then distant from them about thirty-five miles. It was said this movement could be made without risk, as in making it, they would not be nearer to Ramsour's than they were. To this prudent proposition it was objected, that nearly all the effective whigs of that section of the country were from home, either with them or General Rutherford, and such a movement would leave their families unprotected and their houses exposed to pillage; that it would be also a dangerous movement to themselves, as the tories might be in motion and they might encounter them in their march. It was insinuated that these propositions proceeded, if not from fear, at least from an unwillingness to meet the tories, and therefore,

A third proposition was made, which was, that notwithstanding their disparity of force, they should march during the night and attack the tories in their camp early next morning. It was said that the tories, being ignorant of their force and suddenly attacked, could be easily routed. The more prudent members of the council could not brook the insinuation of cowardice, and trusting to that fortune which sometimes crowns

Rutherford

even rashness with success, it was unanimously resolved immediately to march, and at day-break attack the tories.—Colonel Johnston being well acquainted with the country, was instantly despatched to apprise General Rutherford of this resolution.

Late in the evening they commenced their march from Mountain creek, and passing down the south side of the mountain, they halted at the west end of it about an hour in the night, and the officers convened to determine on the plan of attack. It was agreed that the companies commanded by Captains Hall, M'Dowell, and Brandon should act on horse-back and go in front: no other arrangements were made, and it was left to the officers to be governed by circumstances after they should reach the enemy. They resumed their march, and arrived within a mile of the enemy's camp at day-break.

The tories were encamped on a hill, three hundred yards east of Ramsour's mill, and half a mile North of the present flourishing village of Lincolnton. The ridge stretches nearly to the east on the south side of the mill pond, and the road leading from the Tuckasegee ford by the mill, crosses the point of the ridge in a north-western direction. The tories occupied an excellent position on the summit of the ridge; their right on the road fronting to the south. The ridge has a very gentle slope, and was then interspersed with only a few trees, and the fire of the tories had full rake in front for more than two hundred yards. The foot of the ridge was bounded by a glade, the side of which was covered with bushes. The road passed the western end of the glade, at right

angles, opposite the centre of the line, and on this road a fence extended from the glade to a point opposite the right of the line—the picquet guard, twelve in number, were stationed on the road, two hundred and fifty yards south of the glade, and six hundred yards from the encampment.

The companies of Captains Hall, M'Dowell, and Brandon, being mounted; the other troops, under Col. Locke, were arranged in the road, two deep, behind them; and without any other organization or orders, they were marched to battle. When the horsemen came within sight of the picquet, they plainly perceived that their approach had not been anticipated. The picquet fired and fled towards their camp. The horsemen pursued, and turning to the right out of the road, they rode up within thirty steps of the line and fired at the tories, who being in confusion had not completely formed their line; but seeing only a few men assailing them, they quickly recovered from their panic and poured in a destructive fire, which obliged the horsemen to retreat. They retreated in disorder, passing through the infantry, who were advancing; several of the infantry joined them and never came into action. At a convenient distance the greater part of the horsemen rallied, and returning to the fight, exerted themselves with spirit during its continuance. The infantry hurried to keep near the horsemen in their pursuit of the picquet and their movements being very irregular, their files were opened six or eight steps, and when the front approached the tories, the rear was an hundred and sixty yards back.

The tories seeing the effect of their fire, came down the hill a little distance and were in fair view. The infantry of the whigs kept the road to the point between the glade and the corner of the fence, opposite the centre of the tories. Here the action was renewed. The front fired several times before the rear came up. The tories being on their left, they deployed to the right in front of the glade, and came into action without order or system. In some places they were crowded together in each other's way; in other places there were none. As the rear came up they occupied those places, and the line gradually extending, the action became general and obstinate on both sides.— In a few minutes the tories began to retire to their position on the top of the ridge, and soon fell back a little behind the ridge to shelter part of their bodies from the fire of the whigs, who were fairly exposed to their fire. In this situation their fire became so destructive, that the whigs fell back to the bushes near the glade, and the tories leaving their safe position, pursued them half way down the ridge. At this moment captain Harden led a party of whigs into the field, and under cover of the fence kept up a galling fire on the right flank of the tories; and some of the whigs discovering that the ground on their right was more favorable to protect them from the fire of the tories, obliques in that direction towards the east end of the glade. This movement gave their line the proper extension.— They continued to oblique until they turned the left flank of the tories; and the contest being well maintained in the centre, the tories began to retreat

up the ridge. They found part of their position occupied by the whigs. In that quarter the action became close, and the parties mixed together in two instances, and having no bayonets they struck at each other with the butts of their guns. In this strange contest several of the tories were taken prisoners, and others of them divesting themselves of their mark of distinction, (which was a twig of green pine top stuck in their hats) intermixed with the whigs, and all being in their common dress, they escaped unnoticed.*

The tories finding the left of their position in possession of the whigs, and their centre being closely pressed, retreated down the ridge towards the mill, exposed to the fire of the centre, and of captain Hardin's company behind the fence. The whigs pursued until they got entire possession of the

* When the tories were driven back the second time, and the left of their line became mixed with the whigs, a Dutchman (of the tories) meeting suddenly with an acquaintance of the whigs addressed him, "Hey, how do you do Billy? I has known you since you was a little poy, and I would not hurt one hair of your head, because I has never known no harm of you only that you was a rebel." Billy who was not so generous, and was much agitated, and his gun being empty, clubbed it and made a blow at the Dutchman's head, which he dodged. The Dutchman cried out, "Oh, stop, stop, I is not going to stand still and be killed like a damned fool needer!" and raised the butt of his gun and made a blow at Billy's head, which he missed, and one of Billy's comrades, whose piece was loaded clapt his muzzel under the Dutchman's arm, and the poor fellow fell dead.

ridge, when they perceived to their astonishment that the tories had collected in force on the other side of the creek, beyond the mill. They expected the fight would be renewed, and attempted to form a line; but only eighty-six men could be paraded. Some were scattered during the action, others were attending to their wounded friends, and after repeated efforts not more than an hundred and ten could be collected.

In this perilous situation of things, it was resolved that Major Willson and Captain William Alexander, of Rowan, should hasten to General Rutherford and urge him to press forward to their assistance. Rutherford had marched early in the morning, and at the distance of six or seven miles from Ramsour's, was met by Willson and Alexander. Major Davis' cavalry were started at full gallop, and Colonel Davidson's infantry were ordered to hasten on with all possible speed. At the end of two miles they were met by others from the battle, who informed them that the tories had retreated. The march was continued, and the troops arrived on the ground two hours after the battle had closed. The dead and most of the wounded were still lying where they fell.

As soon as the action began, those of the tories who had no arms, and several who had, retreated across the creek. They were joined by others when they were first beaten back up the ridge, and by two hundred that were well armed, who had arrived two days before from Lower creek, in Burke county, under Captains Whitson and Murray. Colonel Moore and Maj. Welsh soon joined them, and those of

the tories who continued the fight to the last, crossed the creek and joined them as soon as the whigs got possession of the ridge. Believing that they were completely beaten, they formed a stratagem to secure their retreat. About the time that Willson and Alexander were dispatched to General Rutherford, they sent in a flag under a pretence of proposing a suspension of hostilities, to make arrangements for taking care of the wounded and burying the dead.—To prevent the flag officers from perceiving their small number, Major Jas. Rutherford* and another officer were ordered to meet him a short distance in front of the line. The proposition being made, Major Rutherford demanded that the tories should surrender as prisoners within ten minutes, and then the arrangements should be made which were requested. In the mean time Moore and Welsh gave orders, that such of their men as were on foot, or had inferior horses, should move off singly as fast as they could; and when the flag returned, not more than fifty remained. They immediately fled.—Moore with thirty men reached the British army at Cambden, when he was threatened with a trial by a court martial for disobedience of orders, in attempting to embody the royalists before the time appointed by the commander in chief. He was treated with disrespect by the British officers, and held in a state of disagreeable suspense: but it was at length deemed impolitic to order him before court martial.

As there was no organization of ei-

* Son of the General. He was killed at the battle of the Eutaws.

ther party, nor regular returns made after the action, the loss could not be ascertained with correctness. Fifty-six lay dead on the side of the ridge where the heat of the action prevailed; many lay scattered on the flanks, and over the ridge towards the mill. It is believed that seventy were killed, and that the loss on each side was nearly equal. About an hundred men on each side were wounded, and fifty tories were taken prisoners. The men had no uniform, and it could not be told to which party many of the dead belonged.—Most of the whigs wore a piece of white paper on their hats in front, and many of the men on each side being excellent riflemen, this paper was a mark at which the tories often fired, and several of the whigs were shot in the head. The trees behind which both whigs and tories occasionally took shelter, were grazed by the balls; and one tree in particular, on the left of the tory line, at the root of which two brothers lay dead, was grazed by three balls on one side, and by two on the other.

In this battle neighbours, near relations, and personal friends fought each other; and as the smoke would from time to time blow off, they could recognize each other. In the evening, and on the next day, the relations and friends of the dead and wounded came in, and a scene was witnessed truly afflicting to the feelings of humanity.

After the action commenced, scarcely any orders were given by the officers. They fought like common soldiers and animated their men by their example, and they suffered severely. Captains Falls, Dobron, Smith, Bowman, and Armstrong were killed; and Captains

Houston and M'Kissick wounded*.—Of the tories, Captains Cumberland, Murray and Warlock were killed; and Captain Carpenter wounded. Few either of the officers or men had ever been in battle before.

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General Rutherford marches from Ramsour's to encounter the tories, embodied in the forks of the Yadkin, under the command of Col. Samuel Bryan.

When General Rutherford reached the battle field at Ramsour's mills on the 20th June, 1780, he had under his command upwards of 1200 men.—

* Captain M'Kissick was wounded early in the action, shot through the top of his shoulder, and finding himself disabled went from the battle ground about 80 poles to the west. About the time the firing ceased, he met ten of the tories coming from a neighboring farm where they had been until the sound of the firing started them. They were confident their side was victorious and several of them knowing Captain M'Kissick insulted him, and would have used him ill but for Abram Keener, Sen., one of his neighbors who protected and took him prisoner. While marching on towards the battle ground Keener kept lamenting, "that a man so clever and such a good neighbor, and of such good sense should ever be a rebel. He continued his lecture to Captain M'Kissick until they came where the whigs were formed. Keener looking round seeing so many strange faces said, "Hey poys, I believe you has got a good many prisoners here." Still thinking his party was victorious—immediately a number of guns were cocked and Capt. M'Kissick, though much exhausted by loss of blood, had to exert himself to save the lives of Keener and party.

Davie's cavalry and others were dispatched through the country in search of the fugitives who had dispersed in every direction. They found a number of them and brought them to camp all of whom were permitted to return to return to their homes on bail, except a few of the most active and influential characters, who were kept in confinement and sent to Salisbury Gaol. The men who went with him as volunteers as well as those under Col. Locke considered themselves at liberty to return home after the battle except those who had been designated to serve a tour of duty of three months the usual term of service at that period, and some of them were furloughed for a short time. By this means, by the 22d, his numbers were reduced to less than 200 men. On that day he received information by an express that the tories were assembled in considerable force in the forks of the Yadkin in the north end of Rowan county adjoining Surry, about 75 miles northeast of Rainsour's, under the command of Colonel Bryant, who lived a few miles below the Shallow Ford on the west side of that river and had persuaded his neighbors and acquaintances to rise in arms for that after the capture of Charleston and the defeat of Buford the only regular troops in the South, the rebellion was certainly crushed. The same day General Rutherford ordered Major Davie's cavalry to march and take a position in advance of Charlotte on the Camden road near Waxhaw creek to keep under the disaffected and watch the motions of the British in that quarter. He marched with the infantry that were with him the direct route towards Bryan and sent orders to

the officers on each side of his line of march, to join him with all the men they could raise, on his way. After crossing the Catawba river his force began to increase and when he arrived within 15 miles of the tories his force was augmented to upwards of 600 men and he prepared to attack Bryan the next day.

Col. Bryan anticipated his design.—He had heard of the defeat at Rainsour's and of General Rutherford coming against him with a large force. On the 30th June, he crossed over the Yadkin to the east side and continued his route down the river through the settlements which were disaffected many of the inhabitants joined him on his march and when he passed Abbot's creek his force was reported to amount to 7 or 800 men. By this movement it was evident his intention was to form a junction with Major McArthur, whom Lord Cornwallis on his arrival at Camden had sent on with the first battalion, (about 400 men,) of the 71st regiment to the Cheraw hill on the Pee Dee for the purpose of preserving in submission the country between that river and Santee and corresponding with the Scotch settlements on the Cape Fear which were generally attached to the British.

General Rutherford being apprised of Bryan's intention, took the nearer route down the west side of the river by Salisbury and the old Trading Ford endeavoring to get in his front before he reached Salisbury. He there found that Bryan by rapid marches had passed before him. From this place he detached Col. William L. Davidson, with a select party down the west side

of the river for the purpose of intercepting Bryan should he attempt to pass it before he reached McArthur, and the main body pursued him, thinking if he halted or delayed they would overtake him. But he and party were so panic struck with the result of the affair at Ramsour's, that they marched night and day down the east side of the Yadkin and Pee Dee, until they came opposite the British force under Major McArthur, and passed over the river and formed a junction with him. Ruthersford, finding it impossible to overtake the tories left off the pursuit and returned.

Col. Davidson surprises a party of tories in the vicinity of Colson's Mill, near the confluence of Rocky River and Pee Dee.

The party under Col. Davidson, who went down the west side of the river the second day after they left Salisbury, heard of a party of tories at a farm in the vicinity of Colson's mill near the junction of Rocky river with Pee Dee, and marched rapidly to endeavor to surprise them. When they arrived near the farm, they divided the party so as to attack them in front and the flank by which it was known they would attempt to retire at the same time. Col. Davidson's party arrived at their station first and was discovered by the tories and when he was deploying his party into line they commenced firing on him. His party came steadily to the position required without confusion or returning the fire. When formed they advanced briskly, Col. Davidson in front rendered conspicuous by his uniform. The enemy's marksmen aimed at him one of whom wounded him

severely. However, this had no effect on the result of the action. The disposition had been so correctly made and all moving on at full charge with trailed arms and the party sent round the flank attacking at the same instant, the enemy fled after having three killed, and four or five wounded, and 10 taken prisoners. Being in their own neighborhood where they knew the country, most of them escaped. Their numbers somewhat exceeded that of their assailants which was about 250. On the part of the whigs no person was injured but Col. Davidson and one other wounded. He was confined by the wound for two months which was much regretted by the militia as the few weeks he had been vested with a command among them had inspired a confidence nothing could shake. As no other party of tories was known to be collecting and it was unsafe to go nearer, McArthur after being reinforced by Bryan Col. Davidson and party returned home, and General Ruthersford after staying a few days near Salisbury, marched with those serving a tour of duty to join General Yates who was advancing near the Pee Dee.

Hills' Iron Works burned by the enemy—General Sumter is placed at the head of the North Carolina Militia—Unsuccessful attack on Rocky Mount.

Scarcely had the volunteers who had been out on those several expeditions returned, when they were alarmed by the enemy approaching in another quarter. On the 7th of July, it was understood a party of British and tories were marching up the west side of Catawba river, and it was ordered that the

men in the west of Mecklenburg should attend public worship at Steel creek church with their arms on Sunday the 9th. After sermon parting with their families, the men were organized, and marched down the east side of the river. The enemy advanced the same day as far as Hill's Iron Works, about 10 miles below said church, on the west side.— They set the works on fire. In the evening when our party approached within four miles of the works on the hills above Bigger's Ferry, they saw the smoke ascending and heard the enemy was there. At night our men were joined by other companies from the north of Mecklenburg, and a few South Carolina refugees under the command of General Sumter. He being the officer highest in grade was invested with the command of the whole party. Next morning we had information by our patrol that after the enemy had burned the Iron works, they marched towards where Yorkville now stands.

General Sumter moved seven miles to the east, where the road from Charlotte to the old nation ford crosses Hagler's branch, near Sprott's farm, in the Indian land. Others joined in the course of the day, and on the 12th had upwards of 500 men. The position being favorable for collecting supplies of provisions, he determined to occupy it a few days; but doubtful of being visited by the enemy's cavalry, the ground being hilly and covered with oak timber, the General ordered the timber to be felled in different directions around the camp, somewhat in the form of an abattis, and the body of the trees split and leaned over a strong pole supported by forks on some high

stump, the other end on the ground at an angle of 30 degrees elevation, and facing the avenues left through the brush or abattis for passage, so that it would answer the double purpose for the men to be under and for defence. If the enemy's cavalry had come, unless supported by a large body of infantry or artillery, they could not have forced the camp.

Major Davie, at his station near Waxhaw creek by his scouts discovered a party of the British were advancing up the road from Camden, and immediately sent an express to General Sumter, who, by this time, had intelligence that the party on the West side of the river had entered Rocky Mount. On the 17th July he marched to Waxhaw, and formed a junction with Davie's cavalry. The place being unfavorable for support, on the 18th he marched down Waxhaw creek on the South side past Waxhaw Meeting House* to a Dr. Harper's plantation, who was said to be disaffected. The horses were turned into a green cornfield, not having provender for the whole, upwards of 700. Early on the 19th, the party of observation near the enemy communicated that they had marched from below the Hanging Rock creek the road towards Charlotte. The horses were caught in great haste, and marched briskly to gain the ford on

* Waxhaw Meeting House was at this time the hospital for the survivors of those who were wounded at Buford's defeat, about 80 in number, and being between the two armies, were neglected in nurses, medical assistance, and suitable provisions. Perhaps a more complicated scene of misery, in proportion to their number, was not exhibited in the whole war.

Waxhaw creek before the enemy, (there being no convenient ford below,) and they halted at noon about six miles farther on. It was expected they would move on in the evening or night, and a disposition was made for their reception. Major Davie's cavalry and 100 gun men were placed opposite the ford on the North side of the creek, and upwards of 500 South of the creek, about 30 poles West of the road, in a thick wood where cavalry could not act, and continued in this position until next morning, but the enemy did not move. If they had advanced, they were to have let them pass until they encountered the party with Major Davie, when those with General Sumter were to have moved from their concealed position and attacked them in flank and rear. From the nature of the ground, and disposition of the American force, they must have been destroyed. Neither cavalry nor artillery could have been of service to them. It was thought advisable to attack the enemy at his camp, and as Lord Rawdon when here before had consumed the forage at the neighboring farms, General Sumter moved back on the road to Charlotte 16 miles, to Clem's branch, and encamped where he could draw his supplies from the fertile settlement of Providence on his left.

He continued in this place near a week; the number of his men daily diminished. While he kept moving, and they expected to meet the enemy, they kept with him; but whenever they came to attend only to the dull routine of camp duty, such as mounting, relieving and standing guard, and enduring privations, they became discontent-

ed, and those in a convenient distance went home, and others to the houses of their acquaintances, having no camp equipage or utensils but what each man brought with him. Though the officers had rolls of their companies, they were seldom called, and they could not tell who were present, only as they saw them in camp.

This was the first practical lesson to our commanders of militia, showing that while they kept in motion and the men expected that something would be achieved, they continued with the army, but a few days stationed in camps, they became discontented and would scatter, and of those who staid, the careless and slovenly manner in which the duty of guards was performed afforded no security to the camp. Of this experience Gen. Sumter and other officers availed themselves afterwards to the end of the war.

By the 25th of July, he had not with him more than 100 men, and he sent out some of them through the adjoining settlements, giving notice to all to repair to camp, that he intended to attack the enemy. By the 28th, such numbers joined as induced him to march. It was known that the main party of the enemy were at Hanging Rock creek, and a detachment at Rocky Mount on the West of the Catawba. He decided on attacking the latter, and crossed over the Catawba with that view.

On the 1st day of August he arrived at that place, situated on the top of a high hill, on the West side of Catawba, just below the mouth of Rocky creek, (three miles below where now stands the United States establishment,)

and the base of the mount is bounded by the river on the East, and the creek on the North. The log buildings, which were fortified with abattis and had loop holes to shoot through, stood on the summit of the mount, and was held by Col. Turnbull with a party of British and some Tories, supposed 150 in the whole. The slope from the top of the hill was gradual, and nearly equal on all sides, and the land cleared. There was no swell in the ground to shelter them from the enemy's fire, only on the West side a ledge of a blackish kind of rocks at the distance of 140 yards from the houses. The men were drawn up in a line below these rocks, and advanced up to them and a party sent round on each flank. A brisk fire commenced on both sides, which lasted a considerable time, and great exertions were made by the assailants to discover some point where they might carry the works, but found them equally difficult at all points. The enemy were under cover in the fortified buildings and sustained but little damage from the Americans, and the rocks were not so extensive as to shelter them from the fire of the British. The General, finding it impossible to take the place without artillery to batter the houses, ordered a retreat. Col. Andrew Neal, (of York,) a young man of great promise, and much regretted, and two others were killed, and six wounded.* The

enemy did not attempt to annoy him on the retreat. He moved up the river, and the next day crossed at Land's ford, where he met Col. Irwin from Mecklenburg, with a considerable reinforcement, who had not time to join after the order issued at Clem's branch, 25th July. By slow movements he kept up Waxhaw creek until he forwarded his wounded to the hospital at Charlotte. Some other small parties continued to join, and he determined to attack the enemy at Hanging Rock.—He had discovered that his men while marching and fighting, and fighting and marching, would keep with him, but to encamp and remain stationary might calculate with certainty his force would diminish; therefore, if he failed in his enterprise, the loss to the country would only be those who were killed and wounded. The remainder might be organized in a short time as formidably as before. If he succeeded, it would considerably weaken the enemy's effective force, and have considerable weight in the operations which he expected shortly would take place. Having made all the necessary arrangements circumstances would permit, the General ordered the troops to march on the evening of the 5th of August, with a view to attack the enemy early on the next morning. The enemy's force was estimated at more than 500, and upwards of half were regulars.

Gen. Sumter marched in the night 16 miles, and early on the 6th of August the sound of horse bells, the smoke settling along the valley of Hanging Rock creek, apprized them that they were near the enemy's encampment.

* Among the wounded was Alexander Haynes, yet living in the South end of Mecklenburg, who, having fired his rifle twice from behind the rocks and had loaded his gun the third time, and peeping past the side of the black rock for an object, his face being white, became an object for the enemy's marksmen, one of whom shot him under the eye and ranged under the brain, but missed the vertebra of the neck. It was thought he was killed, but

seeing life was in him, when they were about to retire, his acquaintances carried him off. He was cured, though he lost his eye. It run out shortly after he was wounded.

A NIGHT WITH A HERO OF '76.

BY A RAMBLER.

(Concluded from page 198.)

To the "Emerald Isle" I owe the debt of my nativity. I am a descendant of an ancient, and, once, an illustrious family of Ireland. For a long succession of years my ancestors held some of the most valuable estates, and filled some of the highest stations of that kingdom. But, among later generations, the house began to decline; it began to be stripped of its possessions as well as the dignity of its name. Its new lords devoted themselves more to the pursuits of pleasure and the enjoyment of the good things of earth, than to the calls of ambition and the acquisition of a name.

My parents died in my childhood, and a younger brother and myself were left the only representatives of our family. At my father's death, we, together with our possessions, now a mere shadow of what they once were, though still considerable, were committed to the guardianship of one of his early friends. My guardian's family consisted of himself, his lady, and an only child—a daughter two years younger than myself. Our adopted parents treated us in every respect as if we had been their own children; and we and little Cora—for that was their daughter's name—grew up together in the greatest intimacy. We all enjoyed the same childish sports, shared the same petty troubles, and were, upon the

whole, perhaps, the happiest little trio in the kingdom. But I, being the eldest, and naturally of a more restless disposition than my brother, was sure to be leader in all our little juvenile amusements and pleasure excursions; and especially did I take it upon myself to be the protector of little Cora—to act as her champion in all her imaginary wrongs and childish difficulties—and she, too, soon came to look upon me in this light; and, in this manner, a greater confidence and intimacy sprung up between us, than between her and my brother. I can almost see her now, arrayed in her simple robe of white, with her sunny ringlets hanging loosely over her shoulders—the very image of careless grace; or, perchance, with an imperious curl of the lip, and an exacting toss of her fair little hand, asking some trifling favor—more, however, with the air of a command than a request.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that we *loved*, according to the common acceptance of the term, as soon as we were capable of entertaining such a sentiment. For, considering the peculiar relation in which chance had thrown us, it could not well have been otherwise. In fact, the transition from pure friendship into a feeling of a tenderer nature, is natural and easy. And from that time forth, our lives flowed on in

a stream of uninterrupted enjoyment. The happiness of both was complete, in the knowledge that upon each depended the happiness of the other; we loved mutually with as ardent an attachment as ever existed between mortals. And, although no formal declarations of our passion had passed between us, it was acknowledged tacitly by all that we were destined for each other. Her parents had observed the intimacy that was springing up between us, but, as they knew of no reason why it should be interrupted, they looked on in approving silence.

Thus things stood when the period arrived for our separation. It was now time for my brother and myself to enter upon our college career; and we accordingly repaired to the University of Dublin. After the lovely daughter of my guardian, my brother was the next dearest object to my heart. We both partook of the sweets and pains of college life together, shared each in the triumphs and reverses of the other, and, finally, bid adieu to our Alma-Mater at the same time—and, I must say, after having been no mean competitors, among our fellows, for the favors of Apollo and the Muses.

When I returned again to the scene of my childhood, I found my little charmer not now the careless, light-hearted girl that I had left a few years before, but a haughty beauty of seventeen. The charms that I had formerly admired in embryo, had now undergone a full development; and she had become a beautiful woman. If she was before an object of love, she was now one of adoration; and,

"Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel."

Although she now wore in my presence more dignity and womanly reserve, I was gratified to find that her former feelings towards me had undergone no change; that length of time had only served to strengthen her old attachment; that it had now become identified, as it were, with her very existence. But, had I not been so fully satisfied of this, and so well acquainted with some of her constitutional anomalies, many times might I have been apprehensive as to her constancy. That inordinate passion for admiration which, I believe, is peculiar to the sex, or at least to such as are conscious of possessing beauty, and likewise that disposition to play the coquette or to tyrannize over those whose hearts they believe to be at their disposal, frequently led her into conduct by no means pleasing to me and consistent with the known state of her feelings. It was under the influence of this same weakness that she was betrayed into an act, a few months after my return from college, which, though insignificant in itself, operated most fatally for the after happiness of both.

At a grand ball in the neighborhood, where both happened to be present, I received at her hands a slight, which piqued me most acutely. It was on account of a college acquaintance of mine, a young nobleman who possessed an estate in the vicinity—a fine, dashing young man, and a perfect lion among the ladies. I was confident that this seeming partiality did not arise from any real preference which she had for another over me, but merely from the promptings of vanity; and I should, most probably, have overlooked it, as I

had done many other little whimsical inconsistencies of hers, had her new favorite been any other than the one in question. This young man was naturally of a proud and overbearing disposition, had been my rival in everything during my whole college course, and was the last man in the world that I would have had to triumph over me. Being of an excitable and violent temperament by nature, the haughty smile of satisfaction that played upon his countenance, at this supposed triumph over me, in the regard of the only woman that I had ever cared for, aroused the very demon within me. I knew that I could take no exceptions to his conduct—that Cora was alone to blame—and I resolved to treat her with the coldest indifference until her conduct was explained. She was conscious that she had acted wrong, and, I could see, was secretly troubled about the matter; but, as she had always been the idol of her parents, and an object of flattery to every one else, she had acquired a most arrogant and exacting disposition, and was now too proud to enter into any explanation. Thus her pride triumphed over her feelings, and forbade her to yield. I, likewise, believing myself in the right, was inflexible. And in this manner did matters continue until I, fearing that if I remained in her presence I might be shaken from my resolve, determined to tear myself away from her, at whatever cost, and join the army. I did so—

And, to make a long story short, this young nobleman, whom it seems she had really inspired with a most ardent passion, took advantage of my absence to press his suit, and left no means un-

tried to supplant me in her affections. After having failed in every other attempt to win her, he at last assailed her in her only vulnerable point—her pride. He caused it to be reported to her that my affections were completely alienated from her and centered on another. He even went so far as to have forged letters thrown in her way—letters purporting to be from myself to him, and making a full resignation in his favor of all claims that I might have had to her—even making her a subject of jest. In this manner he worked upon her proud spirit, until she, although no impression had been made upon her heart, but merely to gratify her wounded pride—to show me that she was as indifferent to me as she thought me to be to her—at last yielded to his importunities and became his wife.

When this most crushing and unlooked-for intelligence reached me, my feelings may be better imagined than described. Suffice it to say that, in accordance with the wishes of my guardian, I repaired to my old home, for the purpose of relieving him of the cares of my estate, inasmuch as I had now attained my majority. My pecuniary affairs being satisfactorily adjusted, I was now on the point of quitting the country forever, when, by accident, I learned from an old friend of Cora's and mine all that had transpired during my absence; that Cora, although she could not love her husband, had been enabled by her lofty spirit and a sense of duty to maintain a semblance of cheerfulness, until a short time previous, when she had been led to suspect that she had been made the dupe of

foul artifice and base deception, and had let fall the veil that concealed her broken heart—had resigned herself, a victim to her pride and folly, to sullen despair.

This disclosure aroused me to the very highest pitch of fury. I could have borne the loss of my Cora, had it been effected by fair means; but that she should be thus victimized in this heartless, calculating manner, and her happiness, as well as my own, to be destroyed forever, was more than I could bear. I vowed vengeance against the offender—that nothing short of his blood could atone for the wrongs he had done me. I challenged him to mortal combat; we met with the understanding that one of us must fall before we quit the field; we fought, and he fell.

My vengeance being now accomplished, and having nothing farther for which to live, I was reckless as to what became of me in future. Having taken a long and an affectionate farewell of my brother, who had accompanied me to the field of death, I bid adieu to my native Isle and became a wanderer upon the earth. I first sailed for France, and after having roamed over the different states of the Continent, I again found myself in France, joined the expedition which Lafayette was then fitting out for the aid of the American Colonies, and, in due time, reached with it this Western World. You know about all the rest.

Just as he ceased speaking, the first signs of approaching day were visible in the East. We sat again for a few minutes in silence, when the measured tramp of soldiery was borne to our

ears on the morning breeze. Our comrades were now speedily aroused from their slumbers and ordered to their saddles; but scarcely had our young leader got his men drawn up on the bank of the stream, and issued a few hasty orders, when two horsemen dashed boldly into the angry torrent from the opposite side, followed by another couple and another, and yet, another.—Here my attention was withdrawn to the first two, who had now reached the middle of the stream. And at this moment, according to the instructions of our commander, we poured forth a deadly volley upon the advancing column; whereupon, the charger of one of the dragoons in front reared madly into the air, and, with a wild neigh and fearful plunge, fell back into the water, and was borne down, together with his rider, by the rapid current. But notwithstanding the fall of his comrade, and that several saddles in his rear were emptied of their occupants, the remaining horseman in front, who seemed to be the leader of the enemy, pushed resolutely on, and by a wonderful feat of horsemanship, succeeded in gaining a firm footing on the bank, in spite of all opposition.

Our own gallant leader now spurred forward to measure swords with this daring child of Mars. They fought for a few minutes with equal skill and courage, when my friend received a slight wound in the arm; and about the same time some one of our party discharged a pistol at the horse of his antagonist. The noble animal reeled and fell heavily upon his side.—But his heroic master was not to be overcome by this accident; he disen-

gaged himself from the horse as he fell, and, by the time his adversary could turn upon him, had regained his feet, with pistol in hand, ready to shoot his horse likewise.

In the meanwhile, a spirited contest had been kept up between the followers of the combatants. The brave Britons struggled manfully to gain a footing, but the nature of the ground was so much against them that they were easily repulsed by a much fewer number of the Americans.

When the horse of our champion fell several of us ran up to his assistance; but, as he rose, he motioned us back with his sword, exclaiming that "his antagonist should have fair play, and that the God of Battles must alone decide between them!" And then,—

"Impetuous, active, fierce and young,
Upon the advancing foe he sprung."

Again the two champions closed in mortal strife; their weapons clashed; they fought with reckless fury, totally regardless of their own persons—of the blood that was flowing copiously from their multifarious wounds—their only care seeming to be the destruction of each other. Thus the conflict continued, until the champion of Briton, overcome by the superior strength of his adversary and exhausted from loss of blood, fell, pierced by many a wound.

As the brave youth fell, his military cap, which had been drawn closely over his face, was thrown off; and at the same instant, Aurora rising over the neighboring hills, seemed to cast an inquisitive glance into the dusky vale. My friend, after gazing for a moment upon his fallen foe, ran wildly up to

him, and bending over him, exclaimed: "Great God! has it come to this?—Am I the murderer of my own, my only bro——?" At this instant, a luminous flash seemed to envelope his bosom, followed by the clear crack of a pistol that resounded throughout the valley. My friend sunk, never more to rise, into the arms of his brother.

Never shall I forget the look of mingled wonder, joy and anguish that each cast upon the other, as they lay thus interlocked in their last earthly embrace, cemented together, as it were, by the life-blood that was dripping from their perforated frames.

They had left just enough strength to exchange a few expressions of mutual endearment, and to make a few hasty enquiries in reference to what had befallen each other since their last parting—a parting sad enough, surely, but certainly not so exquisitely heart-rending as was destined to be their meeting. My friend learned the fate of his lamented Cora; that she survived not long the day which brought such a fearful retribution upon the wretch who had made such wild havoc of their tenderest affections, but whom she *had* called husband—that she was quietly resting in a secluded glen on her father's premises, which had been a favorite resort of hers in earlier and happier days. He also learned that his brother had joined the British army soon after his departure; had been ordered to this country with his regiment, and lastly, had been engaged in active service against the patriots of the South, under Lord Cornwallis.

By the time this had passed between them, they were both so far exhausted

that neither could speak above a whisper. My friend now beckoned me nearer him, and, as his last request, desired that they should both be buried in one grave. He also expressed a wish that I should become his sole heir; and, after the necessary steps were taken for the accomplishment of that wish, he took both of my hands in his, pressed them earnestly for a moment, and then sunk back upon the bosom of his brother. At this instant, the rising orb of day threw his first beam into the deep valley; and about the same time, two spirits bursted the barriers of their mortal prisons, and flitted away to the "land of spirits."

Thus perished two of as noble specimens of manhood as ever trod the earth, and the last scions of one of the noblest and most ancient houses of Ireland.

Under a willow that stood drooping over the water's edge, we dug up with our swords the loose, mellow soil, and thus made for these unfortunate brothers a hasty grave. Thus entwined in each others' arms, and reclining by the low bed of the Catawba, we left them—their rumbling waters to sing their dirge, and their wail to be the shrill scream of the night-hawk.

Already had the undisciplined militia under Gen. Davidson been dispersed, leaving their General, who was loth to quit the post of duty, to be riddled by the bullets of the enemy; and already were there so many British across the stream, and was Tarleton's legion in such hot pursuit of us, that we stood in the most imminent danger of being cut off from our retreating countrymen. However, after a furious ride of

ten miles, with Tarleton at our heels, we arrived at Tarrant's tavern, where the flying militia had rallied in considerable numbers; but owing to the loss of their commander and to their powder having been damaged by a heavy rain, they were not able to withstand the headlong charge that Tarleton made upon their centre, but were driven from their position with considerable loss. Myself and what remained of the troopers who had formed our little band the evening before, succeeded in making our way back safely to the main body.

And "now commenced the great race between Green and Cornwallis; the goal was the Dan, and the prize the possession of the Carolinas." It is unnecessary for me to enter into the particulars of this memorable chase; how—strange to tell—the little army of Greene was saved on two other occasions by special interpositions of Providence, similar to that which occurred at the Catawba, viz: by means of watery bulwarks; how completely Greene out-generaled Cornwallis, and how, by the wonderful feats and skillful manœuvres of Colonels Lee and Williams, and especially by the favors of Heaven, he finally succeeded in throwing his wearied army across the Dan, and into the fertile and friendly county of Halifax, Virginia. All these facts you doubtless well understand.

I remained with the army throughout the rest of the war; was present at the battle of "Guilford Courthouse," and at a number of other actions of more or less note, and finally, when the insolent invaders had been driven from our homes, and the country restored to

tranquility, I purchased, with the capital that my friend had left me, this farm, including his and his brother's grave, with all the necessities for house-keeping. Here have I lived from that day to this, a period of more than half a century; during which I have enjoyed, at least, all the comforts of life; have beheld my children and grandchildren growing up around me, and have seen, I suppose, as much happiness as ordinarily falls to the lot of man.

Hereupon our aged hero threw himself back complacently in his armed

chair, stretched out his legs, fixed his eyes intently upon the bed of hickory coals that were glowing in the hearth, and seemed to be engaged in a train of reflections that were entirely satisfactory. In this position he remained for a few minutes, when his knees smote together, his head dropped upon his bosom, a mist seemed to envelope his eyes, and—he was *snoring* soundly.

The rest of us retired precipitately, and were likewise soon buried in oblivious sleep.

“THE HIDDEN PATH.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “ALONE.”

Book-making has become so common now-a-days, that to herald the advent of a new novel may seem almost a work of supererogation; and this notice may seem especially needless, since the author of “Alone” has already found her way to so many hearts that public curiosity will need no stimulus. But we cannot refrain from expressing our pleasure in witnessing the success of an author of whom the Old Dominion may justly be proud. Virginia is very fortunate in possessing a Howison to write her history, and a Marion Harland to illustrate her home life.

Our author tells us in the dedication, that if “Alone” was a “heart-message,” the present work is trebly so, and that she has not diverged from the beaten track of every day life for her scenes and characters. And why should heart-history be neglected while so much importance is attached to the deeds of the outer life. We cannot endure sickly

sentimentality, but it does really refresh us to meet with a faithful delineation of the feelings that gush from a warm young heart. Men have no objection to such a heart history as flatters their vanity, and a book that affords any nourishment to self-conceit will be greedily devoured. Moreover, much time is given to reading tales of fashionable life, wherein seamstresses and chambermaids give absurd accounts of the doings of circles into which they never entered, or at best only tell us how European grandes dress and gossip, and make fools of themselves at court balls; but the thrilling incidents that are transpiring around us every day, in the bosoms of even the most uninteresting, are passed by without notice. It is in bringing these to life, and painting them in glowing colors, that Marion has won for herself so early in her career, a high niche in the temple of American literature.

A very celebrated critic has said that Lord Byron "was himself the beginning, the middle, and the end of all his own poetry;" that his most splendid descriptions "were mere accessories—the background to one dark, melancholy figure." Now if the Hidden Path may be taken as a transcript of the author, it gives evidence not only of a brilliant intellect, and a warm heart, but also of that uncommon ingredient in the minds of literary women—common sense. We join with her in a hearty reprobation of those artificial graces which it is the great object of fashionable boarding schools to confer, and of their fashionable inmates to acquire, and which are deemed an adequate "substitute for genius, taste, and wit." We are ready to exclaim with her, "O the arrant, monstrous humbug of fashionable female education!" almost as monstrous as that which sends out hundreds of young men every year, with sheepskins whose contents they cannot read—*educated gentlemen*—who can show no other effects of a collegiate course than dyspeptic stomachs and corrupted morals! Why is it that we can so seldom find such a thing as practical female education, based upon the principle that the human mind knows no sex? If it be necessary for boys to toil assiduously from twelve to twenty in merely breaking up the fallow ground for future harvests, we see no reason why girls should be allowed to *complete* their education at seventeen, and present themselves as candidates for what they are pleased to call the tyrannical shackles of matrimony. But the mushroom aristocracy of our past age cannot afford to cultivate the intellects of their daughters, lest

they should become too squeamish, and thus fail to make a good catch. Public appetite demands a system of education that instead of feeding the mind, "distends—not expands—it by a mass of heterogeneous stuff, crammed, pushed, drilled into the brain—knowledge totally unavailable for the business of life—bringing no pleasure to the possessor, and loading the faculties which should have been employed in the digestion of healthy, life giving nutriment." Verily such a system of education will never make women "strong minded," but it most effectually manufactures them into something quite as contemptible—brainless dolls. How different would be the face of society if the hearts and affections of young people were cultivated, not by silly love scrapes, but by the elevating, refining influence of a happy home circle! But it is useless to be croaking about the evils of American society. Men *will* be fools, and it is useless for us in the plenitude of would-be wisdom, to attempt to reform them. We must be content to let the world wag its own way; to let fashion prescribe how long we shall wear mourning for a departed friend, and how many tears we shall shed at his grave; but we cannot forbear protesting against its crushing all the finer feelings of our nature, forbidding us to shed a tear above the grave of our fondest hopes, and making hypocrites of us all.

Our author is not a "strong-minded woman," but she denounces in "thoughts that breath and words that burn," the tyranny that delivers our literary women to the uncovenanted mercies of public forbearance, or with

one fell ~~sister~~ would consign them to oblivion. Her name will be added to the list of living refutations of the absurd notion that woman is essentially inferior in intellect to her haughty lord.

We do not value the work under consideration so much for the artistic skill displayed in its plan, as for the salaries of wit, and bursts of genuine feeling which it contains. The characters which are represented as possessing high intellectual endowments are well sustained. Isabel converses like an authoress, Frank, like an editor of spirit and talents, and 'Alone' is an admirable representation of that class of pretty, amiable little nothings, that are such common articles of furniture in fashionable parlors. The book is not without faults. Some of the scenes are rather overdrawn. There is rather too much of brother and sister affection between some of the characters, which however,

turns out to be real, bona fide love of the first water; so that we may seem rather hypocritical in objecting to it on the ground of its evil effect upon young minds. Our aversion, however, to that romantic attachment, that platonic friendship between young people which leads them to palaver each other with my "beloved brother," "my dearest sister" and such like stuff, is so unconquerable, that we cannot endure the sight of anything that looks like it.

Some of our readers may differ with us perhaps when they have read the work for themselves. We only bid them remember that unless the second production of an author far surpasses the first, it is not thought to equal it. To all those who have had soul enough to appreciate "Alone," we recommend the "Hidden Path" as a rich treat, and we doubt not that all such will unite with us in bidding Marion a hearty God-speed.

CABBAGE.

BELLS AND BELL-RINGING.

BY PHYLAX.

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is common among men.—SOLOMON.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

In the last number of your Magazine, I see a communication from "Censor," in which he expresses in pretty plain terms his opinion of one of our "college customs." Heartily subscribing to his views on the subject of "electioneering," I, nevertheless, think that there are some other "customs" prevalent amongst us, which, as imperatively call for the lash of satire. I therefore send you in this article the result of my reflections on "*Bells and Bell-ringing.*"

A *bell*, derived from the Saxon *bellan* to *bawl* or *bellow*, is according to Dr. Webster, "A vessel or hollow body used for making sounds. Its constituent parts are a barrel or hollow body, enlarged or expanded at one end, an ear or cannon by which it is hung to a beam, and a clapper on the inside. Bells are of high antiquity. The blue tunic of the Jewish high priest was adorned with golden bells; and the kings of Persia are said to have their robes adorned with them in like manner. Among the Greeks those who went the nightly rounds in

camp or garrisons, used to ring a bell, at each sentinel-box, to see that the soldier on duty was awake. Bells were also put on the necks of criminals to warn persons to move out of the way of so ill an omen as the sight of a criminal or his executioner; also on the necks of beasts and birds and in houses. In churches and other public buildings bells are now used to notify the time of meeting of any congregation or other assembly." If the Dr. had lived in our day, and in our village he would probably have added what follows. "At Chapel Hill, N. C., bells are used as instruments of disturbance; it being one of the *customs* of the students at that University to assemble nightly around the belfry, and amidst the blowing of horns, and clamorous shouts, more suited to Bedlam than a literary Institution to ring the college bell violently until they are dispersed by the Faculty. It is the generally received opinion, however, that none engage in these Bacchic revels except those who have despaired of distinction in any other pursuit." This additional language he might have thought necessary to the complete description of a bell if he had been aware of our foolish custom.

I wonder if those who ring the college bell at *night* think they are doing something wise or witty. They can hardly think they are acting wisely, and if they suppose their conduct witty, their ideas of wit are most lamentably defective.

The reasons why this custom should be discountenanced are numerous. I shall only give a few which are evident to every thinking mind.

The custom of ringing the bell has an injurious effect on those who are engaged in the act. It may seem a little thing to give the bell-rope a pull or two, when we are in a playful mood.— But he that does this is guilty of violating *law*. Though he may not perceive the injurious effects of a single violation, they nevertheless are received, and like seed planted in the earth, will germinate, spring up, and bear fruit to our sorrow. The young man who so far silences the voice of conscience and good sense as to engage in ringing the bell, is taking the first step in that path which leads to neglect of duty, violation of law and eventual disgrace. He may say to himself it is no violation of law, or at least "it is a little one" and there is no harm in having a little *fun*. Why then run off, as if guilty of a misdemeanor, at the approach of any member of the Faculty? The Faculty are not disposed to curtail our innocent amusements as we all know. They are rather disposed to encourage manly sports among the students. What then is the character of that *fun* which *their* presence alone seems to chill, and which in fact is any thing rather than fun if they are observers? Besides the violation of law involved in the act, he is wasting time which should be devoted to other and better pursuits. Instead of toiling energetically at his prescribed lessons, and endeavoring to improve the talent which has been given him, he is engaged in jarring other people's brains by the sounds of the bell, or in attempting to blow out his own minute particle of brain through the long concavity of a *tin trumpet*. In addition to these considerations, the company in which a

young man is thrown, in one of these college sprees, is any thing but conducive to his advancement in morals or intellect. However pure he may have been when he came to college; though he may have been raised under the eye of a careful father; though his mind may have been stored with precepts of the purest morality, yet, notwithstanding all these guards, he will certainly be injured by associating with the vicious and dissipated. Man's moral nature is like the physical nature of the chameleon: it adapts itself to the character of surrounding influences. It is not necessary to adduce proofs of the truth of this position. Reason and experience alike testify to its truth.

—"Quoniam dociles imitandis
Turpibus et pravis omnes sumus."

But, says some juvenile philosopher, "this is a fine field for the study of human nature. Here are exhibited all the passions with which a man will come in contact in the busy world. Let these be our study. I for one agree with Pope that,

"The noblest study of mankind, is man."

Study human nature: study human human fiddlestick! As Mr. Calhoun once said to a young man, who asked him to prescribe him a course of study, "study your text-books." Bend every energy to become thoroughly acquainted with the books prescribed in the college course, and perhaps by the time you graduate you will discover how little you know.

If those who are actors in these disorders were the only sufferers it would be more bearable. Though we should pity their folly, there would be consola-

tion in knowing that no one was injured but themselves. But unfortunately such is not the case. Not satisfied with neglecting their studies themselves, they prevent others from studying by their diabolical concerts. Happily for the reputation of the University there is a goodly number who know for what they were sent here. There are those in whose estimation "wisdom is better than rubies." This is the class most incommoded by the nightly ringing of the bell. A young man returns from his evening walk with mind and body refreshed after the toils of the day; he goes to his room and prepares to commence his studies for the night.—Perhaps he has a difficult lesson in science to master. He begins with energy to accomplish his task, but has not proceeded far before some "frustum pueri," gives the bell-rope a pull. Hoping to abstract his mind from outward things, he fixes his attention on his book and endeavors to forget everything but the subject before him. But in vain. Newton himself could not have studied amidst such an uproar.—And our college friend at length throwing aside his books in despair, works himself into a fever of passion, and heartily wishes all concerned in the disturbance at the—*ir rooms*. He is deprived of his greatest treasure—time. If you borrow his books and *forget* to return them, their places may be supplied by others. If you pour out his ink, or waste his paper he can, by incurring a little expense, purchase more. If you squash his beaver, or tear his Sunday-coat, the one may be pressed out, and the other mended. But if you take his time, you take what neither he

nor you can restore. The present moment only is his. The past is lost forever; the future he may never have.—Perhaps he is poor; dependent on his exertions for a support in after life; perhaps he may have a widowed mother clinging to him for support; or orphan sisters. If so, you are taking from the widow and orphan their only dependence. Are you not *robbers*? Perhaps he is ambitious; laudably ambitious to make himself a *man*: you are depriving him of his most valuable instrument for accomplishing this wish. Are you not *robbers*?

There is one other consideration which should cause a young man to pause and reflect as he lays his hand on the bell-rope. Though he may not be restrained by a feeling of self respect; though he may feel no unwillingness to disturb his fellow students, the consideration that he *may possibly* be disturbing a congregation engaged in the worship of God should cause him to leave the belfry without executing his purpose. Should it not cause a blush of shame to mantle the cheek of a young man to think that he is disturbing any congregation in its devotions? I cannot believe that there is any one in our midst, so devoid of all respect for religion, so regardless of the common decencies of life, as to knowingly disturb a congregation assembled for religious purposes. Yet, if you engage in these disturbances it is possible, yea even probable, that you will do this?

I am well aware that there are some who engage in these disorders from thoughtlessness. To these I would say;

you are placing yourselves in a false position. You will certainly be judged by your company. If you wish to retain any place in the estimation of those whose good opinion is worth having refrain from these disorders. If you will not study yourselves, at least allow to others the privilege, by engaging in amusements more quiet and more refined in their character. But to my incorrigible friend, who has even gone so far as to purchase a tin tumpet, I would say; you are decidedly "*pessimum ex.*" If you think your talent lies in the bell-ringing direction, I would advise you to leave college (which is no place for you) and become sexton in one of the large churches in our Northern cities. Here you could ring to your heart's content. If that proposition is not agreeable to you, perhaps, if you would apply for it, the Faculty might *elevate* you to the office which Dave Barram now holds. Whichever of these courses you adopt, you will certainly be acting a more respectable part than by disturbing the studies and slumbers of more quiet people.

In conclusion let me say that I am a student who have been incommoded by this custom. If I have spoken in strong terms, it is because I have felt strongly. I believe the majority of the students entertain the same view of this matter, that I have expressed, and I am confident that it is only necessary that the sensible portion of the students should express their disapproval of this custom, and it will soon be considered a mark of a little mind to engage in these annoying disturbances.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Sometime last session about a dozen students, of which number the writer was one, formed a party to visit the mountains of Western Carolina. Having hired a wagon and servant, and procured cooking utensils, a good tent, a beautiful banner and other appurtenances, we set out on foot with the intention of eating and sleeping under canvass for the succeeding four or five weeks. We took up our line of march on the 5th of June—Tuesday of Commencement week—*en route* for the Pilot, via Graham, Greensboro', Salem, and Hoosier Town. These are very pretty and thriving places. We did not stop in the first or last mentioned, but stayed one day in Greensboro' and two in Salem. We liked the appearance of both places, and enjoyed our sojourn very finely. We formed some acquaintances, which will ever be remembered with pleasure.

Greensboro' is a considerable place, containing about two thousand inhabitants. Four main streets, running nearly at right angles with each other, called the East, West, North and South, lead to the Courthouse, a large brick edifice situated nearly in the centre of the town. Several very handsome residences, large stores and fine churches, adorn the streets. But the greatest ornaments of the place are its two female institutions, called respectively the Edgeworth Seminary and Greensboro' Female College. Both are elegant edifices, but from what little I saw

of them, I think the former the handsomer. These institutions stand deservedly high, and merit a rich share of public patronage. We were forced to leave one of our party here, on account of sickness. We left on the evening of the 8th, and arrived in Salem next evening, (Saturday.) We pitched our tent on the South side of the place, on the hill which overlooks it. From this hill the view of the place is delightful. On Sunday morning, most of us went up town to attend Divine worship. There is but one church in the place, and it is of the Moravian faith. We were very much struck with the service. It is solemn, imposing and beautiful. After the Litany was read, we had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon from the Rev. Mr. Bhanson. On Monday morning we again went up town, to visit the Female College, the Church and the Grave-yard. The buildings of the Institute are very fine. They are of brick, four stories high, and now, (the new building is finished,) they are capable of accommodating five hundred young ladies. This Institution has an extensive reputation, and it may justly be said that it is to the females of the South what Chapel Hill is to the other sex. From the Institute we proceeded to the Grave-yard. This we found exceedingly interesting. The graves arranged in rows. They are formed of beautiful turf. A small stone, a foot and a half square, rests over the head. The name of the per-

son, and the date of his birth and death are all that appear thereon. We found no epitaph on any, save one over a gentleman from South Carolina, who died while on a visit there. It runs thus :

"Friends at home and kindred dear,
If chance should bring you here,
Remember that his Leonora dear
Bedewed this grave with many a tear.

We found many of the graves decked with fragrant flowers—some wound into beautiful wreaths, others placed in the form of crosses. After leaving the Grave-yard, we proceeded to the Church, through which we were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bhanson. From the steeple of the Church is an enchanting view. The whole place is plainly visible. The hills surrounding the town—for it is situated in a beautiful valley—clad in their luxuriant verdure, presented a most delightful scene. The town clock, situated on this steeple, is a considerable curiosity. The works are below, while the hammers chime against bells above. The hammers are connected with the works by means of wires. At any hour, the whole number is struck; at one-quarter past, one; at one-half past, two; and at three-quarters past, three. The place is watered by aqueducts, leading from a spring at some distance from the town.

The country from Melville, Alamance county, to the Pilot, has about the same appearance, only the nearer you get to the Pilot the more broken the country becomes. It is most beautiful, high and broken; fertile in the extreme, covered with luxuriant groves of oak, chesnut, beach and other growth. Just before we arrived at Salem, we came

to a most enchanting and romantic spot, a beautiful vale shaded by magnificent trees, a murmuring brook, a crystal spring, all combined to make it more than commonly attractive. Here we met with one of those who prove that loveliness is not always reared in palaces—a most beautiful nymph in the person of an unsophisticated country girl, tripping up and down the gurgling stream, and gliding around that pellucid fountain. Her only fault, (if fault it may be called,) is the want of wealth, and a well-cultivated mind.—Three miles South of Salem there is a small place called Wartown. When we arrived at the first house in the village, all marching together, dressed in our uniform of tow pants, streaked shirts and broad-brimmed straw hats, some with their shouldered guns, an old lady rushed out and shouted, "hallo! hallo! the British! the British!" Perceiving her apparent fright, we told her who we were, where going, etc., which quieted her alarm.—We had frequently been asked if we were ditchers, miners, workers on the railroad, but never before nor since were we called by the odious name, British! We arrived at the Pilot on the evening of the 15th, eighth day from the time of our departure. Never shall I forget the feelings of my mind when this prodigy of nature first loomed up to my view. The morning after our arrival we ascended it, and planted our tri-colored banner on the topmost pinnacle. The view from the summit is magnificent, indeed; filling the soul with conceptions of everything beautiful and sublime. By far the most brilliant spectacle I ever beheld was sun-

set from its pinnacle—one vast array of supernal splendor and magnificence.—To attempt to describe it would be to attempt an impossibility. Hills, vales, mountains, heavens, everything clad in the most resplendent and dazzling colors, which gradually mellowed and faded away, as the sun sank behind the peaks of the distant Blue Ridge! My feelings on that occasion are indelible. All the earthly seemed to have departed. I seemed to be translated to another sphere, and to see and think as a superior being. As I stood and gazed, my thoughts were too big for utterance. All I could say, as the warm blood thrilled through my veins, was, how sublimely beautiful! how celestially magnificent! The following, from the Greensboro' (N. C.) Patriot, taken from the North Carolina Reader, is a pretty good and tolerably accurate account of the Pilot:

"This wonder of nature is situated in the Eastern part of Surry county, North Carolina, near the line which divides that county from Stokes. It rises, an isolated pile, in the midst of a plain, no other mountains or even hills being within many miles of it. The ascent of the mountain to the spring, an agreeable past of refreshment, more than half the distance to the top, is so gradual that the visitor may proceed on horseback. From this place the acclivity becomes steeper, until you reach the pinnacle which presents an elevation of some two hundred feet. The only pass to the summit is on the North side, narrow, steep, and difficult of ascent; yet it is considered by no means a difficult achievement—and the visitor is rewarded by an enchanting prospect

of the surrounding country and mountain scenery in the distance. The dense and wide-spreading forest appears dotted with farms and hamlets. The Blue Ridge reposes in a long line of mountain heights on the North-West. Eastward in Stokes county, the Saura Town Mountains rise to the view, some of whose summits exceed the Pilot in height. And the Yadkin river, flowing down from the hills of Wilkes, and washing the Western base of the mountain, rolls its "silvery flood" in a mazy line of light through the wilderness.

The result of measurement, taken by President Caldwell and Prof. Andrews, is as follows: Height of Pilot Mountain from a base near Grassy Creek to the tops of the trees, 1551 feet. Elevation of pinnacle on the North side, at the place of ascent, 205 feet. Elevation of same on South side, 250 feet. Height perpendicular rock on the South side, 114 feet.

In the Geology of the pinnacle there is something quite remarkable and curious. It is made up chiefly of mica, slate, quartz, but each exhibits interesting and peculiar characters. Its rocky wall is full of rents from top to bottom and it is also regularly stratified, the strata dipping easterly at an angle of only ten degrees. The most abundant rock is a peculiar kind of mica or grit rock, composed of very fine granular quartz, with flesh-red mica intimately disseminated. The texture is exquisitely fine, and the cohesion is so loose that it may frequently be crumbled between the fingers into the finest white sand. At a point on the road between the Little Yadkin and Mount Airy, the traveler may obtain the most singular

and perhaps the finest view of the Pilot. One end of the mountain is there presented to the beholder in the most perfect pyramidal form. Its vast sides are seen sweeping up from the surrounding forest, gradually approaching and becoming steeper, until they terminate at the perpendicular and altar-like mass of rock which forms the summit. It here gives the idea of some gigantic work of art, so regular and so surprisingly similar are the curves of its outlines, and so exactly over the centre does the towering pinnacle appear to be placed. The name is said to be the translation of an Indian appellation, signifying Pilot, called so by the aborigines, because the mountain served as a beacon to pilot them in their forest wanderings through a great extent of surrounding country. It satisfies the eye, and fills the soul with a calm and solemn delight to gaze upon the Pilot. Whether touched by the fleecy wings of the morning clouds, or piercing the glittering skies of noon, or reposing in the mellow tints of evening; whether bathed in the pale light of the moon, or enveloped in the surge of the tempest, with the lightning flashing around its brow—it stands ever, ever the same—its foundation in the depths of the earth, and its summit rising in solitary grandeur to the heavens—the twin of time, and emblem of eternity—just as it rose under the hand of its Maker on the morning of the creation, and just as it shall stand when the last generation shall gaze upon it for the last time.”

June 15.—Early this morning we decamped, intending to visit Black Mountain. Soon after our departure we crossed Arrarat Creek, one of the

most beautiful streams I ever saw—wide, shallow, swift and clear. We crossed the Yadkin at Rockford. It is a considerable stream, very wide, but not very deep. When we arrived at Jonesville, learning that there was some very pretty scenery and objects of curiosity across the Blue Ridge by Trap Hill, Elkspur Pass and Gap Civil, and that the Black Mountain was one hundred and fifty miles distant, we determined to cross over into Ashe county, via Trap Hill.

On the 18th, we encamped on the top of the Blue Ridge, at the house of one Mr. Roberts, who very kindly promised to show us around next day.—The earliest dawn saw us up, preparing to visit Stone Mountain, the Falls, and Spring House. We descended the mountains about two miles, then turned off to the right, proceeded about one mile, when we arrived at Stone Mountain. I consider it the greatest curiosity we saw during our trip. We ascended it on the South-Eastern side, which is the only accessible point.—We found it to be a stone mountain indeed—solid rock, except on the side of our ascent, which is covered with tall growth. Some small, dwarfish bushes appear in several places about over the mountain, but there is none of consequence. The mountain is said to be half a mile high, and is about two or three miles in circuit at the base.—The top of the mountain is nearly flat—the rock slanting gradually for three or four hundred yards, when it becomes almost perpendicular. We made its circuit, venturing as low down as we could with safety. Sometimes we had to pull off our shoes and crawl around,

using the greatest precaution lest we should slip; for when once started, it would be almost a miracle to keep from being dashed over the precipice. Our guide told us of a man who, having slipped, was only saved by happening to catch in one of those basins which are washed in the rock in several places.— He was drawn up by means of a rope; but suffered severely by the rents and bruises that were inflicted upon him. Our guide told us that not one crack or rent had ever been discovered in the whole mass of rock. On the South-West side is something very remarkable. I refer to two ridges running obliquely with the mountain, and parallel to each other, about four feet apart, called the wagon track. There are marks between and about these ridges very much resembling horse tracks.— The scenery from this mountain is grand, though not extensive, only on the South-Western side, where, far over in Alexander, the Brush Mountains rise distinctly to view. Near you the peaks of the Blue Ridge present wild mountain scenery, while the space between the Brush and Blue Ridge appears one vast plain similar to that seen from the top of the Pilot. On every other side the appearance is that of a vast amphitheatre, range of hills rising upon range as they recede, until the most distant seem to commingle their tops with the skies.

From Stone Mountain we went to the Falls, about a mile and a half distant. They are on Big Sandy Creek, a small, but beautiful stream. They are said to extend a quarter of a mile, but the Falls, properly speaking, are about two or three hundred feet, not

exactly perpendicular, but nearly so.— They are grand and beautiful. Our guide informed us that a good many years ago, when game was plentiful, the neighbors, each in his turn, would visit the Falls in the morning to find the deer which had been dashed over during the night. An abundance of moss grows in the stream at the upper edge; the deer would go in to pick this, and venturing too near the precipice, would be carried away by the water. A little lower down the creek we found the Spring House. It is a cave, the passage to which is through an opening between two roots of a mountain mahogany. These form perfect door-facings. The bottom and sides of this cave are of soft stone; the top of hard rock. A perfect shelf is formed by a jutting piece of rock. The air within is so very cool as to make one chilly in a few moments during the hottest day. After looking at these and other attractive and curious objects, we returned to Mr. Roberts' highly delighted with our visit. It was nearly night when we arrived, and not having eaten anything since the early morn, we did ample justice to the ham, eggs, chickens, butter, and other *et ceteras* which awaited us.

On the morning of the 20th we moved off for Jefferson, the county seat of Ashe. We ate dinner at one Mr. Bryan's, commonly called "Old Frank Bryan." We found him to be, as he himself has it, a real "curiosity." He is eighty-five years old, his wife seventy-eight. He is still active and healthy, and told us some "*big tales*" of what he had just done, and what he could do, remarking, "my wife is much smarter

than I; she never puts a shoe on her foot in the summer. She is up every morning and milks a dozen cows before sun-rise." He informed us that his children, grand-children, and great grand-children, numbered one hundred and thirty, and that one of his great grand children was just married. He has an excellent spring gushing out of a rock, which, he says, is the "best in America," though we found several better. He served under general Jackson against the Indians, once represented Ashe county in the Legislature, is second cousin to the celebrated Daniel Boone, &c., &c. Just before arriving at Bryan's we passed near the highest peak of this part of Blue Ridge. It is called the "Bull Head." Several of our party ascended it. The view from its summit was the best we had yet had. To the Northeast at the foot lies the imposing and majestic scenery of the Blue Ridge. Beyond it a level plain stretches out to the view, while far, far away in the happy distance, the Saura Town and Pilot mountains appear. To the South, nearest you, the same scenery presents itself to the delighted vision. Over beyond one vast extended plain stretches out as far as the eye can reach. To the west and Northwest, the eye looks upon one endless succession of mountain peaks, forming some of the most sublime of mountain scenery. On the evening of the 22d, we arrived at Jefferson, having travelled over as bad roads, through as magnificent scenery and as fine a country as exists in North Carolina. The coldest water and the purest air are enjoyed by the inhabitants, while the fertile earth showers its choicest fruits upon them. Jefferson is

a pretty little village of five or six hundred inhabitants, situated in an attractive little plain near the bases of the lofty mountains, the Negro, the Phoenix and the Paddy.

Numberless high hills and mountains rise in every direction. Cool breezes from the mountain heights fan the place, while it is supplied with the coldest water. We did not visit any of the neighboring mountains, but the Negro, from whose summit the prospect is said to be unsurpassed by any in the State. The mountain took its name from the circumstance of a runaway negro's having harbored himself for a long time in a considerable cave which is on its Northern side. Most of the party who ascended it were disappointed, because they went no farther than the "Northern Nob." From it the scene is pretty good; but from the "Southern Nob," the scene is one of transcendent magnificence. The Grandfather and several other lofty mountains appear in the misty distance. To the South, Southeast and Southwest the Blue Ridge is plainly seen, while towering above far, far beyond the Pilot is dimly seen. Both Pinnacles are clearly seen through a glass. New River, a considerable stream, is also visible as it winds its rapid course from the heights of the Blue Ridge, looking like beautiful streaks of light amidst the innumerable hills and mountains through which it makes its way. On every side the most dazzling beauty and the most magnificent prospect appear. Mountain upon mountain, valley after valley, all dotted over with farms, farm-houses and beautiful cottages, strike the enraptured gaze in every direction, and in

endless succession. At the time of our visit there were many flitting clouds on the firmament. These appeared to float on the mountain's sides and cling to their very tops. Mountains, hills and vales were variegated by the most brilliant checkers caused by these flying clouds.

At Jefferson we made the acquaintance of two very clever gentlemen—Messrs. Crumper, an old Chapel-Hillian, and Wagg. They showed us every kindness and attention and caused the time we spent about Jefferson to be the most pleasant part of our trip. They took us up fifteen or twenty miles beyond Jefferson, near the Tennessee and the Virginia line, to some creeks for the purpose of fishing and hunting. We left Jefferson on the morning of the 25th, and arrived at our destination on the night of the same—having traveled over some of the worst roads in existence. Some of the party having wandered off got lost and had to sleep on the side of the mountain without anything to appease their hunger, which must have been intense after wandering about as much as they did. They however had the good fortune to catch some fire with their guns. Next morning they retraced their steps to the place at which they left the wagon, and by that means found the Camp. June 29th—All turned out to sport. Crumper and one of our number took horses and went up the creek nearly into Virginia. The hunters did very well, killing a great deal of game. The fishermen, however, were not so successful. We fished for the Trout, a most beautiful fish, found no where in North Carolina except in the mountain streams of

this and the neighboring counties.—They are from nine to eighteen inches in length, are covered with red spots and glitter when exposed to the sun.—When cooked they are of a reddish color. They have few small bones in them; upon the whole are a most excellent fish. The following is the manner of fishing for them: You take chicken-feathers—white or red—form with these an artificial fly, seize it on where the hook is joined to the line.—This you skim over the top of the water. The Trout being fond of flies jumps at it when he sees it. It must be the finest kind of sport. The cause of our catching none was the lateness of the season and the muddiness of the water, a heavy rain having just fallen. We set out on our return to Jefferson on the morning of the 27th, via the Alleghany mountains, which was said to be the best route. From the top of the peak we crossed was some very pretty scenery. We arrived at Jefferson late in the evening, having enjoyed ourselves finely notwithstanding our disappointment, so well were we entertained by Messrs. Crumper and Wagg.

On the morning of the 28th, we bade our friends and Jefferson good bye, and set out for Chapel Hill, thinking to return of by way Salisbury, Ashboro', and Pittsboro', but when we arrived at Wilkesboro', the majority of the company being in favor of returning by the shortest route, we came back by Salem, Greensboro' and Graham. We stayed in Salem part of one day and a night.—Next day we marched to Greensboro' intending to spend the 4th July there. The day was ushered in with all the usual parade, the firing of cannon, ring-

ing of bells, etc., but we were prevented from seeing the gifted daughters of the town and hearing the eloquence of one of her sons by the flood of rain which fell there. Late in the evening, after the rain was over, we moved off. Haw River being swollen by the rains we had to go some eight or ten miles out of our way. We arrived at the University on the evening of the 9th of July, having been absent thirty one days, and having traveled more than four hundred miles. No one regretted his trip—all were delighted and benefited. N.

THE STUDENT'S GRAVE.

BY W. C.

In a spot where the weeping young willow tree grows,
Where the ever-green cedars their slender limbs wave,
And the clear running brook babbling on as it goes
By the old churchyard gray, is the poor student's grave.

He sleeps, from his once happy home far away,
From his comrades so kind, and the loved ones so dear,
Where the wild bird his requiem chants with blythe lay,
And the daisies so meek deck his cold tomb so drear.

All lonely he sleeps ; no friend kind and true,
No fond weeping mourners draw sighing around
To mingle their tears with the morn's early dew,
No compassion, no sympathy, hallows the ground.

His forehead was pressed by no mother's fond hand,
No sister angelic was hovering o'er,
But by strangers surrounded, and in a strange land
Cast homeward his eyes, and knew sorrow no more.

Ah ! little he thought, when the light from above
Like the bright glow of fire was kindling his eye,
That he ne'er should return and enjoy the pure love
Of his kindred and friends, when he bid them good bye.

A PLEA FOR COQUETRY.

A fair correspondent of the Home Journal, thus prettily puts in

"A PLEA FOR COQUETRY."

It cannot be that this poor heart
Has loved to learn false an art,
Its innocence forgetting;
That faithless thing I have not been,
That steals away an angel's mien,
And goes about coquetting.

An' if it be, why should I care,
Since *all* the world is "false as fair?"
In vain is all regretting;
Things are so little what they seem,
I yet may nurse a pleasant dream,
Nor mean to be coquetting.

And what if in some former years
A better bliss was turned to tears,
And all the world grew hateful!
There blooms a rose—poor Pity's dower;

Why not in passing, pluck the flower?
I would not seem ungrateful.

What if I find in many a one,
What others seek in one alone!
Brief love for love begetting!
Oh! call it *cruelty refined!*
A generous weakness of the mind—
But call it not coquetting.

Think not I'd love another's pain,
Or crush the heart I but enchain,
Its helplessness betraying.
The bee, close shut within the flower,
Should gather honey all the hour,
Nor mourn the sweet delaying.

If Conscience, when he chides the elf,
Should say he went there of himself,
How could he curse the fairy?
He still should love the dear conceit,
That poisoned him in cell so sweet,
And learn to be more wary.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

When we open a newspaper and glance at the editorial, the first thing that attracts our attention is usually a tirade of abuse against some other editor, who was unfortunate enough to advocate the claims of his party and say something against the opposition. The contest at first is general, but becomes warmer and warmer, until at length the editors become personal and enter into a regular quarrel. Indeed their satire and shrewd remarks at each other's expense, are very amusing. This, however, seems to be their peculiar province. They are partisans, and seem to think that they should resort to *any* means which will tend to the furtherance of their respective parties. There is no argument, however, in abuse, and especially it will not convince the world that a body of men are wrong if we do prove one in the number to be a rascal. We are glad that we are not politicians. The contest is now a warm one, in fact warmer than it has been since the log-cabin and hard-cider times of Harrison. But we are mere spectators. We have no new-fangled thunder bolt to hurl at either party. When we sit down to write *our* editorial, our thoughts glide smoothly across our minds, and we quietly pen them off on any subject which we think may be of interest to our readers. And as most of you, kind readers, are young men or *boys*, we will, in the first place, make a few remarks which were suggested a short time since, by reading the following sentence:—"If I were to travel only that I might be discontent with that which I get at home, methinks I should go but on a fool's errand."

He who can supply the best means to satisfy our moral desires, if we may so

speak, is to some extent a benefactor.— But it is impossible to satisfy all our desires, and the satisfying one inevitably creates another, so he must be the happiest who has the fewest desires. To illustrate the position we will take a common farmer who is in easy circumstances in a moral neighborhood. His income from year to year is sufficient. He labors during the working months, and after harvesting time his horn and hounds may be heard at dawn in the wild woods, while at night he sleeps as none but the honest farmer sleeps.— His daughters are not concerned about the latest fashions, and his sons find no pleasure in a bottle or Bowie-knife. His Sabbaths are spent in pious devotion, and he knows nothing of *fashionable* religion. "But the destroyer comes." Some relative visits him from the West, and tells him of a fertile valley there teeming with life. He asks him simply to visit it and see for himself. He is soon there wandering among fine buildings, fat flocks and cotton stalks whose tops he is unable to touch. The barrens of Carolina become contemptible in his eyes. He determines to emigrate, and his native hills and the ashes of his fathers are soon left behind. In a few years he partakes of the spirit around him. At dawn he is just turning over to take his morning nap; his daughters have a day in each week set apart for shopping; and his sons become *gentlemen*. On Sabbath he goes to church in a "coach and four," and listens to a tedious sermon. His moral desires are increased and supplied, but they create others, and now who is the benefactor? Has not this man "traveled that he might be discontent with what he got at home,"

and did he not "go but on a fool's errand?"

But it is not of the man settled in life we wish to speak, it is of the young one, and he who is most accustomed to going on "fool's errands." The sentence above quoted is merely suggestive, and if we only confine ourselves to it at pleasure, we must of course be excused. We have heard much of leaving our State after receiving a good education; our commencement orators have told us that it was against her best interests; and besides this we have seen bright stars rising in the West, which should of right adorn the galaxy of Carolina. It is said that we are aspirants, and that we see no chance of being promoted at home, and for this reason we seek a home else where. This is so, but still the state is not to blame; every one knows that it requires age and experience to make laws, and besides there is ample scope for the exercise of youthful talent in other fields. The great orators Cicero, Demosthenes and Patrick Henry, made their first great speeches at the age of twenty-seven, and when a young man, in this advanced age, shall make a speech that will in the least degree rival either of those, then we willingly yield the point.

We contend that merit, like murder, will out. You may smother it for awhile, but you can never extinguish it. We hear talk of "blushing unseen," but it would be a rare thing to cite an instance. How can we tell whether a man was ever uncommonly talented and not appreciated? how could we find it out? If a man is very talented, of course he must give us some evidence before we can find it out, and from the moment it is found out, he must of course cease to "blush unseen?" He may live for some time without being found out, but if he is human he will eventually do, speak, or write something, that bears the impress of genius. You might as well try to hide a

light in the dark, as to crush genius,—premature death alone can make "a mute, inglorious Milton." A physician who gets a lucrative practice in a neighborhood when there is no other physician, of course deserves no credit, and when we leave our own State it is with the intention of settling down where there are but few aspirants,—and if we rise in that case, what credit do we deserve? There is nothing manly in a giant's fighting with a score of pigmies, but manliness consists in contending with equals. Is it not then best to stay at home, and if we rise, why, we rise worthily? To receive the plaudits of our nearest friends—gray-haired men who dandled us on their knees when we were infants—should be more glorious than to be idolized by a whole nation.—A boy, when he performs an act that elicits the praise of a crowd, is never satisfied until he receives the additional praise of his father and mother,—it is the praise of those that thrills him most with joy. And it is thus the man should act relative to his native state, and it is thus he does act although he leaves it. When we determine to go else where, we are most certain to think to ourselves, "now I will go West, and become distinguished and surprise them in Carolina. The boy that left them will return with 'Honorable' to his name, and be worshipped as a great man." If we knew we could go to a strange land and become distinguished, and it would not be found out at home, not one of us would go. Why is it?—simply because we want the praise of our friends, it is that that first incites us to greatness. Let us then stay among them at once, and let them mark our onward and upward course.

—
We have never noticed college to be as quiet as it is this session. The number of students is larger than it has ever been heretofore, and we would think that noise and disturbance would be increased. In-

stead of this there is usually a perfect stillness. Duties are so regular and seem to be so punctually attended to, that there is a kind of monotony about College. We will not call it *monotony*, it is *harmony*, and it is thus that College affairs should ever move on. An occasional *civil* excitement, by way of variety, might stir us up, but our minds should be so well trained that we could apply them the whole session without unbending them.

The quietness of College is by no means an evil omen. It shows in the first place that all are studying, and in the second that the standard of morality has been raised. The latter, we believe, is pretty generally conceded. We are now among the oldest members of College, and we have noticed a material change for the better. We have also heard old citizens in the village express the same opinion. The number of students has increased annually, and to what causes must we attribute the improvement in morals?

The different minds, customs, and manners of all parts of the country are brought together here. We are all young here, with strong passions, and we would think it the last place that morality would improve at. And if the standard has been raised here, it is very plausible to suppose that it has been raised all over the country. But it is a fact that it has not. The continued prosperity of our nation forbids it. We are falling into luxury, and immorality is a sure concomitant of it. All of us may have noticed the morals in our different neighborhoods or towns, and we can note the decline within our own recollections. The rising generation especially understands the different phases of vice to perfection. And if our public halls are desecrated *now*, who can portray the scenes that will be enacted in them when the rising generation occupies them? If boys now have the sense at the age of twelve that our fathers had at

twenty-one, knowledge and vice must be very closely allied. We cannot understand the secret of it, but, young America! Our fathers could only carry on one, the acquisition of knowledge, at once, but our boys can carry on both, the acquisition of knowledge and practice of vice.

PARTY SPIRIT.—It is said, as regards national politics, that two great parties are necessary to the preservation of liberty. They stimulate each other to active exertion, and at the same time check each other from making impolitic moves. But no wise man says that they should be so deadly arrayed against each other as to become inveterate enemies, and indulge in low abuse. It should be beneath intelligent man to carry his point with harsh words and intrigue. Reason should be his Goddess, and to her voice alone he should listen. And it has ever been, and will be true, that, when great questions are at issue, and enthusiasm runs riot among the people, some noble deliberating minds will adjust matters and calm the troubled waters. Why, therefore, spend our breath in uttering oaths, and our strength in making *forcible* gestures, when at last some patriot, calm, amidst the storm, devises means, and with one mighty effort of the mind, settles the question. We have seen a crowd of men moving a heavy body, and about three-fourths straining and groaning while one-fourth moved the body. What do these groans effect in moving the body? Why just about as much as the animated discussions at church through the country, and loud oaths and sore heads at musters and elections, effect in settling weighty political questions. Noise, however, seems necessary, perhaps, something like a gun, we are unable to do execution with it without a loud report. Again the noise of the people effects as much as the report of the gun, but like the report may be ne-

cessary. It is probably an incentive to the patriots, and makes them feel more forcibly that there is *really* something of interest at stake. But we must not pursue this subject, it is not of party-spirit in this light we wish to speak, but of party-spirit in College.

Here too we have the "trail of the serpent;" here 'too sometimes we—

———"disturb a whole ocean,
To waft a feather or drown a fly."

It is true we have no questions of weight at issue, but we have seniors to marshal, balls to conduct, and last, but —, a Magazine to edit. Thus two parties are created, party-spirit rages, and, as a consequence, some rare scenes are enacted. The equilibrium of College is disturbed, and it may be at present, that the part of the preceding article relating to quietness, is not appropriate. We see the men from the mountains and the men from the piny woods of the East contending against each other, and there is as much a "to do" about it, as if the destiny of the Universe depended on it. We must have officers, it is true, but can we not elect them without engendering bitter feelings, and exciting sectional strife?—Two parties are not necessary here, and why create them? Does it not look like dividing a house against itself?

It is strange how much diversity of opinion exists relative to the same matter, a fight for instance. In our courts, twenty witnesses may be examined and no two will fully concur. So it is necessary to consider the whole testimony and strike a balance. The diversity in court is not caused by prejudice, but is simply a weakness in our nature,—no two can see the same thing alike. Here it is different: party-spirit rages to such an extent that we are actuated by prejudice.—If a difficulty occurs, it is impossible for any one who is not present to get a correct statement. There will be two reports

opposite in their natures. We can convince ourselves of almost any thing, and when prejudice and excitement are joined together, why we might almost be made to attack wind-mills. Each party eventually becomes convinced that it is in the right, that the opposition has misrepresented the difficulty, and thus every difficulty arrays them more strongly against each other. The spirit is a growing one, and does not end with our College career. When we get out in the world and join one of the great political parties, we have been so much accustomed to blindly following our party in College, whether right or wrong, that we are apt to be actuated by prejudice instead of reason. We are inconsistent in our views and are in danger of becoming fanatics. Here we become so accustomed to acting through excitement, that we are in danger of losing sight of reason. We look at nothing with the naked eye, but blinded by party-spirit, we view every thing in the relation it sustains to party, and often we make party issues in affairs that have nothing to do with party.

There is another consideration connected with party-spirit after we leave College, one plainly manifested in our Legislature, that is, this same eastern and western feeling. It is here that the different sections of the state are first divided against each other; it is here that the youth first come in contact, and a feeling is engendered that is cherished through life. It is true but few of us become personal enemies, but there are barriers which prevent intimacy. Our interests are nearly connected now, and will continue so hereafter: so which is the politic course?

The successful party after an election has simply triumphed with numbers, physical force, and what is praise-worthy about that? We came here for a higher

purpose, but we will not urge this, it is plain to all.

Party-spirit at best causes many a youth to waste his time. It attaches more importance to College offices, and he is scheming from the time he enters. But how delusive! A College office is not what you think, "it is a shadow in water, and you will only get a ducking in attempting to catch it."

"With that he smiled a little, and they all laughed, and none louder than those who stood too far off to hear the jest."—Scott, every one acknowledges, understood human nature as well as any other man. He could dissect, as it were, the human heart, examine its inmost recesses, and explain its workings. In the connection in which the above quotation is brought up, a character is represented as being very witty, and always ready to entertain a crowd. When he made a remark it was taken for granted that it was a good one, and the laugh was propagated, if we may use the word, through the crowd; but when "he smiled a little," something extra had been said, and all were convulsed. Well, if laughing lengthens our days, it does as much good to laugh at nothing as something. It is pretty much the same as laughing at probabilities. We think to ourselves sometimes if such and such a thing would occur, what a good joke it would be, and laugh as heartily as if it had really occurred. But how often do we laugh when we have not heard what was said? Almost daily. Especially do we laugh when a man makes a remark who is reputed as being witty, sometimes when we are fifty yards off. Some are placed in ridiculous positions by it. They laugh when nothing funny is intended. Persons then feel that they have done something weak, and their countenances change very fast. "It is a great thing to know when to laugh." Addison gives us an account of

a Theatre in London which was always attended by a shrewd old fellow, who was able to appreciate every thing good. He carried a large club, and when anything pleased him, came down with it with his whole strength. The house never failed to follow his example, knowing that something good had occurred. Addison suggests that a man should be *employed* in every Theatre specially for the purpose. Not a bad idea, and we think it would be well to employ some man who can appreciate good jokes, and make him stand near the speaker in every crowd, that we may always know when to laugh, for verily we spend a great deal of breath for nought.

It is an old saying, that when Calhoun took snuff, South Carolina sneezed; this too is applicable. If a distinguished man were to come here and make a remark in the Chapel, and laugh himself, the whole Chapel would be in an uproar. Another consideration, if a very unpopular fellow would make a remark in there, and laugh himself, we all would sneer. We heard neither remark, and why the different effect? It is the influence of something, and what is it? There is much in the source whence a thing derives its origin.

We understand from a reliable source that the Trustees of the University have determined to erect more new buildings. We regard this as a judicious movement and one which will reflect credit upon the very honorable gentlemen who proposed it. The long continued prosperity of the institution together with its increasing popularity and usefulness renders it in the highest degree improbable that the buildings should ever be vacated for want of occupants. For several years past they have been totally insufficient to accommodate the number of students and from a calculation made in the last number of the Magazine, it appears that not one-half

of the number now in attendance can be supplied with rooms within the College walls. We repeat that this is an important movement and one which the necessity of the case loudly called for. We only hope that the rapidity of execution may be proportioned to the urgency of the demand.

But while these improvements are being made it may be well to guard against some evils which are now felt and which will be more severely felt as the number of students increases. It can have escaped the attention of no one, not even the most unobservant of those visiting the University how very little attention is paid by the students to the preservation of health. We confess that it pains us to see young men entering College with the flush of health upon their cheeks and the hope of future honors beaming in their eyes, neglect to attend to exercise until the ravages of disease have incapacitated them for any severe mental exertion. In this condition they are compelled either to leave College or to spend the remainder of their time in unsuccessful attempts to prepare recitations from which they receive neither profit nor pleasure. Nor is this all to be deplored. Young men joining College cannot fail to observe the pale faces and attenuated forms which characterize some of the older students, and they very naturally conclude that loss of health and severe application go hand in hand. Their course is therefore marked with levity and an inattention to their studies, preferring a moderate proficiency in learning to what they consider the other alternative, an injured constitution with a well-disciplined mind. In this way a species of mental apathy is produced in some, which must prove fatal to all their hopes of becoming ripe scholars.—The expectations of parents and guardians are blasted and they see with sorrow their sons and wards return after four year's absence but little wiser than

they were when they set out for College. Now surely there is some remedy, in part at least, for this evil. Something is needed which will stimulate the students to take wholesome exercises—those which will bring into play every muscle and sinew of the body, and we know of nothing which will do this more effectually than a good gymnasium. Such a one as would answer our purpose would cast but a trifle compared to the incalculable advantages which would be derived from it. The exercises are such as would invigorate the body and enliven the mind, and they would certainly be more efficacious for the preservation of health than all the nostrums, cosmetics and lotions which can be found.

The erection of a gymnasium would, we think, have a decidedly moral effect upon College. Having something else to amuse them young men would hardly then as now "make night hideous" with whooping, horn-blowing and bell-ringing. Such customs would be abandoned and numbered with the "things that were." Until some other source of amusement presents itself all attempts to correct such irregularities will be fruitless. They spring from an exuberance of youthful spirit which must have something upon which to vent itself.

To show that we are not speaking altogether unadvisedly upon this subject we subjoin an extract from a letter received a few days ago from a friend who is now an acting professor in a Southern College. He says:

"I have alluded to gymnastic exercises once or twice; it is possible that I told you all about them when I saw you last, but I may as well mention them again. These exercises are certainly the best things ever devised for students. How many young men do you see returning from Colleges with pale and wan countenances, enfeebled constitutions and broken spirits. They have cultivated

their minds, it is true,—they have laid up treasures of knowledge which ought to make them distinguished men; yet we never hear of them, and why? The reason is obvious. It is because, by exclusively cultivating their mental faculties to the utter neglect of their physical powers they have sapped the very foundation of their physical system, thus destroying the mansion in which the mind dwells and rendering themselves forever unfit for any regular labor either of body or mind; for as the manifestations of mind are made through matter it is essential that the body be in a sound condition if we wish to have the mind act well. The ancients were not ignorant of this as the expression, "*Luna mens in corpore suno*" shows.

Detailing to some extent the history of gymnastics, he concludes:

"I regard — College as possessing advantages which are enjoyed by few institutions of learning. In order that you may estimate the profit which I have received from the use of these exercises I will relate a little of my own experience. When I first came here I had apparently good health, but was not able to bear the least exposure or fatigue. I was weak and debilitated. My nervous system was completely deranged. Headache accompanied with dizziness I had daily. Two years have now elapsed and during the whole time I have taken gymnastic exercises and now my muscles have become strong and well-knit; my arms are three inches larger in circumference and my breast has expanded so much that I dare not tell you for fear you will disbelieve the statement. There is not that depression, debility and indolence that I use to feel and withal I never suffer with the headache. My awkwardness too has been overcome—am active, strong and have energy enough to undertake anything. I never knew the pleasures of health until now, and I am resolved that, wherever my lot is cast, I will never be

deprived of the use of a gymnasium as long as I am engaged in sedentary pursuits."

Thus much from one where sound judgment and cultivated mind are only equaled by his constant efforts and intense desire to ameliorate the condition and promote the happiness of his fellow beings. With these remarks we leave the subject, not without a hope, however, that our attempt will not be altogether unsuccessful in awakening attention upon a subject which involves so much of the happiness and misery of mankind.

EARLIEST EFFORTS IN FAVOR OF INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—PATRICK HENRY—GENERAL WASHINGTON—GOVERNOR NASH—GOVERNOR CASWELL.—The earliest statute in relation to Internal Improvements in this State, is, we believe, "An Act to establish a company for the opening of the Catawba river," passed in 1788—(Iredell's Revisal, ch. xxi, p. 635.) The Dismal Swamp Canal Company, the object of which was to connect the waters of the Pasquotank with Elizabeth river, in Virginia, was incorporated in 1790.

The following letter from PATRICK HENRY to Gov NASH, the autograph of which is in our possession, will serve to show the first prompting, and the early and powerful influence, which secured the accomplishment of the latter work:

RICHMOND, Jan'y 25th, 1786.

Dear Sir: I send this by an Express, which carries to your Governor certain Reflections on the subject of opening a canal from Pasquotank to the Waters of Eliza. River. I shall be extremely glad to know your sentiments on this Matter, so interesting to a great part of this country, and, as it seems to me, beneficial in a high degree to yours. The Lands lying in reach of the Dan. River on both Sides, so excellent in Quality, and at present so unproductive to their owners, will feel an exceedingly great change, and be rendered convenient by the proposed canal. At the Falls of Roanoke

large, flourishing town must arise, because the planter must take leave of his Tobacco, as is seen at all our Falls of the Rivers; any rate, it presents to Carolina the option of a new port, which she may use or not, as is most to the interest of her people. A never-ceasing demand for Lumber, Naval Stores, Beef, Pork, &c., &c., and your other products, will be found at Norfolk, at which place is in contemplation for your States to collect the Duties on Importation as your Laws may impose, but in no possible Event to pervert to any particular advantage any circumstance which in future may happen to arise from the canal. Sufficient security against such abuse will be found, if not from the Faith of our Laws, from the South End of the canal being in Virginia jurisdiction and liable to be even destroyed, so ordered as to preserve the Reciprocity which is given by our Assembly. But indeed as a border of Lands high up the Dan and near the proposed canal, as well as an individual wish to well to both Countries, I am greatly constrained to hear that some with you oppose this measure. Gen. Washington, who has the same much at heart, has suggested the Route by Pasquotank as much preferable to that by Crutwick, which last would not require a canal through any ground of Virginia, and on a view of the opinion of that great man, so attentive and persevering to accomplish whatever tends to the general good, is found to be right. He is gone on to surmount the Difficulty suggested by Pennsylvania, as well as that which nature interdicts in the navigation of the western country by Potomac to the sea. May we not hope for success where a more enlightened policy will decide, and much less labor and expense will be requisite?

I have not long since become an adventurer in your country. I am vastly sanguine in your value. On the waters of Little Pee Dee I've 12 or 15,000 acres, and on Wagramaw 8,000. The first, rich swamp, easily reclaimed; the last, of the best Quality for Tar. I am preparing to make some Trial of them in cultivation, and propose putting one of my sons beside there to make the Experiment. If I am not much mistaken, these lands are equal to any, in richness of soil and convenience for raising and securing against freshes. Pray be so good as to write me if you think I am not mistaken, and if convenient Tar can be got your way on good Terms. I am pleased to excuse the Trouble of this long letter. I will send you the Resolutions, but

the messenger waits and there is not time to copy them. I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you whenever you shall pass this Way, and am, with great esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your Obedt Servant,

P. HENRY.

Hon'ble ABNER NASH, Esq.

Will you please give to Mr. Martin's letter a safe conveyance?

The subjoined letter, written by a distinguished gentleman of this State, will no doubt awaken many pleasing reminiscences of college days in the minds of some of our readers. We appreciate and honor the feeling which prompted its author to write it, and respectfully request similar favors whenever his leisure will permit:

To the Editors of the University Magazine:

The epitaph on "Spread Eagle," an old Chapel Hill hack, published in the last number of your interesting Magazine, has awakened a pleasing reminiscence of by-gone college days. We have seen that epitaph in the manuscript of its gifted author, Mr. Junius A. Moore, of Wilmington, a "born poet" of the highest order, written when he was a mere boy; and we have seen many other fugitive pieces from the same mint, struck off at a single heat, quick as thought, that would have done no discredit to the pages of Scott or Byron.

It was a paraphrase of another epitaph, which had already canonized the same "illustrious dead," and to which we shall presently refer.

We remember that old horse well. He was a tall, slab-sided, raw-boned chestnut sorrel with a long blaze in his face, and his proper name was "Old Ball," sometimes called Spread Eagle in burlesque, after a celebrated racehorse of that name, that flourished about that time.

In the simple days of the Republic he had been employed in transporting the U. S. Mail between Chapel Hill and Hills-

boro', in a heavy leathern bag fastened on his back; and after a while he rose to the dignity of hauling the same ponderous load in an old stick chair, the ne plus ultra of mail accommodation at that time. During this arduous service, his tail had become so abraded and lacerated by the crupper, that in healing, the sinews and muscles had contracted, and so drawn it out of its natural position, that it hung gracelessly on one side.

His vacations were spent in hunting up for himself a precarious subsistence on the village common, and this miscellaneous pursuit had so obnubilated his faculty of discrimination meum, and tuum, that he was frequently found luxuriating in the neighboring fields of grain.

For these innocent mistakes and jocund pastimes he had been sorely punished—beaten with stripes, shot with salt, worried and bitten by dogs, and disgraced withal by having one of his ears cut off and an eye knocked out. He looked upon man (with an eye single) as his natural enemy, and ran away instinctively at his approach; while the crack of a shot gun or bark of a cur, in his neighborhood, would throw him into fits. Such was "Old Ball;" and a more unsightly, ungainly looking quadruped of the equus genus could no where be found.

But he was of great speed and bottom, of indomitable spirit, and game to the last.

After quitting the service of the General Government, he was kept for many years to hire to the "boys," and this was another of the old steed's unfortunate jumps "out of the frying pan into the fire."

The last time we remember to have seen him caparisoned for the road, a couple of wild chaps had him for a trip to Raleigh.

To improve his appearance, they had tucked his sound ear under the head-stall to look like he had been *foxed*; while his

tail was lashed to a piece of iron hoop bending upwards, with the nether end fastened to the driving reins, to give him the fashionable *nick* tail.

At the word "Ball" screeched in his ears, he was *off* in a 2.40, nondescript, shambling gait, neither amble, trot, nor gallop, but *mixed*, cheered by the loud huzzahs of a crowd of "fellows" standing in Old Buck's (now Miss Nancy's) piazza.

But he died, and was buried; and the object of this communication is to request that you will procure and re-publish the tragico-comico story of his life, history and adventures, published in mock heroic verse on the occasion. Tradition ascribed the production to the pen of the Rev. Dr. W. H*****. We beg pardon of the Reverend gentleman for introducing his initials here; but he was a young man then, full of poetic genius, possessing a most vivid and keen sense of the ridiculous, and used to write some inimitable "fun-nys" for Commencement competitors.

As a piece of true poetic merit and genuine wit, no man, then or now, need be ashamed to own the bantling.

It told how the veteran hero had toiled and suffered in the service of his country; how he had for years "endured the rage of students young and rash," while he was at the same time the favorite locomotive of "the hill;" how the cruel and malicious had mutilated his body, and his fair proportions been marred by poverty and neglect; how, in an unlucky hour he had, by merest accident and from idle curiosity, visited Peter Brewer's wheat patch; had been set on by dogs, and in making a triumphant escape from the well-known fangs of his vile pursuers, after clearing a *stake and rider fence*, had, in his precipitate flight through the woods, been "*brought up*" on his blind side by a rude black jack, and had ignominiously and ingloriously fallen without

ever kicking! His neck broken!!—"Dead as Julius Cæsar!!!"

Then followed the college funeral train and the burial, and the epitaph, concluding with these memorable elegiac lines:

"And oft the mourner o'er his tomb shall fall
With streaming eyes, exclaiming "Here lies
Ball."

The piece first appeared in a Raleigh or Hillsboro' newspaper, about the year 1815 or 1816, and had a pretty general circulation.

Whoever may have a copy of it will, we hope, send it on to be re-printed and preserved in the University Magazine for
AULD LANG SYNE.

THE following complimentary notice of the University is taken from the North Carolina Argus, one of our favorite exchanges; and, by the by, we beg his many-eyed Majesty to accept our acknowledgments for the very flattering terms in which he speaks of *us* sometimes:

"THE UNIVERSITY.—From all accounts the University was never in a more prosperous condition than it is at this time. We are gratified at this intelligence.—There is no better Institution of the kind in America; nor can any other boast of a more able and efficient Faculty. And then the place! Young men who wish to spend four years in an earthly Paradise ought to go to Chapel Hill. It is one of the most delightful spots on this earth.—Ever since Governor Swain took charge of the University its course has been onward and upward: and in the language of Father Paul, we cannot help exclaiming, when we hear of the prosperity of our *Alma Mater*, *Esto perpetua!*

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The communication of "Junius" has been received. He is a fearless votary who invokes those same old Muses that Shakspeare, Byron, Burns, &c., so successfully invoked. Of course, we do not expect Miltonian or Homeric verse, but we want something

a little better than the common jingle.—Junius says that "every one should contribute something to the Magazine." We agree with him fully, and appreciate his motives highly. It is certainly improving; "try, try again," &c.

"LUE GLISTER's" dissertation on "the comparative inutility of the Greek language," we are compelled to decline; though it is by no means without merit. It is certainly one of the very best written articles we have received. His arguments, too, are sound and forcibly presented, but we think he has taken the wrong side of the question. Give us as good a discourse on the other side, Luc, and we will take pleasure in publishing it.

"NEA," your subject is a metaphysical one, but the treatment is decidedly puerile. We are surprised that as young a man as you seem to be should choose such a big subject; you should recollect "*parvum parva decent*." But why should we be surprised at any thing in this progressive age? Here, when our backs touch college walls, we are instantly converted into Solomons; and, moreover, how true is it that

"Here, too, chickens,
The callow, unfledged brood of forward folly,
Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,
And tune their note like full plumed chanticleer."

We make these remarks simply to suggest that contributors should always choose subjects that they can master. It is a good exercise to choose a subject a *little* above one's capacity, in order to draw out all his powers, but such pieces are not usually intended for, or worthy of, publication.

Most of our exchanges come regularly. We wish they all would do so. We notice the following new ones: Richmond Enquirer, Lexington and Yadkin Flag, Richmond Christian Advocate, Columbia Banner, Fayetteville Observer, The Daily

Wilmington Journal, Carolina Pennant, and Western Democrat—all valuable papers, and we consider them a great acquisition to our Reading Room. Exchanges usually are only read by the editors, but ours have a peculiar advantage. We place them in the Reading Room, and they are read by over three hundred students. It is of course a benefit to the students to read them, and besides, it is a benefit to the different papers. We become acquainted with them, and when we leave many of us may take them, and even if we do not, yet when we hear them spoken of, we have an idea of their respective merits. If we edited a newspaper, we rather it would stand first in a reading room than any where else we know of. A paper stands fair there compared with some of the very best in the Union. It is a right rigid test of a paper, for all kinds of criticisms are passed,

and probably some unjust ones among them.

PERIODICALS.—We have received only two since our last issue, and each one of these a month after publication. THE G. W. MAGAZINE for July and August contains some articles of high literary merit. The Address of Prof. McKay, which is concluded in this number, is marked with great clearness and depth of thought.—We have never seen a more lucid exposition of the subject on which it treats.

We welcome the appearance of our old friend, the SOUTHERN REPERTORY AND COLLEGE REVIEW, conducted by the Faculty of Emory and Henry College. The articles are all sound and characterized with unusual ability and taste. No one of our exchanges is read with more pleasure than this. We are only sorry that it is not published oftener than four times a year.

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DRINKING AND DRINKING SONGS.

DRAW.—Here, gentlemen, here's the quintessence of Greece: the sages never drunk better grape.
COOK.—Sir, the mad Greeks of this age can taste their Palermo as well as the sage Greeks did before them.—THE OLD LAW.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might
Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
And change eternal death into a night
Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep,
Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
She in her crystal vials did closely keep.—THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

We have great reverence for the olden time. There is in our heart no jot of scorn for its then wise, now venerable judgments. We have no sympathy with the dishallowing spirit of our day, which sees no worth, no most persuasive argument, in the mossed and ivied practices of generations now long since passed away; which must melt down the richly wrought workmanship of Parthenius or Cellini, the carved and embossed ideal of demi-gods and heroes, to test the fineness of the metal which that workmanship alone redeems from the common baseness of its kind; which will reduce all opinions, rules, methods, in the crucible of its own scanty experience, and reject all that its scanty measure cannot contain, and its feeble fires cannot transmute. For ourselves, we regard all antique usages, that wise men have for centuries ap-

proved, and brave men have for centuries followed, and stout-limbed and strong-hearted men have for centuries lived by and thriven upon, with a veneration, not, it may be, wholly indiscriminating, but most sincere and hearty.

We are not yet aware of any reason why this Nineteenth Century should be so very much wiser than those that have gone into the eternal past before it. We know doubtless many things, enjoy the use of many inventions, have our peculiar ways, suited to us and not to them, which they died in an unhappy, or it may be blissful ignorance of. But had they no secrets of mystic lore, mighty means of empire over the elements, now utterly forgotten? No devices of rare wisdom which made all the processes of their daily life rich in pleasant comforts, which gave them a

keener relish of the perfumes that float ever unnoticed around our dull and locked up senses, and which opened their eyes to the glorious vision of those forms of grace and beauty which Nature disdains to reveal—bounteous as she is in such bestowments, where hearts are prepared to feel them—to men of a temper so mechanical as ours? We can build railroads, and pass from place to place sixty miles an hour, while from the rising to the setting sun they marched heavily or rode wearily, scarcely half so far. But we can worship the Infinite in huts of logs, or barns, that not unfitly symbolize the groveling spirit of our worship, though the Persian, deeply touched by the mute yet all pervading harmonies of the world, and alive to its finer influences, selected the mountain tops, bright with the splendors of the coming day, as best becoming the unutterable aspirations of his devotion; and ages ago, the hillsides and summits of Greece were clothed with those marvelous structures, of which it is hard to tell whether they best expressed the matchless taste or the glowing faith in the Unseen of those who reared them; and in those ages which we call “dark,” under the inspiration of a faith, we say, no purer than our own, “rose like an exhalation” all over Europe, those magnificent memorials of humility at once, and hope, forests in stone, not less worthy than “God’s first temples,” for the loftiest utterances of praise and prayer. And now, the names of those who raised them have been let slip from our remembrance, and the principles on which they wrought have passed from our knowledge, and we have no faculty

of rivalry, or even of imitation, and can hardly boast with truth that we can understand the grandeur of their conceptions or estimate the strangeness of their skill. However the case may be in other matters—matters of science, for instance, where the materials of progressive knowledge can be accumulated and are preserved—granting that he who looks through Herschell’s telescope may know better “the order of the stars,” than he who gazed in wonder through Galileo’s “optic tube,” or the Chaldean shepherd, whose nightly study was those far off wandering orbs—yet in matters which concern the life of every day, on questions of morals, of health, of bodily strength, of a well adjusted organization of society, of natural sympathies and affections, how fast and far has the world gone onward in six thousand years?

In the one point of long life, had not those simple antediluvians some arts and appliances which it might be well for us to know? Can we compare ourselves in grace or form with those who furnished models to Praxiteles, or in the power of mere physical endurance with those stout Romans, whose stern will and no less stern muscle subdued the world? Do our Exchanges and merchants’ counters hope to train braver limbs than the Palæstra? Or are our fox hunts an equivalent for the Campus Martius? Has the passion of love grown in purity or intenseness since the day when, under the whispering boughs of Eden, in all the ecstasies of new-born passion, our first father welcomed to his bower “the fairest of her daughters, Eve?” When since has earth heard a bitterer out-

ery, when has the sun looked upon a sadder grief, than broke their hearts when the sudden wrath of Cain shed his brother's blood? When has a more terrible remorse haunted the soul, or marred the face of man, than that which drove out that wretched murderer from the presence of the Lord?" And of these things, too, that lie among the necessities of human life, in which every man has a valuable experience; in those in which all men judge, because all men have means of knowing; in the arrangements of social life, those silent laws, which all concur in obeying, because all had a hand in their making, those common and wide-spread customs, so universal and perpetual—that while we adopt them freely—they seem to have been forced upon us by a higher power than ours, or the result of the inmost needs of our humanity—the earliest sons of earth were surely as wise as we. No order of society has been contrived by the schemers of all generations, that has worked better, or won higher praise, than the Patriarchal system—a system now as grey and as venerable as earth itself—the product of the fresh thought of men and their free instincts, as yet uncorrupted by theory or grasping selfishness. What else than a return to repose under some faint shadow of it, would Fourier, and all the social regenerators of our day? What means that general struggle after a better state of things that now marks and mars all Europe, other than that the heart of man is yearning, passionately, however vaguely, to realize again, somewhere and somehow, that grand idea, long lost, and now perhaps impossible? Is

not this the excellence of our own government in the eyes of foreign dreamers, that it suggests that olden type—that it is, in some features, an echo of that earliest voice of human wisdom, and thus awakens hope for the oppressed?

There was no need, courteous reader, of all this discussion—we too are well aware of it—but our pen has its perverseness, as well as ourselves, and will sometimes run riot—and it is indeed a solemn pomp that introduces the very simple assertion which we sat down to write. Our purpose was barely to say that we have felt an affinity of peculiar nearness with our second great father, Noah, ever since we knew that "he planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine." Beside that new altar from which went up the thankful adoration of what then was all our tribe, while the gorgeous dyes of the now consecrated bow were just fading from the sky, and the voice of the promise that "seed-time and harvest shall not cease," was yet echoing in their ears, he, the obedient and the wise, sought no higher service from the restored earth, and chose no other expression of his reliance on those words of hope to him and all mankind. What better assurance than this can we ask, what authority more absolute, if we too would "plant a vineyard and drink of the wine."

We would indeed not imitate the error into which our most respectable progenitor, in the infancy of experience, or rather without experience, was led. He also learned speedily the uses of *ne quid nimis*, and, though "he lived after the flood three hundred and

fifty years," he erred in this respect but once. We are no lovers of excess.—We are not Sons of Temperance, as, we believe, our editors are; we should—with their peace we may say it—we should scorn to be held of such maternity. We account good wine too precious to be wasted, and ourselves too noble to be abused in profane wassailings. Our fancies, in this kind, are restrained to a sober indulgence—an indulgence of taste and sentiment and gentle exhilaration of the imagination and spirits. Yet we have some fellow-feeling, too, with a generous jollity.—We rather think we should have enjoyed being at that capital midnight *gaudolum* of cowed heads, in the Golden Legend; and though in our niceness we might not have approved all that was there, we are sure that our foot would have kept time, if even our voice had not chimed with Friar Paul, as he sang:

Ave color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari,
Digneris potentia!

O! quam placens in colore!
O! quam flagrans in odore!
O! quam sapidum in ore!
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis?
Et beata labia!

We should like to have witnessed, perhaps not to have shared, the rather uproarious merry-making in the security of Alsatia, where Duke Hildebrod ruled and sang:

Old Sir Peter, the King,
And old Sir Peter, the King,

With his mulberry nose,
And his beer-dropped hose—
Hey dong ding a dong ding.

We should not have refused, we think to have stood by, as Hintermayer did at that famous bout of Count Emich of Leiningen and the Lord Abbot of Limburg, a bout which, if any thing could do so, the stake on its issue—"fifty casks of gentle wine"—might excuse.

Having, to save our conscience, made such reservations, we declare that our *penchant* is a matter of sentiment, and of reverent regard to venerable usage. It is a sentiment, not an appetite.—"Bald-face" whiskey is too mean, and Cogniac too hot for us. We can enjoy the ingenious humor of the Adjutant's "Twistimony in favor of Gin Twist;" but whether in slings, or cock tails, or schnapps, we are not partial to the flavor of juniper. But wine! glorious wine! There is poetry in the very word! What a vision it conjures up of purple vintages; of golden clusters; of the fatness of the earth, animating the vine, giving a soul to the grape, swelling and rejoicing the vein of both, till in luxuriant ripeness their blood is ready "to make glad the heart of man;" of frolicksome youths and happy maidens, with thankful and mirthful songs, not without the dance hymning and celebrating the God of wine, as they gather in, on the slope of Vesuvius, or the leafy borders of the Rhine, this richest harvest of nature's bounties; visions of the God himself with his motley crew, (though we have no great liking for Silenus,) Bacchus in the prime of youthful strength and beauty, with diadem of ivy and wreath

DRINKING AND DRINKING SONGS.

ed Thyrsus, and fawn-skin robe, and chariot, to which only leopards were worthy to be yoked, returning from the conquest of the Orient, the swaying multitudes on every side bowing in grateful worship as he passed, and prepared to show the irresistible might of his divinity on unhappy Lycurgus and the wretched son of Agave! Then, too, we are transported to those capacious vaults, where are stored the luscious juices, seething and ripening, in darkness and silence growing, as few things earthly do, year by year more and more perfect, and waiting in no sullen patience for the hour when the sun shall delight himself in their ruby and amber hues, and—that highest consummation of their destiny—they shall warm the blood and cheer the soul of the scholar and the sage. Often and long have we dwelt in Auerbach's cellar, where so many goodly casks were ranged around, and where the immortal Faust displayed the antics of his necromancy, and, like a wise man, drank. We pass down the heavenly stairs that lead to the underground apartments of that fine old convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest, "with a solemn and thoughtful and reverent pace," by the side of Friar Claus, and join most earnestly with him in

———a benediction on the vines

That produce these various sorts of wines.

We look around with something of awe on the rows of casks, each containing an imprisoned spirit, more potent and more benevolent than any elemental spirit whom subtle magician has ever unflasked, and listen to our companion's amusing voice:

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
And has stood a hundred years or more,
Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate and grave,
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the dead!
In its veins the blood is hot and red,
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak,
That time may have tamed, but has not broke!
It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
And costs some hundred florins the ohm;
But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.
And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,
The old rhyme keeps running in my brain:
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Wurtzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine!

As he fills the flagon, we feel, what the tasteful Friar says:

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and sings!
What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils!

Rarest perfumes, balsams of Arabia, rose-beds of Cashmere, cannot rival these ænanthic odors! And how medicinal!—how it steals over the senses, and pervades the frame with a soothing yet inspiring operation of calmness and repose, that fitly goes before the genuine relish we are in a moment to enjoy! Yet for an instant hear our excellent guide, and let another sense have its share in the delight; for as it runs, he chants joyously:

See how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of Autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the dews.

And when the eye is charmed, not

wearied with its beauty, the ecstasy approaches, and as he drinks and says, we drink and say :

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !
It flashes like sunshine into my brain !
A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends !

Thus does this mystic gift of the Gods appeal to every sense, enter thro' every avenue to the frame and soul of man, and fill the utmost capacity of each and-all with its rich and copious benignities : sparkling to the eye with the light of gems and stars : ravishing the ear with the musical cadences of its stream beyond the melody of falling brooks, or the tinkling of its drops more pleasing than the far-off tones of silver bells, scenting the air with fragrance more delicate than of rain-dropt flowers : gliding with soft, oily flow over the sensitive tongue : and as it nears the goal of its earthly uses, giving to the palate, for such space as is vouchsafed to man, the nectareous felicity of the Immortals. And now its last, best work, when it "ascends me into the brain"—diffuses its glowing influences through all the realms of thought and feeling ! when it unlocks the fettered tongue, makes clownish lips eloquent, opens the secret stores of wit, clears away wrinkles from the forehead, and clouds that overhang our future, arms the imagination with the wings of the morning, and clothes all hopes with the gorgeous splendors of the dawn, and unfolds the heart which much experience of life was closing up, and makes it cheerful, generous, loving, as the heart of man should be.

We can understand that the miser, whose jaundiced eye sees no comeliness

save in the pale complexion of his gold can refuse it ; and that the man of sluggish fancy, to whom a spade is—no suggestive sign of the toils of all human generations—only a spade, may feel no desire for its inspirations ; and that the fierce, imbruted temper that has been suckled by Hyrcanian bears might with sacrilegious hand hew down the growing vine ; but one in whom the ethereal spark has not yet lost its brightness, who would feel his veins filled and swelling with all the gentler humanities, must, perforce, cherish, revere, love an agent of so mighty power over the life, hopes, beatitude of man. Who would not laud, with the passionate devotion of a lover,

The wine
Of the vine
Benign,
That flames so red in Sansovine ?

For ourselves, much as we admire Ben Johnson, we never feel more inclined to envy him, and regret that we were born two centuries too late than, as Herrick describes him,

At those Lyrick Feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the triple Tunne :
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad.

We repeat with the completest satisfaction, what the same Herrick affirms of its exalting virtues, in his "Welcome to Sack :"

Thou mak'st me ayrie, active to be born,
Like Iphycus upon the tops of corn.
Thou mak'st me nimble as the winged hovers
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the sunbeams.

Nor is it a strained encomium, when elsewhere he says of the same excellent drink :

O thou the drink of Gods and Angels ! Wine
That scatter'st Spirit and Lust ; whose purest
shine
More radiant than the Summer's sunbeams
shows :

Each way illustrious, brave. ———

Tis thou, a'one, who with thy Mistick Fan,
Work'st more than Wisdome, Art, or Nature
can,

To rouse the sacred madnesse ; and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make
Them frantick with thy raptures, flashing
through

The soule like lightning, and as active too.

Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three

Castalian Sisters sing, if wanting thee.

Forace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,

Had'st thou not fill'd them with thy fire and
flame.

Phœbean splendour ! and thou Thespian spring !
Of which sweet swans must drink, before they
sing

Their true-pac'd numbers, and their Holy-
Layes,

Which makes them worthy Cedar and the
Bayes.

Nor can we wonder that one who knew
so well the excellent virtues of good li-
quor, should have left on record "How
he would drink his wine," or have cho-
sen so just a way :

Fill me my wine in christall : thus, and thus

see't in's *puris naturalibus*;

Unmixt. I love to have it smirke and shine,

'Tis sin, I know, 'tis sin to throttle wine.

What madman's he, that when it sparkles so,

Will coole his flames, or quench his fires with
snow ?

We call the "unmixt" a just way ; for
our own experience in this matter—and
we may add—though we are not given
to boasting, but simply that our expe-
rience may pass for what it is worth—
that we have tried all the ways we have
ever heard of—our own experience jus-
tifies it fully. There is only one excep-
tion. When we drink Falernian—
which, by the way, we import direct
from Messrs. Cotterell & Co. of Naples,

who are now, or were very lately the
owners of the *ayer Falernus*—we are
used to dilute it somewhat, as Horace
and Petronius did. But when we find
any other wine too fiery for our palate,
we simply—and we advise our wine-
bibbing friends to do the same—let it
alone. But to mingle water with La-
cryma Christi or Montepulciano, is no
better than a profanation. It spoils
the *bouquet*, debases the taste, humbles
the color, hinders and impairs its en-
livening inspirations. Wine so treated
is debauched, deflowered. We despise,
as Falstaff did, such "thin potations."

Of the venerable antiquity of the
usage we plead for, enough perhaps
was said in our reference to Noah.
Have those who in these last days vili-
fy the followers of this most ancient
practice, no pride of ancestry ? Are
they aware that they are defaming the
memory of their fathers ? For not he
only, whose good name surely it is the
duty of us all to guard, but an unbroke-
n succession of the wise and good,
from his day to ours, and a succession
not of individuals, but of tribes and
nations, have cherished this as their
best inheritance from him. Cato did
not disdain to warm his blood with
wine. Luther could not refrain
from singing "Wein, Weib, und Ge-
sang." The monks, in all their ages,
have treasured the precious liquid ; and
we have high authority for saying that,
as they planted themselves in one after
another portion of Europe, they went
doubly armed, and fought the battles
of the Church militant—as Sanballat
built the walls of the temple—with a
missal in one hand and a vine branch
in the other ; and when, beneath the

shadow of monastic walls, the grape hung out its tempting clusters, there also came and abode peace and refinement of manners; and so civilization and the vine have marched side by side onward to the reduction of the continent. Indeed, the old canon of Vincentius touching ecclesiastical verities, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, finds no better application, than to our doctrine of wine-drinking. And we desire no better argument against the Teetotalism of our day, than that the pestilent heresy has been reserved for the discovery of the Nineteenth Century: unknown to the wisdom, or rejected by the better taste of all the generations since the deluge; while yet they all, tonsured and untunsured, lived long, slept well, enjoyed a good digestion, fought stoutly, made discreet laws, philosophized wisely, and laughed heartily, and, when they had done the work they were appointed to on earth, went peacefully to their graves, with their conscience unburdened with the grievous fault of a self-willed, sullen, obstinate refusal to accept that genuine *Nepenthes*, which had been so kindly given to cheer their life. Rather let us, gentle reader, as ordinary mortals should do, in a becoming modesty, decline to think ourselves more knowing than all that have gone before us, and tread the old paths. Let us leave the *aquae potiores* under the frown of the Muses, and, in our hours of sadness or of mirth, when the coming of a friend exhilarates, or his farewell is about to make us melancholy, whether our spirits are high to enjoy it, or so low as to need exaltation, cleave to the cup which has made so many happy, and which

Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
Beyond the bliss of dreams.

There are three of us who are fond of a sober jollity, and who indulge sometimes, we cannot say often or seldom, in a quiet symposium of our own. Others, possibly, may do the like, or worse. Had the academic oaks around us a voice, they might tell strange tales. We certainly reveal no secrets. It may be they have not done well, who have hedged us round with prohibitions.—Youth is not much given to ascetic virtues, and many even who, if left to their free choice, would be content with a clear spring and maple dish, rebel instinctively against restraint, and go on to an excess which, but for the law, they would not have cared for, or might not have thought of. Perhaps, however, on such themes a discreet silence were best. Certainly we reveal no secrets.

But we three are of the same mind with Dean Aldrich, and subscribe *ex animo* to his reasons—not apologies—for drinking:

Good wine. A friend. Because you're dry.
Because you may be, by and by:
Or any other reason why.

The best of these reasons is, doubtless, a Friend; and however we may indulge now and then in a little private tipping on our several account—about which, of course, we make no confession—yet our best enjoyment of this sort is when the returning moon brings round again the season of our joint Gaudiolum. When that serene luminary is full-orbed, and from the central arch of heaven “sheds her selectest influences,” is our most propi-

tious hour. We are not lunatics. But the delicious coolness she pours upon us, her mysterious painting of the world in subdued shadows and tints of an infinite softness, the repose that over-spreads all nature, the deep shade of the trees above us, and the distant sight of hills and forests swimming in her pale and dizzy light, and above all, the crowning silence that enfolds us, and stretches away beyond the reach of thought through the illimitable sky, invite us with with resistless eloquence to our calm, grave deliberate Symposium. Where and how we meet, must—unless the Dons know more of such matters than we give them credit for—remain a mystery. We have not yet attained the classicality of the *lectus*, which, we suspect, was, after all, better suited to the luxurious indolence of the epicure, than to the sustained and earnest discourse which forms the larger part of our entertainment. We sit around a Tripod, for we have no Syrian minstrels to add their music to our hilarity, and our lungs need full play for the songs with which we startle the dull ear of night. Of the wit and wisdom of our converse, how it flows more clear and more bright, as the currents of our blood gush faster, until the stars grow dim, we shall say nothing. Only the songs we always sing, them will we give you; and, kind reader, be thankful for so much; for not every night can you hear, nor can you read every day, their like.

We begin, as students should begin, with a round—not a round there—which Plautus hath taught us, and each utters to his fellows in solemn voice: *Bene vos: bene nos: bene te: bene me: bene nostram etiam.*

Then, for we are classical still, one of us pronounces in recitative what a better toper than we said some centuries ago, and which serves as grace or prelude:

Here we securely live, and eate
The creame of meat :
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and doe Divine
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full, we charme ; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantick Thyrese :
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which, sung or seyd,
A goblet to the brim,
Of Lyrick wine, both swell'd and crown'd,
A round
We quaffe to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the howers,
In wine and flowers ;
And make the frolick yeere,
The month, the week, the instant day
To stay
The longer here.

Then our swarthy Ganymede trolls out, in his deep bass, an invitation to serious business, as follows : (Our Ganymede sings from the Hesperides.)

Drink up
Your cup,
But not spill wine ;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill signe ;
That we
Foresee
You are cloy'd here,
If so, no
Hoe,
But avoid here.

Then we set in, earnestly, as wise men should, and heartily, as only mer-

ry men can, and in a scholarly tongue as most beseems us, and treat ourselves at the outset with that noble lyric of Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, "who, in the time of Henry the Second (says Camden) filled England with his merriments, and confessed his love to good liquor, with the causes, in this manner :"

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori ;
Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum chori,
Deus sit propitius huic potatori.

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad superna.
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna
Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Suum cuique propriam dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui scribere jejunos ;
Me jejunum vincere posset puer unus,
Sitim et jejunium odi tanquam funus.

Unicuique proprium dat natura donum,
Ego versus faciens vinum bibo bonum,
Et quod habet melius dolia canponum ;
Tale vinum generat copiam sermonum.

Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo,
Nihil possum scribere, nisi sumpto cibo,
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos scribo,
Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur,
Nisi tunc quum fuerit venter bene satur,
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,
In me Phœbus irruit, ac miranda tatur.

Not for the sake of the uninitiated, for our readers are all Latiners—and we would commend the Archdeacon's song to the careful attention of the unhappy wights who are now embroiled with the metres of Horace—but for its own worth, and to further, as we may, the cause of good-fellowship, we subjoin an Imitation by Master Robert Harrison, of Durham, who, to the accident of having been the teacher of such

men as Stowell and Eldon, added the intrinsic merit of being a jolly companion, as his verses show, and who, we regret to say, has been more than fifty years "under the mools :"

I'm fix'd—I'll in some tavern lie,
When I return to dust ;
And have the bottle at my mouth,
To moisten my dry crust ;
That the choice spirits of the skies
(Who know my soul is mellow)
May say, ye gods, propitious smile !
Here comes an honest fellow.

My lamp of life I'll kindle up
With spirits stout as Hector ,
Upon the flames of which I'll rise
And quaff celestial nectar.
My lord invites me, and I starve
On water mixed with wine ;
But at *the grapes* I get it neat,
And never fail to shine.

To every man his proper gift
Dame Nature gives complete :
My humor is—before I write,
I always love to eat ;
For when I'm scanty of good cheer,
I'm but a boy at best ;
So hunger, thirst, and Tyburn tree
I equally detest.

Give me good wine, my verses are
As good as man can make 'em ;
But when I've none, or drink it small,
You'll say, The devil take 'em.
For how can any thing that's good
Come from an empty vessel ?
But I'll outsing even Ovid's self,
Let me but wet my whistle.

With belly full, and heart at ease,
And all the man at home,
I grow prophetic, and can talk
Of wondrous things to come.
When on my brains' high citadel
Strong Bacchus sits in state,
Then Phœbus joins the jolly god,
And all I say is great.

One of us has a sneaking tenderness for ale. And that we may not spoil our taste for finer relishes, our cup-

bearer here uncorks Pale India or Falkirk, and while it foams in the capacious glasses, we sing, what Joseph Warton christened the earliest (1551) Drinking Song of any merit in English, and which we thunder out with none the less gusto because it has a Bishop for its reputed father :

Backe and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go colde ;
But, bellye, God send thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be new or olde !
I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I goe bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde ;
I stuffe my skin so full within,
Of jolly goode ale and olde.
Backe and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand goe colde ;
But, bellye, God send thee good ale inoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.

I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, no snow, no winde, I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde ;
I am soe wrapt and throwly lapt,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and side go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that, as her life,
Loveth well good ale to seeke ;
Full of drinke she, till ye may see
The teares run downe her cheeke ;
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a maul'-worm sholde,
And saith, " Swete hart, I tooke my parte
Of this joly good ale and olde."
Backe and side goe bare, &c.

Now let them drinke till they nod and winke,
Even as good felows sholde do ;
They shall not misse to have the blisse
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that have scoured boules,
Or have them lustily trolde,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be yonge or old.
Backe and side goe bare, &c.

And then, to redeem our fault-of a momentary forgetfulness of allegiance to Bacchus, Barry Cornwall's Ode, the words of which stir our hearts, as Chevy Chase did Sir Philip Sidney's, like the sound of a trumpet :

I love wine ! Bold, bright wine !
That maketh the spirit both dance and shine !
Others may care
For water fare :
But give me—wine !

Ancient wine ! Brave old wine !
How it around the heart doth twine !
Poets may love
The stars above ;
But I love—wine !

Nought but wine ! Noble wine !
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.
What can scare
The devil Despair,
Like brave, bright wine ?

O brave wine ! Rare old wine !
Once thou wast deemed a God divine !
Bad are the rhymes,
And bad the times,
That scorn old wine !

So, brave wine ! Dear old wine !
Morning, and noon, and night I'm thine !
Whatever may be,
I'll stand by thee,
Immortal wine !

One of us spent some of his very early years at Heidelberg, with a kinsman who was a student there. He gazed with an admiration, which he often tells us of, on its huge Tun, and imbibed, with other things, a love of literature, at least of the literature of drinking. Whatever else of the good manners of the Burschen who resort thither, he learned, we are not bound to tell ; but he often gives us snatches of German catches, and always insists in the heart of our merry-making that we shall hear, what is indeed

a graceful and enthusiastic wine-song
of Holty :

Ein Leben wie im Paradies
Gewahrt uns vater Rhein.
Ich geb' es zu, ein Kuss ist süss,
Doch süsser ist der Wein.
Ich bin so frolich, wie ein Reh,
Das um die Quelle tanzt,
Wenn ich den lieben Schenktisch seh',
Und Glaser d'rauf gepflanzt.

Was kummert mich die ganze Welt,
Wenn's liebe Glaschen winkt,
Und Traubensaft, der mir gefällt,
An meiner Lippe blinkt?
Dann trink' ich, wie ein Gotterkind,
Die vollen Flaschen leer,
Dass Gluth mir durch die adern rinnt,
Und tauml' und ford're mehr.

Die Erde war' ein Jammerthal
Voll Grillenfang und Gicht,
Wuchs' uns, zur Lind'ung uns'rer Qual,
Der edle Rheinwein nicht.
Er hebt den Bettler auf den Thron,
Schafft erd' und Himmel um,
Und zaubert jeden Erdensohn
Stracks in's Elysium.

Er ist der wahre Panacee,
Verjungt des Alten Blut,
Verscheuchet Hirn—und Magenweh,
Und was er weiter thut.
Drum lebedas gelobte Land,
Das uns den Wein erzog!
Der Winzer, der ihn pflanzt' und band,
Der Winzer lebe hoch!

Und jeder schonen Winzerin,
Die uns die Trauben las,
Weih' ich, als meiner Königin,
Ein volles Deckelglas!
Es lebe jeder deutsche Mann,
Der seinen Rheinwein trinkt,
So long er's Kelchglas halten kann,
Und dann zu Boden sinkt.

Whether it be the excitement of the
song, or the desire of some relief from
the infliction of a voice as shrill as
chanticleer's, and as monotonous as that
of a mill-dam, or our own unaffected
devotion to the slender bottles of Stein-
berg and Rudesheimer, that grace our

board, we know not; but we follow in
full chorus with Matt. Claudius' "Am
Rhein :"

Am Rhein, am Rhein, am Rhein,
Da wachsen uns're Reben;
Gesegnet sei der Rhein!
Da wachsen sie
Am Ufer hin
Und geben
Uns diesen Labewein.

So trinkt, so trinkt, so trinkt!
Und lasst uns allewege
Uns freu'n und frolich sein!
Und wusten wir,
Und wusten wir,
Wo Jemand traurig lage,
Wir gaben ihm den Wein.

We will not weary our readers with
the Spanish laudations of Xeres, that
one of us sings and which it would
have done Falstaff's heart good to hear;
nor how another chants the praise of
the Tuscan wines, in choice Italian wor-
thy of Redi; nor repeat here the witty
strains of Beranger. Be it enough to
say, that we are students always, and
when our *Sederunt* is drawing to its
close, the student's song is sung—with
fit accompaniment!

Gandeamus igitur,
Juvenes dum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
—Nos habebit humus.—

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finiatur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia!
Vivant professores!

Vivat membrum quodlibet !
Vivat membra quælibet !
Semper sint in flore !

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ !
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ, amabiles,
Et laboriosæ

Vivat et respublica !
Et qui illam regit !
Vivat nostra civitas !
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

Pereat tristitia !
Pereant osiores !
Pereat diabolus !
Quivis antiburschius
Atque irisores !

And, lest our "grave and reverend Seniors" should imagine that after we have thus "outwatched the Bear," we are in such exaltation as to describe curves that are not in the books, we will add, that our habit is to close our festive rites by uttering—all standing—in solemn chant, to a melody as weird and unearthly as is the sentiment and fancy of the verse, Mr. Emerson's "Bacchus"—the wildest and loftiest Dithyrambic since the days of Arion. Mr. DeQuincey says that in his opium extacies he became conscious of understanding Kant. And if, when we are—slightly mellow, if you please—when we are raised by the due exhilaration of our spirits to the pure æther of poetic thought, and become denizens of that realm, permeated by the currents of that universal wine, the deep import of the seer—which surely no one, unexalted, could ever reach—becomes transparent to us as our own familiar thoughts ; who shall dare to say that *our* orgies are not such

as the muses might grace with their presence, and the inspirations of Bacchus the enthusiasm of wisdom ?

BACCHUS.

Bring me wine, but wine which never grew
In the belly of the grape,
Or grew on vine whose tap-roots reaching
through

Under the Andes to the Cape,
Suffered no savor of the earth to scape.

Let its grapes the morn salute
From a nocturnal root,
Which feels the acrid juice
Of Styx and Erebus ;
And turns the woe of Night,
By its own craft, to a more rich delight.

We buy ashes for bread :
We buy diluted wine :
Give me of the true—
Whose ample leaves and tendrils curled
Among the silver hills of heaven,
Draw everlasting dew ;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms and mould of statures,
That I intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated,
May float at pleasure through all natures ;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well.

Wine that is shed
Like the torrents of the sun
Up the horizon walls,
Or like the Atlantic streams, which run
When the South Sea calls.

Water and bread,
Food which needs no transmuting,
Rainbow-flowering, wisdom-fruited,
Wine which is already man,
Food which teach and reason can.

Wine which music is—
Music and wine are one—
That I, drinking this,
Shall hear far Chaos talk with me :
Kings unborn shall walk with me :
And the poor grass shall plot and plan
What it will do when it is a man.
Quickened so, will I unlock
Every crypt of every rock.

I thank the joyful juice
For all I know—
Winds of remembering
Of the ancient being blow,
And seeming-solid walls of use
Open and flow.

Pour, Bacchus! the remembering wine:
Retrieve the loss of me and mine!
Vine for vine be antidote,
And the grape requite the lote!
Haste to cure the old despair—

Reason in Nature's lotus drenched,
The memory of ages quenched:
Give them again to shine:
Let wine repair what this undid;
And where the infection slid,
A dazzling memory revive;
Refresh the faded tints,
Recut the aged prints,
And write my old adventures with the pen
Which on the first day drew,
Upon the tablets blue,
The dancing Pleiads and eternal men.

ENGLISH PAST AND PRESENT.

The above is the title of a winning little volume, full of interesting matter and valuable information. Its author, the Rev. R. C. Trench, is well and favorably known; and consequently many will be predisposed to a friendly estimate of his book. But no matter how kindly an estimate is formed, no one will, I trow, arise from its careful perusal disappointed at the stock of pleasure and information he has derived therefrom. The terse, vigorous, and ingenious manner in which the subject is treated, and the curious learning displayed, at once delight the reader and enhance the already enviable reputation of the author. We are here invited to a study that ought to be to us of absorbing interest. We cannot read with advantage and profit without paying attention to the structure and history of our mother tongue; and besides, no where is a nation's character more strongly developed than in her language. It has been compared to a moral barometer, which indicates and permanently marks the rise or fall of a nation's life. It is most easy to trace a conformity between a people and their language. Thus the French language

is flexible, and flippant, and her people are just suited to it. As a people they are subject to the most unhappy fluctuations of fortune, and as an individual he will make about as many evolutions with his head and hands in pronouncing a sentence as there are words in that sentence. On the other hand the English language is simple, solid, and progressive, indicating clearly the chief characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The book before us is composed of five lectures, in which we have historically set forth the origin of the English Language, its gains, and diminutions; and the change of meaning and spelling of words. The Lecturer first asks us to consider the language as now it is, to decompose with him some specimens of it, to prove by these means, of what elements it is compact, and what functions in it these elements or component parts severally serve. The English is not a simple but a composite language, made up of several elements, in the same way as we are a people made up of Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans. We have incorporated into our language words of foreign extrac-

tion, just as we have into our government people of all nations. The analogy continues, and the naturalization of foreign words and people is going on constantly in our very midst. We may not perceive the one as plainly as the other, for our attention has been drawn to the adoption of foreigners by the hue and cry of native Americans, while the other is going on in perfect quiet. 'The great innovator, Time manages his innovations upon our language so dexterously, that often, while effecting the mightiest changes, he seems to us to be effecting none at all.'

But let us take a cursory glance at the main features in this volume, and see how changes have been wrought in our mother tongue. We have derived a great many words from the names of persons. Beginning with the mythical we have 'chimerical' from *chimæra*, 'hermetic' from *Hermes*, 'academy' from *Academos*, &c. Lord Spenser first wore or at least introduced the fashion of wearing a 'Spenser, and Dahl, a Swede, brought to notice the beautiful 'dahlia.'

Another fruitful source of words is the giving a spelling somewhat different to the same root. In time they acquire meanings entirely distinct, and we lose all idea of their connection. For instance, *clot* and *clod* used to be the same word, yet now we say *clots* of blood and *clods* of earth. The same is true of *vend* and *vent*; yet we now *vend* wares, and *vent* complaints. So also of *float* *fleet*; yet now it is a *float* of timber, and a *fleet* of ships. We have *band*, and *bend*, and *bond*, all from the same stem; likewise *patron* and *pattern*; *chivalry* and *cavalry*; *snake* and *sneak*.

But turn now from the gains to the

diminutions of our language; and watch the curious changes that are going on in that department. The history of a language in its onward march shows that it gains nothing but words, while its losses are not only words but *powers*. It leaves behind it cases, tenses, comparatives, and terminations, as well as words. But Mr. Trench very justly remarks, that we must not put certainly to loss, every thing which a language has dismissed, any more than every thing to gain which it has acquired.—It is no real wealth in any tongue to have needless and superfluous forms. They are rather an incumbrance than a help. The English is much more simple now than was the old Anglo-Saxon. That had six declensions, and formed its genitive in a variety of ways, and yet the present English is much better off after having dropped many of these old forms. The Finnish has fourteen cases, yet it is a much weaker language than ours with but three.

In the transition from one era to another, our country people get behind the times, and hence we hear from them such to us vulgar expressions as "He made me *afeard*." "The price of corn has *ris*," or "I will *axe* him his name." Now so far from being barbarous innovations, such expressions violate no law of language, and are only forms that have been left behind. 'Afeard' was used in Spenser's time as the regular participle of the old verb 'to affear' as 'afraid' is of the verb to 'affray.' 'Ris' is the old præterite of the verb to 'rise,' and to *axe* is genuine old English.

But it would possibly interest the reader more to instance such forms as

are now going out of use. Take then the feminine termination in 'ess.'—Words which retain this ending are daily becoming fewer, and in the course of time this termination will doubtless disappear from the language entirely. We use it now in a very few words, as 'heir,' 'heiress;' prophet,' 'prophetess,' 'sorcerer,' 'sorceress;' whereas formerly it extended to all such words to denote the female in contradistinction to the male. Thus 'singeress' the female singer; 'sponssess,' 'neighbourness,' 'sinneress,' 'waitress,' etc.

Precisely analogous to this is the change now going on with regard to our adjectival ending in 'en' to denote the material of which a thing is made. Instead of saying a 'golden pen' or a 'silveren watch,'—we say a 'gold pen' and a silver watch.'

The next point Mr. Trench shall introduce in his own beautiful way. "A language as it travels onward, simplifies itself, approaches more and more to a grammatical uniformity, seeks to do the same thing always in the same manner; where it has two or three ways of conducting the same operation, lets all of them go but one; and in this way becomes no doubt easier to be mastered, more handy, more manageable; but at the same time it is in danger of forfeiting elements of strength, variety and beauty which it once possessed." He instances as an example of this the regular and irregular, or as they are here termed the strong and weak Præterites. A strong præterite is one formed by an internal vowel change for example, the verb 'to drive' forms 'drove' by an internal change of the vowel 'i' into 'o.' On the other hand 'to lift' forms 'lifted'

simply by the addition of 'ed.' This is termed a *weak* præterite. It seems to be an unfortunate tendency in our language to drop all the strong form and retain only the weak ones. Thus 'shape' had once a strong præterite 'shope;' 'to bake' made 'boke;' 'help' 'holp;' and so of innumerable others.

Now Mr. Trench contends that these strong forms which we have dropped contributed much to the variety, charm, and richness of our language. It would be well for our grammarians and philologist to turn their attention to this change which is destroying the force of our mother tongue.

The relationship of words is another interesting subject, and we frequently discover their origin in sources entirely unsuspected. Who would ever imagine '*Saunterer*' originally meant 'La Sainte terre?' When pilgrimages were in fashion every idler who liked to wander about better than to work, proclaimed himself bound for 'La Sainte terre.' From these vagabonds we get the modern significant word, saunterer.

In the last lecture we have the most interesting discussion in the whole book. It is on Phonetic Spelling. Some years ago there was an attempt made to introduce a new alphabet into the English language, in which a separate letter was appropriated to each elementary sound. Phonographers both of England and America after much deliberation agreed that the new system should consist of thirty-six letters, each one representing a distinct sound. In this way it was said that words would be spelled as they are pronounced, and that the labor which under the old

system required years, would now be accomplished in as many days. We were told that it would be of immense utility to the people—that the obstructions which block the road to science would be removed; and that knowledge, ‘rich with the spoils of time,’ would open her ‘ample page’ to all, and that all would drink deep of the Pierian Spring. But this system that promised such a bright era in the republic of letters accomplished just nothing at all for the benefit of man—and why? Because in the first place, it was found impossible to get the sanction of the people to introduce the plan. There was a kind of sacredness about their old alphabet which they were not willing to see desecrated.

“A people,” says Mr. Trench, “will no more quit their alphabet than they will quit their language.” Centuries it takes to sanction the bringing in of a new letter or the dropping of an old one; how ignorant then must he be of the eternal laws which regulate language, who supposes that a dozen or more new signs can be suddenly brought into our language.” But granting the possibility of its adoption, Mr. Trench has

shown in an ingenious and conclusive manner its utter inutility.

I have now attempted to give some idea of the little volume before me, and in conclusion, let me recommend the history of the English language as a subject worthy the profound study of every one. It is the language of our ancestors. It is the language in which Milton wrote and Burke spoke. It is a language combining melody, strength, and grandeur, capable of the most powerful stretches of the imagination, and of the most exquisite delicacies of expression. It is a language we all love, and one we all ought to understand. In the *Guesses at Truth* we find the following pertinent remarks: “A man should love and venerate his native language as the first of his benefactors, as the awakener and stirrer of his thoughts, the frame and mould and rule of his spiritual being; as the great bond and medium of intercourse with his fellows; as the mirror in which he sees his own nature, and without which he could not even commune with himself; as the image in which the wisdom of God has chosen to reveal itself to him.”

ADVENTURES OF BRUIN; OR, SIX WEEKS IN A WATERING PLACE.

The long ennui of a summer vacation which seemed to continue as some of our mathematical Professors would say, ‘ad infinitum,’ had passed monotonously away and left its desolating mark upon poor “Bruin’s” mind. Its wasting effects were also visible upon his physical tabernacle, and the old

animal that had before walked unmoved amid the snows of winter and the heats of summer’s sun, now swaggered feebly along, looking as if despair had wrapped him in her dark mantle and “melancholy claimed him for her own.” Before he had risen with the first blush of morn and when the loud and clear

ringing of the college the bell was breaking away the surrounding stillness, he was found winding his way, true in the performance of his duties but filled with many fond and *fresh* recollections of his recently left *lair*. But a "change had come o'er the spirit of his dream."—The bell no longer disturbed his morning slumbers, yet a vision of the past was haunting him and spectres in the forms of Algebraic formulas, Greek verbs and Latin roots hung like clouds around him, and made the future "all dark and barren as a rainy sea."

Then it was that many and mighty notions swelled old 'Bruin's' bosom.—He had been torn away from his native woods in the far 'sunny South,' where he had reposed under the shade of the bay and magnolia, listened to the songs of his own bright birds and drank from the spring that gushed from the hill-side. He had been placed within the camp of a college, immured within its walls, yet he liked it not. Though somewhat tamed, yet he was evidently "a *bear* still." He was still attached to nature and nature's works. He thought of his home, his past associations, the scenes of his younger days and the forms of his early love. Many pensive hours did he spend, and when still evening came on, and stars looked 'down upon the sleepy earth and birds began their vesper songs, then would he gaze long upon the western sky and picture all the joys of home again.'

Such sad reveries combined with extreme physical debility were too much for poor 'Bruin.' He was lean and lonely, dejected and disconsolate. It was necessary at that time to be fat and cheerful, and the great desidera-

tum of all, was, to be gifted with "a sound mind in a sound body."

Then came, with omnipotent weight, thoughts of a watering place. A few hours for consideration and a shorter time for packing up, and 'Bruin' was off for Shocco.

The fresh country breezes came soothingly o'er his brow, and revived his drooping heart. The 'wave of corn-fields,' the green grass and the tinkling of cow-bells all had a happy effect, and he soon began to find that sympathy for which he had so long been seeking. And who will censure 'Bruin' for his rustic attachments? Who does not love the country, its hills, its valleys, its quietness and diversity of scenery.—The neat white cottage, with its shady trees around, the green meadows near, its fruits, its flowers, its vines and its bower? What a picture of content, of happiness, of peace! What beautiful associations are connected with the view, what hallowed recollections are renewed! Behold that old horse-rack, and do you not see the good old creature standing patiently to bear you fleetly on your daily transition to the log cabin school-house. There is a brook, with its shady banks and cooling stream; do you not see yourself a boy again, splashing in its bright waves and shouting in the innocence of youth? But this is sentimental, and it is not 'Bruin's gift to indulge in sentiment. Bruin in a short time reaches Raleigh, registers his name with a 'grand flourish,' brushes his hair, turns down his coat collar and goes up town to see "the elephant." His attention was soon arrested by what he called the 'Big House' but others informed him

was the 'State House.' Bruin was exceedingly taken with this building and anxious to examine it internally, but was afraid to venture alone as he said he was certain he should get *lost*. But he commented more particularly on the 'Long House' which he in his ignorance had taken for the *cars*; nor was he undeceived until he accosted a man, and asked him when the cars would leave. 'What cars?' asked the gentleman addressed. 'Why, them, right there,' said he, pointing to the 'Long House.' 'Well stranger, said the man, that's not *cars*, but what is called the Lunatic Asylum; and if you ask many more such questions they will have you in there before to-morrow morning.' 'Bruin' was a little waked up at this, and as he had not much notion of being *housed*, he lost, suddenly, much of his curiosity. He kept very quiet afterwards, but was badly frightened next morning at the sound of the 'gong' for breakfast. He imagined the house on fire and was about to jump out of the window, when he saw a waiter come in his room, who explained matters to him. Breakfast over he again took the cars, and, before they left the depot, was very much amused at the appearance of two young school misses. They wore hats, which, with a little economy, would have made houses for the West India Islanders, and chatted away right merrily about the merits and demerits of umbrellas, a subject that seemed to be produced by the not very fascinating sight of one in possession of their escort. They found much to laugh at, while 'Bruin' looked on in 'innocent' amazement, silently wondering how

they made it funny. When the cars were about to leave, the young ladies parted with a female companion who was to continue the journey, and then left after having gone through the mechanical process of kissing, which excited 'Bruin' considerably, as he was not allowed to take a hand. He, however, contented himself with the reflection that as kissing was originally used in a treacherous way, there might be many deceitful Pollys and Nancys of the present day.

The evening of that day, he reached Shocco, and 'tis of Bruin and the Springs that must now be the burden of our song. As the polish of society had grown a little dim with our hero, it must not be wondered at, if his 'debut' into the fashion of the ball-room and parlor was a little ludicrous. He had hoped to be left to that calm seclusion which his peculiar feelings made him long for and to which his 'verdancy,' so eminently entitled him. He had closed his heart, too, against all gentle influences, and he had expected to stand unmoved amid the bright shower of radiant smiles the irresistible influence of stolen glances, and, we verily believe, that had it been 'leap year,' and 'Bruin' had been called upon with a certain question, he would have answered 'no.'

But he, like all human nature, was liable to change, and soon abandoned his isolated existence to enter upon more brilliant scenes. For many days he had wandered about listlessly and unemployed, railing at time for his snail-like progress and reproaching the "whole world and the rest of mankind" for his lamentable situation. Hour

after hour would he linger in the old Spring House watching the motion of branches swayed by the breeze, listening to the notes of forest warblers or amuse himself by seeing the gambols of the gay squirrel. Here was a place to create sentiment, and if 'Bruin's' poetic pabulum had not long since been consumed, he would certainly have attempted a rhyme.

The spring was here, gushing silently forth, and, as is characteristic of true worth, making no display of its virtues. Green trees stood around, amid whose clustering leaves birds sung and the wind frolicked. A streamlet was near, whose waters glided along, singing as it were, their own peculiar song of happiness. Tall, sombre looking hills were in the distance, whose tops would catch the sun's first rays, and envious claim his farewell gaze, when to his rest he sank. At eve, the hum of approaching repose as it was settling o'er the earth, would fall as a lullaby on the ear and prove soothing in its nature.

And again, there was the old Hotel, looming up proudly amid surrounding oaks, as if proud of its contents, which were the 'bar-room;' ball room, dining room and parlor. This venerable building, which looked as if it felt "monarch of all it surveyed," and above noticing the rows of neat white cabins at its sides, will ever be a treasure in 'Bruin's' memory as the scene of happy times. But to return to his adventures.

His daily occupation for a long time was to walk to the spring, alone, and in all the glory of solitude, visit, with an infallible promptitude, the dining room at each appointed time, and, when night with its dark wings perch-

ed upon the earth, he would lay him down in the empty Ball Room and listen to the sweet music that Frank Johnson in all his sable glory would produce.

But this was by no means living in an exclusive oxygen atmosphere. Times were dull, but 'Bruin' was content, for about that time he was rather 'retiring in his manners.' Time rolled on, and soon bright eyes and smiling faces were seen about Shocco. May Heaven bless the ladies! They are the angels of earth, in spite of some of their flirting ways, fancy notions and affected airs. Art has long been trying its superficial hand to rob them of their nature, but goodness in woman is immutable and abiding. It often exists as a fountain obscured by rubbish that necessity heaps upon it, but remove this and it bursts forth again, bright and beautiful, fresh and unadulterated. Kindness and sympathy form a part of woman's being, and she alone can rejoice with the joyful and weep with the weeping. But to return to 'Bruin.'

As we said before, Shocco was becoming to be gay. Peals of music began to float merrily through the Ball Room, light feet were seen moving swiftly over the floor, 'balance,' 'seeing corners' and 'promenade' were heard, and Frank, the music man, was getting in his ecstasies. All eyes were then centred on this hall of enjoyment.

The scene was similar to that which attends the falling of a good rain in the summer time after a six months drought. Forms were gathered near the doors of the room to behold the wonderful feats of the dancers, and 'Bruin' himself had been so presump-

tious as to assume to himself a window, where he was 'piled up,' looking on with intense anxiety, eyes, ears and mouth open. He was evidently very much interested and soon began to grow uneasy. He wished to participate, yet feared his capacity to act well his part. He had heard some fancy chap say, that the gyrations of a quadrille were extremely intricate and that frightened him. Still he had a longing to enter the lists, a desire produced probably by the magic sound of the violin, which had always a peculiar effect upon his muscles. He would retire from sight, take a step or two unseen, and fancy he could pass, but when he returned to the scene of action, his courage would evaporate and he would become 'beautifully less' in his own estimation. Finally, after many broken resolutions he entered, was introduced to a lady, cleared up his throat, said something to make, talk' and then begged the pleasure of her company for the next dance.

Bruin managed to keep up a conversation until the set was forming, and then walked out, escorting his partner with much 'gusto' and feeling confident of immortalizing himself.

He performed very well for the first two or three figures, but when he came to the '*coquette*,' he was slightly procurved. A lady came dancing up to him, held out her hands with a bewitching smile, and just as 'Bruin' was about to grab them, she gave him the slip, turned her back on him and disappeared quicker than thought. He was 'nonplussed.' Was she mad! No, she could not be, for Bruin had not made her acquaintance. Was his dress disorder-

ed? No. His collar was standing with peculiar stiffness and the bow of his cravat had not turned round! It was a perfect mystery, he could not unravel it. He knew that he had just turned her in 'swinging corners,' and he had always heard it said that 'one good turn deserved another.' Just then, a bright thought struck him. He looked at his hands. He didn't have on *gloves*, she might be afraid of having her delicate hands soiled by his huge 'paws,' and 'Bruin' determined then to procure the necessary articles. So the dance being over, out he bolts after his *kids*.

It is highly probably that he would have dealt extensively in Goat-skin, had not some kind hearted person set him straight. After this, 'Bruin' acquitted himself decently in dancing, though he didn't much like the way his partner sometimes had of giving him only one hand in the 'promenade,' while she held, with an almost convulsive grasp, her *dress* in the other. As is his custom, he fell to moralizing on, what he called, a superfluity. There were two things that he very much wondered at, and these were, why the French people put more letters to their words than could be pronounced, and why American ladies put more cloth in their dresses than would 'swing clear.' Indeed it seemed to him that some of them looked upon it as the most precious duty of manipulation to clutch the flowing folds of silk or muslin! At any rate he thought it a great infringement of the laws of *dressing economy*, and must be some little trouble. But as we said before, 'Bruin' is especially partial to the ladies and is only speaking against some of the follies of fashion.

As the season of gayety and enjoyment began to open, our hero became more and more domesticated, and so completely enamoured was he, that he was never happy save when enjoying the sunshine of sweet smiles and basking in the light of heavenly eyes. Week after week passed away, time flew rapidly in its course, and it all seemed as "one long summer day of happiness." Yet this, as all things, had its termination. A few more days, and many pleasant acquaintances were to be interrupted, probably never to be renewed. A grand Ball was to be the winding up of the season, and to this every one looked forward with the liveliest anticipations of pleasure.

Thursday morning came, and with it preparations for the great 'night.'—Cedars, hollies and all the evergreens in nature were brought in to 'dress up' the Ball Room. Wreaths, twined by the hands of the ladies hung over the doors and mirrors, presenting a very beautiful appearance. As a bachelor took a prominent part in these preparations, 'Bruin' could not but admire his good taste and especially his method, which was conspicuous in every movement. This gentleman could certainly manage with all the skill that characterizes the most discreet housewife.—Many fond recollections will 'Bruin' cherish of him.

A few hours more and

"There was a sound of revelry by night,"
And Shocco's halls had gathered there
Their beauty and their dancing men.
Oh! who would seek a lovelier sight
Than faces bright with youthful light,
When love in glances steals around,
And music dwells on every sound,
When hearts in wildness glide away,
Will sadness hold its blighting sway?"

Such were the meditations of 'Bruin,' and soon he was seen moving amid the gay and merry.

This was a magnificent Ball, good music, beautiful room and ladies surpassingly lovely. The latter, in Bruin's opinion, are the nicest products of the 'Old North State,' with a decent consideration for the male population. At any rate, the representation at Shocco then, did credit to the State.

There were some who made indelible impressions on his poor old heart, and he has been loud and almost extravagant in his description of their appearance. Indeed as he gazed upon them, his imagination paid no respect to localities and he thought that the veil which dulled his mortal vision had been removed, and he was transported to a fairy land.

Now his eye is resting on a figure that glides along, as the light of some bright star, brilliant, gentle and graceful. A beautiful white dress encircles her form and a snowy wreath sits upon her auburn hair, crowning her as the 'Queen of night.' 'Her air was an immortal's,' and if the countenance is an index of the mind, hers is a noble intellect. But here is Warren's belle, moving majestic, mild and magnificent. Again, there goes the comet of beauty, eyes 'in all things beautiful,' and made to 'win her away like wine.'

See another form, whose 'sunny locks hang o'er her temples like a golden fleece.' She is all gladness, all joy.—There is no gloom in her presence, for she can cast rays of sunshine o'er the darkest heart. But yonder is the moon, shining sweetly, tenderly and brightly. The goodness of her soul is written in

those soft blue eyes, and dwells on her sweet bright smile. You would not call her brilliantly beautiful, but your heart would whisper to you,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

There were many more beauties that lighted up the scene, and some just budding into 'sweet sixteen,' that will, ere long, steal many a sigh from a poor lover's bosom. 'Bruin' will never forget the last Ball at Shocco.

Would you believe that amidst all this gayety, he would occasionally indulge in gloomy conjectures? Yes, 'tis so. He thought of the vicissitudes of human life, the decay of human works and the consciousness that all is 'passing away.' He had seen cedar such as now decorated this scene, blooming sadly over the graves of forms once as gay as these he now looked upon. He had seen cheeks, that like these, were once blushing with cheerfulness and health, all colorless by grief and disease. He had seen eyes, too, that once beamed with the same friendship, all cold and callous by the lurking of hatred. And he had seen the roses of hope, as beautiful as to night, all withered and faded

by the blighting hand of disappointment.

But sadder yet was 'Bruin' when he came to say farewell to all these pleasant scenes. Almost the 'last rose of summer' had faded, and he still lingered, why he knew not, yet thoughts of leaving always brought gloomy feelings. He was happy then, and what more should man ask for? He was about to enter the theatre where all are playing a game of chance and grasping after shadows. He asked himself the question, when you are content, why seek for more? Is there not as much happiness wafted by the zephyr's breath along the vale of obscurity as is thundered by the raging storm o'er the mountain tops of fame? But the world says no, and Bruin must go the way of the world.

With a heavy heart, he pronounced the sad, old word, 'good bye,' and took his last look on the old hotel, the white cabins and the shady oaks of Shocco. Bright eyes, sunny faces, merry faces, to all a long farewell! Old 'Bruin' will not forget you soon, but often in his 'caged' meditations will think of you

"Fondly and with affection true."

OTWAY BURNS AND THE SNAP DRAGON.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Several years ago, whilst paying a visit to a friend residing in one of the eastern counties of our State, the conversation happening to turn upon the war of 1812 and the important services rendered therein by the privateers, I expressed an heartfelt regret that no record of their achievements had been made, and that

many deeds worthy of being remembered had been entirely forgotten by being left to the slippery memory of witnesses for preservation. Thus said I, from my earliest childhood the adventures of the Snap Dragon, when commanded by Otway Burns, have been rehearsed in my hearing by old tars, many of whom are now dead, and in a

few years perhaps Otway Burns and the Snap Dragon will be looked upon as never having had any real existence.

How would you like to read the Log Book of the Snap Dragon, asked a gentleman of the company. It was left in my office said he, together with other papers, by a gentleman now dead, who was collecting materials for a sketch of the life of Otway Burns, and there it has remained ever since, you are welcome to the whole collection.

His offer was accepted, and though upon their perusal hairbreadths escapes and gallant actions were not as numerous as I had anticipated, still many pages and events afforded me amusement, some of which may prove not unacceptable to your readers.

CHAPTER I.

During the year 1812, Otway Burns commanded a merchantman, which sailed from the port of New-Berne, N. C., to Portland, Maine. Whilst on his voyage and before he reached Portland war was declared between Great Britain and the United States. Commercial intercourse being at an end, Captain Burns determined to render all the assistance in his power to his country, and to second in a private capacity the gallant and glorious struggles of our infant navy.

At this time several privateers were fitting out at Portland to cruise against the enemy. A company of persons proposed to Burns to purchase his vessel and convert her into a privateer, upon condition that he would take the command. He was not averse to the employment but thought his vessel too slow a sailer to suit the service. He therefore de-

clined the proposition and soon after sailed for New York. Whilst there, he fell in with a schooner very well suited as he thought for a privateer. Upon inquiry he ascertained that her name was the "Levere," that she was for sale at \$8000. After consultation with a gentleman who was part owner of the vessel he commanded, they sold their vessel and bought the other. They fitted her up as a privateer and changed her name to the Snap Dragon, and sailed for New-Berne. Here she was sold out in shares and books were opened to ship men for a cruise. At this time most of the influential men in New-Berne were opposed to the war, and endeavored to counteract Burns' efforts. Among other expedients adopted to prevent his obtaining a crew, they tempted those who had already shipped to contract debts, and then would issue civil process for their arrest. Burns being very much provoked, gave orders that no legal officer should be allowed to board the Snap Dragon without his permission. On one occasion six constables undertook to board without obtaining leave. The officer on duty ordered them to keep off. They disregarded his command and came alongside. The officer then ordered the sailors to upset their boat, which was accordingly done, and the poor constables were compelled to get upon the bottom of their boat to keep from drowning, where they remained until they drifted ashore. That frolick, says the Log Book, "finally broke the constables."

Another incident which happened at this time, illustrates the opposition entertained by many of our citizens to the war of 1812, as well as the bold

and daring character of Burns. Whilst the Snap Dragon was moored on the Neuse in front of the town, a considerable crowd assembled on the nearest wharf. In the crowd was Francis Xavier Martin, then a resident of New-Berne, since a Judge in Louisiana, who hailed the Snap Dragon and called her "a licensed robber." Burns was on board, he heard the epithet and ordering his boat to be manned he soon stood upon the wharf in the midst of the crowd. He seized Martin, dragged him to the water's edge and threw him into the river, when the ardor of his patriotism soon cooled to civility. Whilst in the water he begged Burns to pardon him. Upon being released he and his associates dispersed in confusion.

Finding that he could not complete his crew at New Berne, Burns sailed for Norfolk. The privateer *Revenge*, was also at that port for the same purpose. In a few days both were ready for sea, and it was agreed by their respective commanders to cruise together. They weighed anchor and passing through Hampton Roads sailed down the Chesapeake.

CHAPTER. II.

Shortly after the two vessels were clear of the capes a sail was descried on the weather bow, and a signal was made from the *Revenge* for a chase. The Snap Dragon was immediately under a press of canvass, and in two hours was several miles to the windward of her companion. It was soon ascertained that the chase was an armed vessel, and all hands were called to quarters.—Whilst in port, some of the crew of the Snap Dragon, in the language of her

commander, represented themselves to be the bravest fellows in the world, and, if they might be believed, could make each a meal of an Englishman. Capt. Burns having never even seen a hostile shot fired, was by no means disposed to brag until he had an opportunity to make trial of his nerves. Now, when the moment of trial seemed to be at hand, some of those men who had been very brave in port, turned pale and asked Burns if it was not best to wait for the *Revenge* to come up. He made no reply, but stood on his course.—When in gun-shot distance, the chase fired a shot to leeward and hoisted American colors, proving to be a Baltimore privateer.

The Snap Dragon still continued in company with the *Revenge*, and in a few days made two sail to windward. Again the signal was given for chase. The Snap Dragon was soon along-side the stranger and fired a gun, whereupon they hove to. Capt. Burns sent a boat aboard to examine their papers, and ascertained that both were Spanish vessels, and being neutrals they were of course permitted to pass unmolested. It was upon this occasion as before with these very brave fellows among the crew: their fears magnified each vessel into a man-of-war, and it was whispered among them that "the fool of a boy (Burns,) would send them all to prison or the devil, by imprudently running along-side a strange vessel before he knew what she was."

The two privateers had now been in company for some eight or ten days, but Capt. Burns having by this time ascertained that his companion was a slow sailer, concluded to separate. He

accordingly did so. The very next day, cruising alone, he fell in with two British men-of-war, a frigate and a sloop. The day was fine, and they gave chase to the Snap Dragon: it was fruitless however, for the Dragon had the heels of both, and using them, she soon, in the language of Capt. Burns, bade them adieu. The chase, though short, was interesting. It was the first time that her speed had been decidedly tested, and the result confirmed Capt. Burns' judgment and raised the spirits of his crew. The two best qualities of a privateer are speed and spirit, and both are equally important. The speed of the Dragon was already ascertained: of her spirit the sequel will more properly speak.

Having escaped an unequal encounter with the two British vessels, Capt. Burns resumed his course, and in a few days encountered a British ship of 14 guns. It was late in the afternoon when the sail was made, and soon after night-fall the Dragon was alongside. Burns fired one gun and the enemy surrendered, being the first prize.

For some days after this adventure the weather was very fine, and the Dragon moved pleasantly and sleepily over the waters. The pause of adventure allows mention of a little incident, which illustrates what has ever been remarked, the intimate union of the braggadocio and the coward. One Thompson, holding in the Dragon some subordinate post, had already thrust himself frequently upon the notice of the captain, as the noisiest of the crew, vaunting constantly in the absence of danger of his daring, and when it was presented complaining of the impru-

dence of Burns in encountering it. After the capture of the British vessel mentioned above, Thompson, as usual was gasconading in the hearing of the officers who were assembled on the quarter deck, and in language which savored of mutiny. He was interrupted by Burns, who told him he was wearied with his bragging, that he had observed he was always loudest in peace, and stillest in peril. Thompson of course went into a pet, and said that Capt. Burns felt safe in using such language, being his superior officer, but would not dare do so if ashore and on an equality. Capt. Burns told him that he waived all distinction of grades, and called upon the other officers to witness that he held himself in this particular on an equal footing with him; and further told Mr. Thompson, that under the circumstances he considered it important for the discipline of the vessel to administer to him with his own hands, "a genteel flogging," and that he was at liberty to defend himself. Thompson submitted, and Burns chastised him with the end of a rope.

If the reader should incline to consider the conduct of Capt. Burns rather harsh in this instance, he will please consider the nature of the service—demanding the strictest subordination and the most intrepid spirit. What followed will at least show that Thompson deserves none of his sympathy. It so happened that during the cruise Thompson was put ashore at St. Matthews on the Spanish main, declaring that if he ever met Burns, he would kill him. He did not return to the United States until after peace was restored, and by a singular coincidence, the first man he

met upon land was Burns himself. He did not however pursue his purpose of revenge, but on the contrary begged Capt. Burns not to mention what had past. In relating the adventure now, Capt. Burns acts upon the principle that the moral is worth more than the man.

In a few days the Dragon made the island of St. Thomas, which was in possession of Great Britain, and at night a boat was despatched to reconnoitre the harbor, which reported that several vessels, ready for sea, had *dropped out*. It was too late after the return of the boat to undertake to cut them out that night, so the Dragon hauled off to the windward of Buck Island, intending to cruise near the harbor the next day. With this view she was disguised, but at daylight the first objects descried by Capt. Burns, were five British men-of-war, three dead to windward, and two leeward. The 'Garland' frigate was in gunshot distance; and in fact such were the relative positions of all towards one privateer, that they could not have been improved if they had been chosen with a view to capture, instead of being as they were purely accidental. Capt. Burns first attempted to deceive the enemy by hoisting Spanish colors, but John Bull was wide awake. The Garland fired a 32 pound shot at the Dragon, which came near striking her hull, and immediately set her skysails and made a signal to the other men-of-war to join in the chase. The condition of the privateer was very perilous, and soon her top hamper was up, and every sail set to the best advantage. The only possibility of escape, was through Sail-Rock passage, which was some forty miles distant, dead to windward, and to

make that point, three of the enemy hovering upon her direct course, was of extreme difficulty. Indeed escape was hopeless, unless the enemy could be deceived by some manœuvre. With that sort of intention which distinguishes the man of genius, and with that presence of mind which marks the man of courage, Capt. Burns adopted perhaps the only expedient which could have succeeded. It was this: to put the Dragon *directly towards the Rock, which gives name to the passage*, so that the enemy could not anticipate on which side she designed to pass. The chase immediately opened in good earnest, and our little privateer, pursued by five British men-of-war, may not inaptly be compared to a fox chased by a pack of hounds in full view. Capt. Burns so shaped his course as to get all the 'Garland's sails to draw on one mast, which gave his vessel a great advantage in sailing. Nevertheless, the frigate kept for more than two hours in gunshot, during which her shot continued to fall around the Dragon, and although without effect, still so near as to throw the spray upon the officers. When they approached the Rock, the 'Garland' made signals to her companions to cut off the Dragon when she hauled up to choose her passage. Two brigs accordingly got into the passage with the view of intercepting her. Now came the rub. Capt. Burns made all his men lie down, and took the helm himself. The Brig 'Sophia' was nearest the privateer, and when she came abreast, discharged at her a broad-side of grape and round shot. This fire was harmless, and such was the hurry of the Brig to repeat her fire, that in doing it her forward bul-

wark was shot away. The crisis was now over. In a few minutes the Dragon had all five of the enemy on the wind, and was quite out of gunshot, "walking upon the waters like a thing of intellect." As soon as he was well to windward, Capt. Burns tacked ship, hauled up his foresail, displayed his colors, and fired a gun by way of defiance and farewell. Night at length interrupted the pursuit.

About daylight the next morning a sail was made on the lee quarter, which proved to be his Majesty's ship 'Dominick.' She gave chase to the Dragon and run her down to the ——— passage, and then abandoned the pursuit. During the chase the wind blew so fresh as to carry away the jibboom and two topmast stays of the Dragon.

After this Capt. Burns beat up to windward and cruised about the island of St. Croix, where he made several small captures.

Intelligence of Capt. Burns' movements reached the island of St. Thomas, where his Majesty's Brig, 'The Netler,' of ten guns was in the harbor. One morning found the Dragon about forty miles from Tertola under easy sail, when she made a sail to windward, running down upon her, which proved to be the 'Netler.' Her force was known to Capt. Burns, and when some of his officers proposed to run from her, he, aware that he had more men, and there being little disparity in size, and withal being (in his own language,) tired of running, scouted the idea, and prepared for action. The Netler came rapidly down under a full press of canvass. "All hands to quarters," was the order of Burns. When the Netler came

within about two miles, she changed her purpose of attack, and taking in her light sails hauled dead by the wind.—The Dragon immediately started in pursuit, and chased her into the harbor of Tertola, the race continuing from 7 A. M., to half past 6 P. M., at which time the Snap Dragon was within half gunshot of her. The Netler passed under the guns of the fort at dusk and anchored. Such is the situation of this fort that a vessel may pass by it, and go out another way. Capt. Burns hoisted English colors and passed the fort. It soon became very calm and dark. The Snap Dragon lay abreast of the town about a half mile distant. Some of the officers being well acquainted with the harbor and town, the boats were manned in order to take some of the vessels there anchored if possible. The boats pulled in to a point only a hundred yards distant, which was covered as they thought upon a near inspection by a flock of sheep, but which turned out to be a battery, the guns of which were painted white. Passing the battery undiscovered they approached a vessel at anchor. Quietly they pulled alongside, and visions of prize money were already floating through the imaginations of the crew, when a hail followed by a volley of musketry informed them they had got hold of the wrong customer. It proved to be the Netler. Her crew were evidently prepared for their reception. The town was in arms, and sky-rockets were traversing the heavens in every direction. Under these circumstances it was considered advisable to retreat. A light was hoisted on board the Snap Dragon to guide them in retracing their steps. The light discovered her position

to the battery, which opened upon her immediately. Burns extinguishing his light, returned the fire with his long gun, which enabled the boats to find him. He then ceased firing, ran out his sweeps, and in a few minutes was out of danger. But Burns thought it would never do to take so much trouble for nothing, and he came to the conclu-

sion that if he could not get a prize, he would at least get some fresh provisions. He therefore ordered a boat to be manned and went ashore to a plantation. Filled with sheep, poultry and vegetables, she returned to the privateer, and by day-light the island was twenty miles distant.

A ROMANCE.

Every one is, to some extent, acquainted with the long and perilous wars that were waged by Ferdinand and Isabella, with varied success, against the Moors in Spain for the destruction of that powerful Monarchy and for the establishment of their most holy faith. These wars were carried on, when chivalry existed in its greatest perfection.—The Spanish and Moorish cavaliers were constantly vying with each other in acts of bravery and reckless daring. Many a youthful warrior of noble rank and high aspirations perished in that arduous struggle for the triumph of the cross. And some, who survived, were glad to retire from the bustle and din of war, and spend the rest of their days in the retirement of some secluded spot. The gallant, the high-minded and chivalrous Duke of Cadiz was one of this number.

So soon as the will of king Ferdinand was made known concerning the war, the martial trumpets of the Duke were heard resounding among the rocky cliffs of the Sierras summoning his hardy vassals together to prepare for the approaching crisis. The valiant Duke was one of the principal actors in that sanguinary warfare. First in the

field, foremost in action, a man of noble and generous impulses, of undisputed prowess he was a miniature of chivalry itself. The Duke had distinguished himself in every battle and siege of importance during the war. And now that the Spanish arms had been successful, and he had nobly performed his part, he resolved to spend the rest of his days in the sweets of retired life and in the society of his only daughter Isabella. Accordingly he returned to his country residence, in the valley between the limpid waters of the Guadalquivir and the Mediterranean sea. The Duke was not alone in his quiet retreat, for many of his old companions in arms had followed him there to enjoy for a short while the hospitality of his house. Among this number was a young Frenchman, who had left his native land to engage in this holy crusade.—He had fought long and well under the banner of the Duke, and had gained his highest esteem. Bertrand (for this was his name,) was of illustrious descent, and heir to one of the largest estates in the Isle of France. He was a man of pleasing address, accomplished manners and rare attainments. Isabella, the daughter of the Duke was now just

blushing into womanhood. To render her attractive, accomplished, and beloved, art supplied every deficiency of nature. It is contrary to reason to suppose that two such hearts as Isabella and Bertrand could remain long together without a free exchange of thought and feeling. Bertrand could not long restrain his latent passion feeling assured that it would meet with a welcome response in the breast of Isabella. She had regarded Bertrand as the beau-ideal of perfection, as one of the most devoted followers of the cross, and the boldest champion of its rights; in fine she fancied all the virtues and the excellencies to be centered in him that ennoble and refine the disposition of man, and ally him with Deity. In a word, so large a space did Bertrand occupy in the affections of Isabella that she even fancied her own existence immersed in his. When, therefore, Bertrand came with confidence and sincerity, and presented his request, she could not turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of one who had so intensely called forth the most secret throbbings of her heart, but she turns with becoming modesty, with the tear of affection bedewing her eye, and with love lighting up and beaming forth from every feature of her countenance, and resigns herself into his care and keeping. Although the Duke had ever acted toward Bertrand with parental kindness, and had treated him with the most cordial hospitality, he would not give his consent to this union, though he did not protest against it. After this engagement of the two, a change seems to have come over the Duke's mind. He was not the same affable, lively, pleasant old man that he was be-

fore, but his brow seemed beclouded and portentous of a coming misfortune. Isabella had witnessed this change in her father's demeanor, but without much concern, for being so completely under the influence of Cupid she could not discern the true state of his mind. The day for the celebration of their nuptials had already come. The marriage ceremonies were performed with all that pomp and magnificence which were characteristic of the times. And the merry pair were regaling themselves in all the novelty and happiness of the newly-wedded—Bertrand unconsciously harboring within his breast an unpalliated treachery, and Isabella infatuated with the belief that a happy future awaited her. But how deceitful is human nature! How easily blinded are we by imposing appearances! In one moment our hopes, our bright anticipations are raised to the highest pitch of excitement, the next they are all wrecked by some hidden and gathering tempest, that bursts upon us all at once, and leaves us the wretched beings of an unhappy fate.

Isabella was doomed to be the victim of bitter disappointment and deep sorrow that were to end only with death. A few days after his marriage Bertrand received letters from home of great importance demanding his immediate presence there. The full purport of these he disclosed not even to his devoted wife, but they were such as to cause him great perturbation of mind. This was instantly noticed by the penetrating mind of Isabella. A secret foreboding of Bertrand's perfidy arose within her breast and cast a gloom over her countenance. It was not long before

her dreadful surmises were realized.— Bertrand very soon took his departure without giving her any satisfaction as to his return, or allaying the fears that were rending her distracted brain. The amiable, the sensitive nature of Isabella could not sustain such a shock as this. It is reserved for those whose breasts have never been imbued with principles of virtue, of chastity and piety to bear with fortitude such a reverse of their fortunes. The noble and virtuous spirit finds solace only in its sorrows. Isabella knew that the marriage had never met with the approbation of her father. This increased the burden of her woe. How she could obtain the forgiveness of a father, whose proud heart had been humbled by this stroke of affliction was a thought which often flitted through her mind, and added to the anguish of her spirit. She at last summed up courage for the trial and resolved to crave his pardon. She found the old man sitting by the side of a latticed window looking wofully and wistfully upon the dim objects outside becoming gradually obscured by the approaching shades of night. Now and then a tear would find its way down his cold and pallid cheek, and a long-drawn sigh would be heaved up from the depths of his bosom bespeaking the bitterness of his grief. In this predicament did Isabella find him, when she approached to implore his forgiveness. She threw herself upon his knees and sought his pardon in words of parental obedience and affection. The father was moved to compassion, his heart was touched with the magnanimity of his daughter, the better feelings of his nature were aroused, and his mind was abstracted from his

grief, and lost in admiration and affection for his daughter. He speaks to her in words of encouragement, and endeavors to alleviate the pains of her bleeding heart by pouring into it the balm of parental counsel. The Duke gradually recovered from this affliction: Isabella never. In a reasonable length of time she gave birth to a son, the fruit of this unhappy marriage. Him she ever cherished with the most tender affection. But, whilst he was the support of her declining years, he constantly awakened in her the painful recollections of his father. We now leave, for a short time, the Duke and his daughter to take a cursory glance at the history of Bertrand before he left his native land to engage in this holy crusade of the Spaniards. The question may arise, why Bertrand would have left his native country, which was constantly engaged in war with the English, to identify himself with that of the Spaniards. The cause is rather of an amusing nature. Bertrand, we have already seen, was of a very amorous disposition, very susceptible of female attractions, and much given to the society of ladies.

Accordingly when come to years of maturity, he became highly enamored with the daughter of a wealthy Baron near Paris. Proud and aristocratic, he was unwilling to any connection with his family, but what would bring with it wealth and fame combined. The former Bertrand possessed in a great degree, and he was only to signalize himself as a military chieftain by some redoubtable acts of valor in order to gain the hand of this cherished object of his affections.

Spain, at this time, on account of its chivalry and the perilous war with the Moors presented the most attractive field to the young aspirant after fame. It was this that led the young Frenchman into the war of the Spaniards.— Having won imperishable honors there, he wished not to return to his own country until he could hear with certainty that his valorous achievements in the army of Ferdinand had removed all obstructions to his union with the daughter of the wealthy Baron. Accordingly he was awaiting the result with intense anxiety in the hospitable family of the Duke, never doubting that he should be successful. So great a time, however, had elapsed that he began to think that he had undergone innumerable perils and hardships, and incurred the hazard of death itself for nought. The time passed on, but not a word of encouragement did he hear from the wealthy Baron, when finally he gave up all hope of union with his daughter. This was indeed a great trial of his firmness. The arrow of disappointment sunk deep into his heart. But the charms of Isabella were constantly round about him and diminish ed the loneliness of his condition. And such a magic spell did she throw around him that in a short while all his affections for the far-distant daughter of the wealthy Baron began to be supplanted by her own fascinations.

Under these circumstances did he

unite himself to this lovely daughter in all that religious solemnity and ceremony so characteristic of the days of chivalry.

But a few days after his marriage, as we have seen, he receives letters from the wealthy Baron. He expatiates freely on all the valorous achievements of Bertrand in that triumph of the cross over the humbled and down-trodden crescent, and to redeem his pledge of honor, he welcomes him back to his fatherland to receive the hand of his daughter, reproaching him at the same time, for his want of patriotism to his country and of loyalty to his sovereign in thus daring to rest his fortunes in a foreign country. Bertrand was placed in a dilemma. Saddening and overwhelming thoughts were revolving in his distracted brain as to how he should act. At last he resolves to tear himself away from the wife of his bosom and repair to his native land. We have already seen how the amiable nature of Isabella was so totally overcome by this act of treachery. She now lingers out a painful existence. Like the rose of summer once existing in all its beauty and sweetness, she now withers and droops beneath the chilling blasts of disappointed love and heartless perfidy. She sinks into the grave, the victim of a broken heart; and the last tear she sheds, and the last prayer she offers up are for her cruel murderer.

SALINE.

THE DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

Every one who visits New York should find time to inspect the Dusseldorf Gallery. It contains a number of paintings, executed by artists, who are supported by the liberality of the King of Prussia at Dusseldorf in one of the Rhenish provinces. Some of these works exhibited are not inferior, at least in the eyes of the unlearned, to the masterpieces of the mighty men of Italy and Flanders.

There are several scores in all completely filling the room where they are shown, and days might be occupied in carefully studying them. One of the most attractive perhaps is a representation of Othello, living over again "the battles, sieges, fortunes, he had passed," in the presence of the lovely Desdemona and the princely Brabantio. The artist's conception of Desdemona differs from that usually entertained by the readers of Shakspeare. The heart so capable of devotion, the most ardent, pure and guileless and loving, shines in every lineament of her noble face.—And besides this which all would expect, she has a look of calm self-reliance and queenly dignity—she has all the majesty of a goddess. Her father is an old man with white hair and thoughtful, lofty brow, which become well a princely ruler of the city of the seas—while his face, handsome, still though wrinkled with age—shows a happy and benevolent heart. These two, their eyes flashing with eager at-

tention, are listening earnestly to the orator, whose countenance in its outline shows a strong mind and a stout heart, but with a skin as black and locks as crisp as those that adorn the ebon head of the King of Guinea. The painter surely has not read our dramatist with a discerning eye. It's nowhere said that Othello comes from the latitude of Timbuctoo or the Congo coast. 'Tis true Iago sneeringly imputes to him an uncomely share of labial flesh, and he himself, in the extremity of his rage, speaks of Desdemona's name, once fresh as Dian's visage, being begrimed and black as his own face—but Iago, besides having rather a doubtful character for truth in general, cannot be suspected of doing full justice to the beauties of his captain's features, and allowance must be made for the extravagance of Othello's self-denunciations, as they were made in the madness of jealousy. There are no instances in history of great military genius displayed by men of Ethiopian blood, and we nowhere read of any intercourse between them and the people of Venice. The Moors were brave and warlike and there was an intimate communication between the Adriatic and the shores of Morocco. Othello was a Moor and swarthy, not black, his hair long and straight, not short and crisp, and the painter has neglected the teachings of Shakspeare, as well as shocked the good taste of all except the loving followers

of Fred Douglas and Theodore Parker, by picturing the noble husband of the high-born Desdemona, as an ebon-hued Negro, with jewels in his ears.

Few things are more amusing than the three scenes in a German student's life. In the first the raw youth is going with faint heart from his father's roof—the old man, and his good wife and the children gather around him in tears to say farewell, as he starts on his course in the great world. The resolution of the poor boy, proud of being on the threshold of manhood, is almost broken, and he is forced to turn his head to conceal the rebellious tears.

He arrives at the University and in the rustic costume, with which his fond mother had with a sad exultation adorned her darling, he is ushered into the presence of the learned Professors. His face shows plainly the anguish of his heart, as he watches with anxiety the countenances of his judges. One, he sees, has settled into nodding indifference, another is peeping slyly into a half-opened book, while a third is whispering to his neighbor, with a most contemptuous stare, "what does this ignoramus come here for?"

Years pass and the boy sprung to the full of German student manhood, is re-entering the parental roof. He has become learned in all the mysteries of beer-drinking and pipe-smoking, midnight quarrelling and sunrise sword-slashing, and monstrous strange oaths are familiar to his life. Instead of the dress so beautiful in his mother's eyes, he has put on the habiliments of a roystering young man. The beer he has drunk blossoms on his nose and dulls the lustre of his eyes, and as he enters

in his boisterous self-sufficiency, ludicrous is the consternation of the sober old folks at the change in their boy.—The children run frightened into the corners, and the house-dog barks furiously at the unknown stranger.

The most pleasing painting of the whole however is a small one—"The Fairies." A little girl in picturesquely attired has floated in a light graceful boat, made in the likeness of a sea-shell away among the water-lilies. The Fairies of the place are greeting her joyfully—little naked boys they are, faintly dimpled and merry and beautiful.—Some are pulling the boat as they swim their round, plump limbs splashing in the crystal water—while others push vigorously at the stern, frolicsome and delighted with the task. One has brought a conch-shell and as he raises it to offer the sweet stranger some water the sparkling drops trickle into his face and causes a whimsical frown and mock earnest shaking of the tiny head. Another in the exuberance of his spirits is climbing a lily stalk, while still another in happy contentment is sprawling on a reaf and proud of his exultation above his fellows, is watching the sport whilst to and fro gently sways the flower-stem with its burden. In the midst of it all, the little girl is looking from one to the other with an air bewildered but not timid, with a delighted look of wondering pleasure. The bright, green lily-leaves, growing out of the crystal stream, the various expressions on the happy faces of the Fairy boys and the round, dimpled limbs, rippling the clear water, the surprised attitude of the charming girl, as she comes so suddenly among the beautiful, kind strange

make this one of the most cheerful
and delighting scenes of German Elf-
land.

The sight of these three paintings
alone is worth a trip to New York.

INCOG.

THE CORSICAN'S RETURN.

Napoleon Bonaparte had been ab-
sent from his native Island, Corsica, in
France, procuring a military education,
for twelve years. Although great suc-
cess had always crowned his endeavors
while at school, still he too had to ac-
knowledge the truth, that there is no
royal road to intellectual eminence.—
He had just ended his school career
and been promoted to the office of First
Lieutenant in one of the regiments of
the French army—had been engaged
in one or two slight conflicts—when he
came away from the busy scenes around
him to pay a visit to his native Is-
land:

I.

Hail, hail, my native Island home!
Thy dear shores I now return;
Though cares have pressed my youthful brow,
Still fondly to thee have I clung.

II.

Hail, hail, my native Island home!
The wide waste thy shores I see;
At now my soul swells big with joy,
To be at home once more in thee,

III.

Hail, hail, my native Island home!
My native hills, my native vales!
Ah! how I long, once more, to hear
Thy legends told in wilder tales.

IV.

Hail, hail, my native Island home!
My native woods, my native bowers!
I come, once more, to taste thy shade,
To pluck, once more, thy sweetest flowers.

V.

Hail, hail, my native Island home!
Thou dear old cot, that gave me birth!
Embrace, once more thy loving son,
Who comes again to bless thy hearth.

VI.

Hail, hail, my native Island home!
Hail, hail, again thou reverend sire*!
Ah! how I long to sit, once more,
And hear thee tell of deeds of fire.

VII.

Hail, hail, my native Corsica!
Again, again rejoice! in me
Thou hast a son who, by his fame,
Shalt give thee to eternity.

* Paoli, commander of the Italian forces
against the Bourbons.

LINES,

Translated from the French.

BY TENELLA.

When dost thou think of me ?

At the soft dawn,
When the day breaketh
As Love is born :

When the Sun's banners
Are slowly unfurled,
'Till his gay streamers
Float o'er the world.

When dost thou think of me ?

When the South breeze
Whispers its love-notes
Unto the trees,
Rippling the Ocean
As thou dost glide
Over its surface
At the noontide.

When dost thou think of me ?

Thro' the long day,
Sigheth thy spirit
That I'm away ;

Could I but come to thee
Over the sea,
Gladly thou knowest
I'd nestle by thee.

When dost thou think of me ?

In the still night,
When on the water
Sleeps the moon light ;
Or 'neath the Palm tree
Quiveringly lies,
As the soft sea breeze
Over it sighs.

When do I think of thee ?

Ever—forever,
Thou from my memory
Absent art never,
Morning and evening,
Noontide and night,
Standeth thine image
Ever in sight.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

FELLOW STUDENTS :—We are at Chapel Hill, let us pause a few moments, and enquire for what purpose we are here, and at what cost. The value of a liberal education, and of a well cultivated intellect more highly estimated now than it ever has been ; for it takes more to constitute a well educated man, at the present day, than at any preceding time. As science advances and unfolds more clearly, from day to day, the secret workings of nature, there is greater scope for the exercise of intellect—there is more to be learned, and consequently more will be expected of us. The man who was a sage in the days of Augustus, or even of Elizabeth would ill compare, in point of knowledge, with the leading men of our day. And it is hardly reasonable to expect that fifty years hence it will be as great a disgrace not to understand the natures of electricity and magnetism, as it is at the present day, to be ignorant of the first principles of mechanical philosophy.

The tendency for the last few years, has been constantly to reduce education to a more practical form. The siege of Sebastopol and University reform have constituted the leading topics of the British reviews for some time. The Classics used to occupy the almost undivided attention of colleges and schools in those days when a well educated could write Latin almost as well as they could their own language—and this has not been long ago. But now, a change has come over the spirit of our dream."

The time that used to be spent in the acquirement of one branch only, is now divided between the Classics and Mathematics, Chemistry and Astronomy, Geology and Mineralogy, and even Botany claims her due portion of our attention.

So the graduate of our day has the merit of being, if not master of any, at least Jack—— of all. Universities used to graduate men ; but now, since yellow fever and cholera have rendered life so precarious, the stripling of twenty-one, who has not his diploma under one arm and his license under the other, despairs of ever making a noise in the world. The college exercises used to be sufficient to employ the whole attention of common minds, but now in four years we make a man a Bachelor of Arts, and at the same time a licensed Lawyer or a Doctor—not to mention his elegance in composition or shrewdness in debate.

This is what is called, at the present day, giving a man a practical education. And to all intents and purposes, it must be confessed, it is *practical* enough. But however much this may deserve our attention, there is another part of our subject that is more to our present purpose. I suppose it very seldom enters into the head of a man to calculate what his education has cost him from the time he first enters a classical school until he has studied his profession—it is no small sum. Suppose he is four years, which is the usual time, in preparing for college at an expense of three hundred dollars a year. This preparation at that rate costs him \$1200. He is then in college four years more at an expense of five hundred a year, which amounts to \$2000. It takes him three more years, ordinarily, to acquire a profession at five hundred a year, which makes in all \$4700. But if this money had been invested at the usual rate of interest from the start, the amount it would have accumulated in the eleven years will be as follows :

The interest of \$300 for 11 years,	\$198 00
do. do. for 10 years,	180 00
do. do. for 9 years,	162 00
do. do. for 8 years,	144 00
do. \$500 for 7 years,	210 00
do. do. for 6 years,	180 00
do. do. for 5 years,	150 00
do. do. for 4 years,	120 00
do. do. for 3 years,	90 00
do. do. for 2 years,	60 00
do. do. for 1 year,	30 00

Total interest, \$1,524 00

The interest plus the capital, 6,224 00

Thus we see, at the ordinary rate of interest, and with as small a sum as the majority of students spend, a course of professional education costs over six thousand dollars! But if we wish to go into the calculation more accurately, we must remember that, as far as money is concerned, our investments in this kind of capital is a dead loss—we loose the principal, we loose the interest—the principal would continue to draw, and we loose also the proceeds that would arise from the interest itself if invested each year. For instance, three hundred dollars is worth eighteen dollars a year. At the end of the first year I would have had, instead of three hundred, three hundred and eighteen dollars to invest the second year. At the end of the second year \$319.08 to invest the third year, and so on. At the end of the eleven years \$116.48, making in all \$6,540.48.

The mere expenses then, would be six thousand five hundred and forty dollars. But suppose the student, as is very often the case, is at a distance from home.—Travelling expenses must then be taken into the calculation, which would increase the sum to about \$7,000 at the time he is prepared to begin life for himself.

But scarcely any man makes more than a living, and a great many do not make a living during the first eight or ten years of his practice. The simple interest on

the \$7,000 for this time would be \$4,200 making in all \$11,200. So that the man who has gone through the forms of classical and professional education, will at the age of thirty, be nearly \$12,000 lower in the pocket than one who has invested his capital profitably, and will consequently have sunk \$12,000, unless he has laid up a sufficient amount of information, or as large a supply of immaterial capital as will suffice rapidly to make up the deficiency.

Our present purpose is not to dwell on the importance or pleasures of a liberal education—such a task would be fruitless and altogether a slander upon the understandings of those to whom this article is addressed. We wish merely to call the attention of the student to the amount a liberal education actually costs him; that by so doing he may be stimulated farther to get the full benefit of what he is paying for at so high a price.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I hope your learned and most honored corps will excuse me for addressing you, as it is the first time I have taken that liberty, and, unless properly encouraged, will be the last. When I first heard of a Magazine's being edited at the University, it struck me as a good plan, since it affords to all dissatisfied students the means of making their complaints in a proper manner, without the probability of being detected. I am myself no student of the University now, but I *have been*, so I can fully sympathize with those who are subjected to the abominable and unchristian-like practice of *being forced to prayers in the morning before their eyes are open*. For my part, since I have entered upon "*the broad arena of life*," I have adopted an entirely different plan. I have laid aside the old fashioned custom of going to bed with the sun and rising with the sun, and become quite gentlemanly in the matter. I go to bed at eleven o'clock and rise at seven,

EDITORIAL TABLE.

ake a short walk and breakfast at eight. cannot tell you, Messrs. Editors, how much better I feel and how much clearer my brain is!

"Early to bed and early to rise" is an old nursery adage, and ought to be confined to children—it was never intended for men and women. What then, is this virtue of early rising that one hears so much about? Let us consider it, first, with reference to the seasons of the year. Originally men got up early and went to bed early. Their labor was all manual. In Summer they preferred working in the cool of the day—in Winter the days were so short to permit of those remaining in bed who were unable to employ the tedious hours of long winter's night. The ploughman drove home his team and retired to rest after his pot of porridge, as contented as a lord. The shepherd followed his innocent flock, while he tuned his oaten pipe to the praise of his adorable Phyllis. But these days of primeval simplicity are gone. We no longer consider our hands as our only means of subsistence; but on the contrary, it is even considered a disgrace to exercise the hands to the neglect of the brains. Manual labor has been, in a great degree, done away with by the exercise of mind, and early rising becomes now a question of economy. In order, therefore, to come to a just conclusion upon the subject, let us analyze the feelings of early risers in the three seasons of Spring, Summer and Winter.

We will begin with Spring—say the month of March. You rise early in the month of March—about five o'clock. It is darkish—coldish—rawish—dampish—snowyish—at least gloomyish. The bell is ringing—pop goes one foot into the breeches and catches in the lining—hop, pop, round you go on one leg half asleep, half tumbling. The bell has stopt—the roll is calling—down you go—answer to your name—doze—come back and shiver

until recitation. You have no wood at this season of the year, all the farmers "have quit hauling and gone to planting." The short interval between prayers and recitation is spent in finishing your toilet, moping about the room, and the sidewise glance at the snug bed, as he passes from the looking-glass to the fireplace—alas! as cold as an iceberg—attests the yearning desire of the poor frozen devil to nestle under its warm folds.

March, April, and May are gone—it is Summer, so if you are an early riser, up you lazy dog! for it is nearly four o'clock. How beautiful is the sunrise! How sweetly the birds sing! How fresh look the roses all covered with dew! You saunter to the chapel and back to your room again—look at your watch, and find to your great consolation it is only *four hours* to breakfast. Down you drop into a chair—yawn—gape—stretch two or three times, open a book upside down—turn it round, it is a translation to Demosthenes—you bless all Greek, and teachers of Greek, Homer, Thucydides and Demosthenes especially—wish his *Phillipics* had choked him; and finally, in disgust, throw yourself on the bed to find relief only in the arms of Morpheus.

It is Winter, about four o'clock in the month of December; so, if you are an early riser, you are up. You light a candle, fumble about for your breeches, put them on—go to the bason, everything is frozen—the servant has not come round with the water yet, it is too soon for *him* to get up. You shiver and shake all over—throw your gown around you—walk across the room—the building begins to shake—the doors slam and chairs fly—first thing you know in comes Sambo—"in a hurry massa"—with a basket of chips and a torch of lightwood, followed by a long black curling tail. The smell of the smoke is very savory soon in the morning—"I've tried it." Well Sambo tears down your wood pile, throws on two sticks

about as large as a man's body, puts on them, three chips and a chunk of light-wood, and leaves you and your room enveloped in smoke. The bell has stopt, you snatch up a blanket or a bed-quilt, issue out, your eyes half popping out of your head, when lo and behold! the ground is covered with snow. You have on your slippers—in you pounce up to the knees—next morning a headache and bad cold—that night sore throat—next morning you repeat the dose, and the following night send for the Doctor. These are some of the few inconveniences, Messrs. Editors, attending the practice of early rising, which you have experienced as well as I.

I would not have you think I preach laziness; I only contend for a reasonable amount of sleep in the morning in Winter. I would lay in bed until Sol warns us by his genial rays, that it is time for us to be up and doing. In Summer I would nap awhile, lulled to sleep by the sweet notes of the mocking-bird and the wren. I would get up in the morning refreshed, and ready for the active business of the day; for it was to this end that a wise Providence has instituted sleep.

There are those who contend that the men of the present day have degenerated from the good old habits and manners of our revolutionary fathers. Who would have you believe that the men of those days were wiser, more industrious, and in every way more worthy than we are.—Who will even preach to us that we are an effeminate, luxurious race of beings, destitute of the energy necessary to the proper development of our faculties. And they will tell you further, we owe this alarming state of things entirely to these innovations in manners, and especially to the wide-spread practice of napping in the morning. Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not belong to this class of croakers, and hope you do not. All good comes mixed, more or less with evil; so we are unwilling to concede, with all due deference, the whole

meed of worth to those who are seen, as it were, through a glass that only reflects the more perfect delineament of features, and the more admirable traits of character, and conceals those rugged qualities that go, in part, to make up the being of every man.

It is a demonstrable fact, that more work is done, in proportion to the inhabitants, each year in America than was done the year before. At first, men worked merely for their bread, now they labor, in a great measure, for eminence; which is the greatest incentive to industry we will leave for you to determine. It is sufficient for our present purpose to make some application of these facts to you as students of the University.

Young men come to college voluntarily, and do only as much work as suits their convenience—there is no compulsion.—They go to prayers when they please, and stay away when they please. They attend recitation when they please, and “snap” when they please. So the matter rests with them. Those who are disposed to pass their time profitably will do so in proportion to the facilities they enjoy. Those, on the contrary, who are disposed to be idle, the laws of college cannot reach. Nor can it be proved that prayers in the morning prevent, in the slightest degree, revels at night—the experience of college is to the contrary. But, on the other hand, it is attended with great disadvantages to those who are disposed to devote those hours to sleep that were intended for sleep. The industrious student, who, weary with the labors of the day, is annoyed during the greater part of the night, by hollowing, singing and ringing of bells, waked suddenly in the morning, from the only refreshing sleep he has enjoyed during the night, and compelled to get up, is unfit for work the whole of the next day. Whether those who have committed these trespasses upon the time of their fellows should be forced to pay

for it by going to *prayers* in the morning, is rather a question of morals, and one that we do not wish to decide. But certain it is, the punishment of those who commit the offences in no way reinstates those who have suffered from them. And the question seems to me to resolve itself into this: Should the good be punished for the bad? should both be punished rather than the evil escape?

Now, Messrs. Editors, these disturbances used to be a great nuisance to college in my day, for we were annoyed on an average, one or two nights in every week; and, I suppose, as the number is much larger now, you suffer as much if not more. It is therefore a question of economy of time, with regard to the industrious portion of college—whether to save an hour or two in the morning they shall loose the rest of the day? It is for the good of this part of the student's, and the reformation of the evil that your college laws are made and put into execution. Now it seems to me that the former should rather be protected than that a course of punishment should be persisted in, which has proved ineffectual for the reformation of the latter.

Very respectfully,

DORMITIUS.

QUITE CREDITABLE it is to the students that they should have contributed so liberally to the relief of those suffering from the pestilence in Norfolk and Portsmouth. We have before us the acknowledgement, from the Chairman of Fund Committee, of the receipt of one hundred and sixteen dollars. Considering the scarcity of pocket change about the middle of the session, we are constrained to think this quite a commendable offering. It shows too that students are not dead to all good impressions and charitable emotions, but are equally as susceptible as others.

During the reign of Charles II, in 1665, a plague broke out in London which

swept off a hundred thousand inhabitants. The comparative mortality of this pestilence was one in seventeen; but in the doomed cities of our sister State, it was one in three. It is gratifying, however, to think that when the sad tales of woe, calling for assistance, reached the ears of our citizens, that they responded with open hearts. No one will ever regret having given in this holy cause, for it may be said of benevolence as of mercy, "that it is twice blest; it blesses him that gives and him that receives." When a blessing shall descend upon the head of the donor in answer to the prayers of the naked and hungry whom he has clothed and fed, of the friendless and fatherless whom he has succored, of the widow and orphan whom he has comforted, then in ecstasy, shall he be able to exclaim with Byron,

"The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore."

A letter from Major Christopher Gale, dated from Charles Town in N. Carolina, Nov. 2, 1711.

MY DEAR,

I cannot omit by all opportunities to inform my second self,* that you have still living in a brother, the most faithful friend that ever was, though perhaps by as signall a hand of Providence as this age can demonstrate. I will not trouble you with repetitions, but refer you to the after-written memorial, which I laid before the Government, and shall only acquaint you how far I had been concerned in the bloody tragedy if kind Providence had not prevented. About ten days before the fatal day I was at the Baron's, and had agreed with him and Mr. Lawson on a progress to the Indian towns; but before we were prepared to go, a message came from home, to inform me that my wife and brother lay dangerously sick;

*The antique orthography retained.

which I may call a happy sickness to me, for on the news I immediately repaired home, and thereby avoyded the fate of which I shall hereafter inform you.

The Baron, with Mr. Lawson and their attendants, proceeding on their journey were on the 22d of September, (as you will see by the Memorial) both barbarously murdered; the matt on which the Baron used to lye on such-like voyages, being since found all daubed with blood, so as we suppose him to have been quickly dispatched. But the fate of Mr. Lawson, (if our Indian information be true) was much more tragycall, for we are informed that they stuck him full of fine small splinters of torchwood like hogg's bristles, and so set the m gradually on fire. This, I doubt not, had been my fate, if Providence had not prevented; but I hope God Almighty has designed me for an instrument in the revenging such innocent Christian blood.

On Sunday, October 21, I arrived here in the quality of an agent, and in order to procure the assistance of the Gov't to destroy our enemies, which I doubt not in a little time to effect. The family I left in garison at Bathe town, my wife and brother pretty well recovered, but what has happened since I know not. Two days after I left the town at day-break, (which is the Indian's usual time of attack,) above 100 guns were heard, which must have been an attack made by the Indians upon some of our garisons, which are in all eleven in number; but cannot hear the success of it, though a small vessell came from the out part of our Gov't here the other day, by which I have the following news:— That on my coming away, Capt. Brice detached from our out garisons 50 men, and in the woods met with a body of Indians, who fought them three days, and forced them at last to retire into the garison. The Indians lost in the engagement 15 men, and we two, one of which was killed by one of our own men. During

this engagement, another body of the Indians, being advised that the garison was weakened by this detachment, came and attacked the garison, and at the same time a number of Indian prisoners of a certain Nation, which we did not know whether they were friends or enemies, rose in the garison but were soon cut to pieces, as also those on the outside repelled. In the garison were killed 9 Indian men, and soon after 39 women and children sent off for slaves. This is the condition we at present labor under. I shall not trouble you with a particular relation of all their butcheries, but shall relate to you some of them by which you may suppose the rest. The family of one Mr. Nevil was treated after this manner: The old gentleman himself, after being shot, was laid on the house-floor with a clean pillow under his head, his wife's head-clothes put upon his head, his stockings turned over his shoes, and his body covered all over with new linen. His wife was set upon her knees, and her hands lifted up as if she was at prayers, leaning against a chair in the chimney corner, and her coates turned up over her head. A son of his was laid out in the yard with a pillow under his head, and a bunch of rosemary laid to his nose. A negro had his right hand cut off and left dead. The master of the next house was shot, and his body laid flat upon his wife's grave. Women were laid on their house-floors, and great stakes run up through their bodies. Others big with child, the infants were ript out and hung upon trees. In short their manner of butchering has been so various and unaccountable, that it would be beyond credit to relate them. This blow was so hotly followed by the hellish crew, that we could not bury our dead, so that they were left for prey to the dogs and wolves and vultures, whilst our care was to strengthen our garison to secure the living. The ship by which this comes is ready to saile so cannot en-

large, only desire my duty may be presented to my father and mother, my sincere love to yourself and brothers, and service to all friends, hoping for a speedy answer to my last by Madam Hyde is what offers from your sincerely affectionate brother,

CHRISTOPH. GALE*

From Charles Town Carolina.

The Memoriall of Christopher Gale, from the government of North Carolina.

To the honorable Robert Gibbs, Esq., Gov. and Commander-in-chief, and to the honorable councell and General Assembly.

To lay before your Honour the prospect or representation of as promising a country, as was ever watered with the dew of Heaven, would take up more time than the present exigency of the affair I am now set upon would give me leave; but much more time and a hand more skilfull would be requisite, to give you a view of the calamities and miseries of so fine a country laid waste and desolate, by the most barbarous enemies, I mean the Corees and Tuscarora Indians.

Although I shall not use much eloquence to implore your aid and assistance in revenging such injuries, clauses of that nature when truly stated being their own best orator, yet I presume I have all the advantages that may be, of making a true representation of that affair to your Honours, being an inhabitant of Beaufort precinct, where a great part of this hellish tragedy was acted. I shall therefore inform your Honours, that on Saturday the 22d of September last was perpetrated the grossest piece of villainy that perhaps was ever heard of in English America,—

130 people massacred at the head of the Nuse, and on the south side of Pamptaco rivers, in the space of two hours; butchered after the most barbarous manner that can be expressed, and their dead bodies used with all the scorn and indignity imaginable, their houses plundered of considerable riches (being generally traders,) then burnt and their growing and hopefull crops destroyed. What spectacle can strike a man with more horror and stir up more to revenge, than to see so much barbarity practised in so little a time and so unexpected? And what makes it the more surprising, that nefarious villainy, was committed by such Indians as were esteemed as members of the several families where the mischiefs were done, and that with smiles in their countenances, when their intent was to destroy. I must inform your Honours that the Governors of North Carolina are not in a condition to take a full (I might say any) satisfaction on the enemy, nor to prevent their further progress, by reason their neighboring Indians are not to be relyed on for any assistance, but rather to be feared they would be prejudicial in any expedition; if not joined with the enemy as we have good reason to judge by their behaviour both before and since the act was committed, therefore a strict and jealous eye is necessarily kept over them by the gov't, and our whole country drawn into garisons to prevent mischief that way, which very much hinders the getting men into a body to pursue the enemy, who are at present between 2 and 300 effective men, and above 1000 women and children; and I believe your Honours will be of opinion, that it is altogether impracticable to attempt such a body of men, flushed with their first success, without Indians who are acquainted with their manner of warring. Wherefore, on the behalf of the gov't of North Carolina, by which I am employed, I earnestly entreat your Honours to permit and encourage so

*This gentleman was Attorney Gen. & Ch' Justice of North Carolina and married Sarah daughter of — Harvey Esq. Governor of Carolina. He was son of Rev. Miles Gale Rector of Keighly in Yorkshire.

many of your tributary Indians as you think proper to fall upon those Indians our enemies, whose families are since fled down to the sea-board between Weatuck and Capefare rivers, whilst their men are still ravaging and destroying all before them, within sight of our garisons, that by your assistance exemplary justice may be done to such barbarous villains, as have laid waste and desolate such a flourishing part of the Lord's Proprietor's Country, and which without your speedy relieve will be wholly deserted.

If any Indians are found innocent of that massacre, and will assist in the destruction of those inhuman wretches, care will be taken to distinguish those from the rest, but I very much fear that upon strickt enquiry, it will be found that the whole nation of the Tuskaroras (though some of them may not as yet be actors,) was knowing and consenting to what was done, and that the success of those already in motion, if not put a stop to, will at last induce the rest to join with them in carrying on these bloody designs. Besides the daily expectation of a considerable number of Senekors, which we are certainly informed are coming to cohabit with the Tuskaroras our enemyes this winter, and become one nation, which in time may effect our neighbouring gov'ts as well as us.

I firmly persuade myself that so much prejudice as the Lord's Proprietors will receive by that fatal blow, the barbarous murder of so many of our fellow subjects, among which number is the Hon. Baron de Graffenred, a Landgrave of Carolina, and a member of the Councell, Mr. Lawson the Surveyor General, with divers others of note, will excite your Honours' compassion towards such a country, and hasten your assistance and relieve.

I am, with all respects,

Your Honours' most

obed't humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER GALE.

OUR READING ROOM.—We would respectfully ask our Fellow-students *not* to destroy the papers in the Reading Room. It costs us a great deal of trouble to put it in order, but our labor will avail but little if every man, that passes in his usual walks, tares off one half of a sheet, and throws down the other.

We have endeavored to suit the reading matter in it to the tastes of all, so that all may be satisfied. We have the "Kaleidoscope"—the *picture* paper—for the Fresh; the "Spirit of the Age," the "Biblical Recorder," and the "Christian Advocate" for the Sophs. And for the Juniors, Seniors, and the other frequenters of our Reading Room a variety of political and literary matter. We hope, then, each class will take care of the papers for *their own sakes*.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—We have received an article through the Post Office from X. Y. C. It is impossible for us to judge of its merits until the whole is finished. The part before us is well written and plainly shows that the author is capable of narrating incidents in a very agreeable manner. But whether the whole will bear the scrutiny of a part is more than we can tell. Besides we have found it bad policy to begin publishing an article until we have received all of it. We must remind the author of our rule *to write only on one side of the paper*. There are other articles before us that will be noticed in the next number. Some of them are good—some are not.

NORTH-CAROLINA IN 1711.—The most obscure portion of our history, with the exception of the incidents, connected with the last settlement in Albemarle, about 1650, and Culpeper's rebellion in 1677, is the period of seven years, between the accession of Thomas Cary as the successor of Governor Daniel in 1705, and the qualification of Governor Hyde on the 24th

January, 1712—Cary was appointed Deputy Governor by Sir Nathaniel Johnston, the Governor of Carolina. The Lord's Proprietors disapproved this choice and directed their Deputies to select one of their own number to fill the office.—William Glover was chosen. Cary yielded quietly to the measure at first, but in a short time placed himself at the head of the Quakers and the common people, in opposition to Glover who was the organ of the government and the church and disagreed to carry with effect the ecclesiastical establishment, devised and organized under the auspices of Sir Nathaniel Johnston and his Deputy, Governor Robert Daniel. Cary usurped the government, secured the possession of the records and for a time was dominant. Both he and Glover had their council, and claimed and exercised gubernatorial powers. Anarchy was the natural result, and the Indians, as might have been anticipated, availed themselves of the opportunities presented by the distraction and weakness of the colony to strike a blow which threatened the utter extermination of the whole settlement in Albemarle.—The following letter and memorial, for both of which we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Hawks, present a graphic portraiture of the troubled scenes of the 22nd September, 1711.

John Lawson, the Surveyor General, an early historian of North Carolina, perished in the manner described. But the life of the Baron, DeGraffenreid was spared, Col. George Little of Raleigh is a lineal descendant of Christopher Gale, and has presented to the Historial Society of the University an engraving of his distinguished ancestor, presenting him as he appeared on the judgment seat in his official robes.

THE STUDENT'S SANCTUM.—In entering a student's room there is not much at first glance to attract our attention. But

when we examine it minutely, a philosopher might find a little field for speculation. A great many rooms are fair indexes of the occupant's mind. We recollect something of a genius whose room was a perfect chaos. Every thing was exactly in the wrong place, and his books especially thrown carelessly under the bed. This was taken as a mark of his great intellect; but genius combined with decency and system would be much more lovely. It is usually the result of carelessness and sometimes of absent-mindedness. The latter is said to be indicative of talent.

Newton, we believe it was, getting very warm one day, ordered the servant to move the stove a little further off. A great many think it a mark of deep thought to be absent-minded, and become so by continued effort, but it is like being honest for honesty's sake. Carelessness makes quite a different impression upon us, we have, therefore, no excuse for indulging in it. Order, besides saving time, improves the appearance, and accords harmoniously with nature. Cut a leg or an arm off, how much does it injure the looks of a man. There is a place for everything in a room—misplace once, it detracts from the neatness of the whole.

If some of our Mothers or Sisters were to visit our rooms, it would be perfect tortures to them to see so little arrangement preserved and so little care taken. Books scattered all over the table, coats and pants in the middle of the floor, a hat or two under the bed, tobacco and pipes (the almost invariable ornament of every student's room,) scattered in every corner of the room, and even the clock on the mantle looking as if it was trying to pounce upon the hearth. Their delicate hands would soon get to work, but, we fear, every thing would have become so accustomed to being out of place, that they would look strange indeed when arranged in order.

By cultivating taste a little, every thing about us might be improved and acquire new charms. He, who cultivates most faculties to perfection, is the worthiest man. It is easy to cultivate one faculty to the neglect of the others, but if they are at first in equilibrium, it is a noble effort to keep them in that condition. Circumstances will sometimes call them all forth, and he is the greatest who is fortified on all points.

Order is the saving both of time and money. It is a waste of time, for instance, to have to search for a book among a promiscuous pile, and when we find it, nine chances to one it is very much abused. If every one's time was as well spent as Franklin's, we would gather a new idea every day. We use time, however, on the principle of the old adage, 'light come, light go.' It needs as much system and arrangement as room-furniture, and we are told that an hour out of place is that much lost. If every thing is neat and in its place in a room, we are prepossessed in favor of the inmate. It is indicative of many good traits. If you find a man with every thing arranged about him, you may infer he is honest, industrious and will pay his debts—you may infer he is economical and will use every thing to the best advantage. If you watch him through life you will never see him perish, but always increasing his capital, and administering to the comforts of the poor and needy.

WOOD AND WOMEN.—Chapel Hill is perhaps one of the most beautiful, healthy and quiet villages in the State.

The streets are broad, firm and bordered by beautiful elm, cedar and oak. The buildings for the most part are large, commodious and arranged with more than ordinary display of taste and beauty, while the inhabitants are generally moral, intelligent, enterprising and liberal—some even to a fault. Sickness and

dissipation are almost entirely unknown. We breathe a pure atmosphere and are surrounded by some magnificent scenery. It is certainly a fit spot for the location of a Literary Institution. We may here pursue our studies without molestation or disturbance (save such as the exuberant spirit of Sopho-freshmanism is wont sometimes to create.) No grog-shops, no village riots, no billiard tables or gaming houses of any description—the only noise we hear from the village is the regular evening chime of the different church bells admonishing their respective congregations that the hour for worshipping is come.

We have mechanics of all classes and grades. Merchants and Apothecaries, Lawyers to a superabundance, (if you allow those to be enumerated who have not as yet been so fortunate as to "get a case,") Physicians and Divines. But of that class of beings *of* whom, and especially *to* whom our present inclination would lead us to speak more particularly and at length, we are sorry to say our village can boast of but few. Why it is that so few young ladies reside at Chapel Hill can only be accounted for on the supposition that they marry as fast as they grow up or come in; and this very fact of itself, aside from many, very many other considerations, ought to be a sufficient inducement, according to our way of thinking, to young ladies from the country, and neighboring towns and villages to come hither for a summer residence at least. But if we are to regard the opinions of those who have learned wisdom by experience, it were well for us if we were not allowed so much as even to see those "fairie nymphs" during our entire college sojourn; for we are told

"Love ne'er haunts the breast where learning lies—

Venus must set ere Mercury can rise."

But if we may be allowed to *amend somewhat* a very time-honored saying, we are decidedly of opinion that, "A little *courting* now and then, is relished by the wisest men, *and women too.*"

However, hoping to be pardoned for a sudden change of the subject, (one of the Edts. complains of being desperately in love; and for his especial comfort the digression was made) we propose to wind up with a few remarks about Wood.

These cold mornings pinch toes and potato-vines *smartly*, and it's necessary for those of us who hav'n't got shoes to have fire; and in order to have fire we must have wood; and in order to have wood we must be at a good deal of trouble and expense just at this time. We remarked above that the people of the village were liberal. Without wishing to retract anything we have said in their favor, we must beg leave to add that the good citizens of Chapel Hill with all their boasted liberality, in common with all mankind, have a "natural love and affection" for money: and though they generally deal with us quite fairly, yet occasionally we find some of them rather disposed to take advantage of our necessities.

When we first came to college there was no difficulty whatever about getting wood. We had then a very efficient wood-agent, and all we had to do was to call on him at the end of the session and pay him—ninety cents per load—ten cents commission. But our want of punctuality in payment, or something else, caused him to quit us very soon, and we were left to shift every man for himself. The consequence was the price of wood rose immediately to a dollar and a quarter per load, in advance. Thus it stood till the commencement of cold weather this fall. When lo and behold! the startling announcement is heralded from the thickets "No wood will be hauled for less than one dollar and fifty cents, cash in advance."

These liberal minded, christian hearted wood cutters, knowing they can get one price about as easily as another since we are oblige to have it, have seen fit in the plenitude of their benevolence, to charge us the enormous price of a dollar and a half per load for wood of such quality and quantity as with all possible frugality will not furnish an ordinary fire-place more than a week in very cold weather.

This is a species of tyranny we might not have expected from those who are so wholly dependent upon the students for the few *jingles* they are enabled to make during the course of a year, and who, were it not for the money put in circulation among them by the students, would have to "stack their rags and get nearer water," or live in a state of irremediable poverty.

We think it time somebody would interfere in our behalf, for who knows where the imposition may find a limit?

P. S.—It has been suggested that the war in the Crimea has caused all these troubles about wood!

We clip the following as it is quite pretty and ought to be read by every one:

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands gain'd a year:
It lends the day a new delight;
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content—
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
It lulls you to repose—
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
To snatch the frown from care;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay—
Spread gladness every where;

And yet 'tis cheap as summer-dew,
That gems the lily's breast ;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possesseth.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
As springs an arch across the tide,
Where waves conflicting foam—
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity ?
Good temper—nothing more !
Good temper !---'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings ;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

PROF. BROWN received at the hands of the present Junior Class, a few days ago, a beautiful and costly *Gold Watch*. This must be to him a most gratifying testimonial of the confidence and esteem of his former pupils : and we are very sure that our faithful Professor will ever remember, and gratefully appreciate, the very laudable generosity which prompted the gift. We give below the very interesting correspondence, on that occasion.

CHAPEL HILL, Nov. 1, 1855.

DEAR SIR : We, the undersigned, having been appointed a Committee in behalf of the Junior Class, to present the Watch accompanying this, beg of you to accept it as a feeble testimony of their esteem for you as a man and as a Professor. We are authorised by the Class to say, that their intercourse with you has been a source no less of pleasure than of profit. With the humble hope that you will do us the honor to accept, we remain,

Your friends,

A. C. AVERY,
J. C. McLAUCHLIN, } Com.
HENRY MULLINS, }

MESSRS. AVERY, } Committee
McLAUCHLIN, } of
MULLINS, } Junior Class.

GENTLEMEN :—Please to accept my thanks for the manner in which you have executed the wishes of Junior Class, and

present to its members the note I have herewith enclosed and addressed directly to them.

Yours truly,

A. G. BROWN.

UNIVERSITY OF N. C., }
Nov. 1, 1855. }

Gentlemen of the Junior Class :

I accept with the deepest sensibility the very elegant watch which you have presented me.

That the remarkable pleasantness of my relations with you should be consummated by such a testimonial of your favourable, and I fear, but too partial regard, is more than I had either expected or deserved. My gratitude indeed for the influence of your sentiments and conduct upon my happiness since these relations began, was already profound and indelible : and now you have contrived to associate a flattering recollection of the same with each particular notice of the passing hour throughout my future career. The thanks for such extraordinary kindness may be more easily conceived than expressed.

I could enjoy no higher honor, nor more satisfactory recompense for my labours as a teacher, than the good opinion of such worthy and honourable students as, in a long and intimate intercourse with me, you proved yourselves to be. Accordingly it is now most exquisitely felt and acknowledged.

But, gentlemen, I am too conscious of my shortcomings and humble deserts, not to cherish your valuable present, rather as an encouraging monitor of my duty, than a mere trophy of success.—Hoping therefore to be more worthy of your generous appreciation hereafter, and that you and I alike may be ever faithful and true to every obligation.

I am, with most grateful and affectionate regard,

Your friend and servant,

A. G. BROWN.

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ADDRESS

*Delivered before the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina,
June 6th, 1855, by RT. REV. BISHOP ATKINSON.*

Nearly two centuries have elapsed since the mighty spirit of Oliver Cromwell went forth to its last account, to receive its reward according to the deeds done in the body; and yet mankind are almost as far as ever from being agreed as to the true character of that extraordinary person, and as to the nature and value of the influence he exerted on the destinies of our race.

Yet, certainly, the events of his life were neither obscure nor ambiguous. His deeds were not done in a corner, but in the face of alarmed and admiring Europe. His speeches were uttered to listening senates, and at the head of armies. His letters have been preserved among the most important state papers of great kingdoms. Yet, with all this glare of light falling upon him, his moral and intellectual proportions seem still vague and indeterminate.

By some persons he is regarded not only as a hero of the noblest type, but the purest of patriots, and scarcely less than the most devout saints. By others, again, he is considered as a coarse, vulgar upstart—possessed, indeed, of un-

common abilities, but who owed his guilty elevation rather to the favor of circumstances, and a remarkable and detestable combination of low cunning with unscrupulous violence, than to any marked superiority in courage or intellect over his contemporaries. The last view has been, until of late, the most generally received.

It was the misfortune of Cromwell to belong to a party which must be, on the whole, pronounced illiterate, although John Milton was a member of it. It was his fault or his misfortune that he was at the same time disliked by the Republicans and abhorred by the Royalists; that by the former he was regarded as the supplanter of the liberties of his country—by the latter, as scarcely anything else than an incarnate fiend. It was his misfortune, that the principal historian of his era was a man who disliked him personally and politically, but whose dislike was not so blind as to make him utterly insensible to the shining qualities of his enemy, and whose wisdom and powers of language and knowledge of his subjects are such

that his words will never fall to the ground while the English language subsists. The very candor, then, of Clarendon, while it has made his portrait of Cromwell more life-like, has tended to secure the acceptance of the darkest tints which he has used as being true to nature. On the whole, if dead men know and feel the estimate in which they are held by their fellow creatures on earth, Cromwell scarcely can have been in Paradise.

But latterly, public opinion has begun to be considerably modified. There were some evidences of change in the begining of the century. No less a statesman than Mr. Fox—himself, withal, a descendant of Charles I., though in a channel of which he had no reason to be proud—ventured to say of the execution of that king, "the act for which Cromwell was most denounced, that there was something in the splendor and magnanimity of it, which had served to raise the character of the English nation in the opinion of Europe in general." But in our own day, Cromwell has found an advocate who does not deal in faint praise—who is not affrighted by the death of Charles nor the massacre at Tredagh; who sees in his hero nothing but what is right and wise, just and good. This is Carlyle. It must be admitted that, in rescuing from oblivion the character of Cromwell, he has done his work well and skilfully. He passes, with a light touch, those points which would shock the ordinary feelings of humanity in his hearers, and he brings out into most vivid light, whatever can affect the imagination or bias the judgment in behalf of his hero. It seems, by the bye, to

be a new and very singular feature in the literature of this age, that so much of it is devoted to reversing the sentence which mankind have pronounced on those men who have been condemned as the great criminals of our race. Until very lately, when the basest and most noxious of demagogues was to be stigmatized—when insolence and sycophancy, rashness and cowardice, vulgar ambition and mean envy were to be described in one word—the name of Cleon was used. But now, Mr. Grote has undertaken to show that he was one of the martyrs of the world's injustice, and was really, after all, a very proper person. So has it been with Robespierre. From that day when his ears, about to be cold in death, were filled with exulting shouts of the people of Paris rejoicing in his fate; from that day, when, on the scaffold, a woman from the crowd exclaimed to him, "Murderer, your agony fills me with joy! Descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!"—from that day, till within these few years, Robespierre has been looked on, not merely as indefensible, but beyond the pale of human sympathy—so intensely a lover of himself, as to be an enemy of his race. But Lamartine pledges himself to the world that all this is false.

According to him, Robespierre perished the victim of his virtues. Devotion to the people—that is, the oppressed portion of humanity—a passionate desire to restore liberty to the bondmen, equality to the humble, fraternity to the human race, supremacy to reason—these were his crimes. He did, indeed, shed blood, but with repug-

nance. In the meantime, he submitted to the most cruel humiliations and privations to assure that victory to the people, the fruits of which he disdained for himself. Such, we are now told in the most eloquent language—such was really the man whom the world has execrated as hypocrite, tyrant and vampire. When men of the abject nature of these demagogues—men great only in their wickedness—with no fire of genius, no depth of insight, incapable of any heroic purpose, or any act of generous self-forgetfulness—when such persons are exalted to the rank of heroes, no wonder that a man of consummate ability, of undoubted courage, of many gentle and tender, as well as many high and noble traits of character, should be almost deified by an eccentric and impassioned admirer. It is desirable, however, that we should get rid of all these disturbing influences—of the bitterness of conquered and exiled Clarendon, on the one hand, of the all-applauding enthusiasm of Carlyle, on the other—and that, without any theory to advance or any passion to gratify, we should endeavor to do justice, strict justice, to a man, to whom, as to all other men, justice and truth are due, and who ought to be impartially and accurately estimated, because he is far from being the last of his class. It requires no prophet to foresee that in our own or the next generation, other Cromwells will rise up in Europe, perhaps in America; and it is well to investigate, beforehand, the circumstances which produce them, and the different phases of character through which they pass.

That Oliver Cromwell, then, was a great man, must be acknowledged, his

enemies themselves being judges.—Clarendon's sentence on him is worth giving, not only because it is the judgment of one great man by another—his contemporary, his associate and his enemy—but also because it is a striking instance of that singular power of individualizing the figures of history; of painting a man by words, so that no canvass of Vandyke or Titian shall be more characteristic or better remembered; a power which Clarendon possessed beyond any historian of ancient or modern times, except perhaps Tacitus.

Look, then, here at the original picture, from which all the engravings, so to speak, of Cromwell have been taken—all the representations which have been popularly accredited in histories, pamphlets, essays and the like:—"He was," says Clarendon, "one of those men, whom their very enemies cannot revile, without at the same time praising; for he never could have done half that mischief without great parts, courage, industry and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humors of men, and as great address in applying them, who, from a private and obscure birth, (though of a good family,*) without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humors and interests into a consistence that contributed to his designs and to their destruction, whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough

* Cromwell was a cousin, though a far-off one, of Charles I. himself—his mother having been a Stewart descended from the royal family of Scotland.

to cut off those by whom he climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What Velleius Paterculus said of Cnna, may very justly be said of him: that he dared what no good man would have dared, and that he accomplished what none but the bravest could have accomplished. Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly—more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty; yet, wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those trophies without the assistance of a great spirit and admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

"When he appeared first in Parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious; no ornament of discourse; none of those talents which used to reconcile the affections of the stander-by; yet, as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties until he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom. After he was confirmed and invested Protector, by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any occasion of importance, nor communicated any enterprize he resolved upon, with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it, nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and au-

thority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it." Clarendon then mentions an instance, in which he imprisoned a man who refused to pay a tax that he had laid upon the city; and when Maynard, an eminent lawyer, of counsel for the prisoner, demanded at the Court of King's Bench to set him at liberty, because of the illegality of the imprisonment, the Protector sent Maynard himself to the Tower, and severely rebuked the judges for entertaining the question; demanding of them, who *made* them judges, or whether they had any authority to sit there but what he gave them? and dismissed them with the caution, that they should not suffer the lawyers to prate what it would not become them to hear. Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands, as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law—rarely interposing between party and party.

As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory and dared to contend with his greatness, so towards all those who complied with his good pleasure and courted his protection, he used a wonderful civility, generosity and honesty.

To reduce three nations which perfectly hated him to an entire obedience to his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was undevoted to him and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address.

But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most—France, Spain or the Low Countries—where his friendship was current at the value he himself put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honor and their interest to his pleasure, so there was nothing which he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. To manifest which, two instances are given by Clarendon. One is that so well known, of the Waldenses, whose prince, the Duke of Savoy, had determined upon their extirpation. These, “whose moans the vales redoubled to the hills, and they to Heaven,” touched the heart of Cromwell with pity and with indignation. He sent an agent at once to the Duke of Savoy—a prince with whom he had no correspondence nor commerce—to demand a cessation of the persecution; and so engaged Cardinal Mozaine, and even terrified the Pope himself—being accustomed to say that his ships should visit Civita Vecchia, and the sound of his cannon be heard in Rome—that the Duke of Savoy restored to his protestant subjects all he had taken from them, and renewed their privileges that they had forfeited. In the other instance, his authority was yet greater and more incredible. The Protestants in the city of Nismes, in France, on occasion of a disputed election, had without warning, fired upon the dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church and the magistrates of the town, and killed several of them. The French Court was glad of this outrage, as it was thereby furnished with a justification for what it wished to do—that is, strike a heavy blow against the

reformed religion in that country—meaning to put to death a number of their leaders, pull down their churches in that city, and expel many from their homes. The rioters submitted themselves to the magistrates, but they could not obtain even a promise of mercy. In this extremity they sent to Cromwell for protection; and their messenger, made the utmost haste. Cromwell having heard his account, told him to refresh himself after so long a journey and that he would take such care of his business, that by the time he reached Paris on his return, he would find it dispatched. And this time was verified: for when the messenger came to Paris, he found that an order had already been given to stop the troops which were on their march to the offending city; and in a few days a full pardon and amnesty were given under the great seal of France. He never suffered Cardinal Mozaine to deny him anything: and the poor man complained that he knew not how to behave himself; for if he undertook to punish the Protestants, Cromwell threatened him; and if he showed them favor, he was accounted at Rome a heretic.

With all this force of character, he was not a man of blood. Constant efforts were made to assassinate him; and he was importuned by his officers to permit a general massacre of the Royal party, but he would never consent. In short, says Clarendon, somewhat inconsistently, after such a recital, “as he had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebra-

ted, and he will be looked on by posterity as a brave bad man." This, then, was beyond all question a great man. Out of the mouth of the enemies who hated him most, we have the strongest testimony.

He was no braggart like Cleon, no declaimer like Robespierre; but a man of admirable sagacity, of the clearest insight into human nature and personal character, of the soundest judgment, and a courage so unblenching, a resolution so magnanimous, that in this respect, none of Plutarch's heroes, no knight in the most brilliant age of chivalry, has excelled him. He was, says one of the contemporaries, a strong man. In the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all others. But great men have their gradations. There are those who tower above their competitors, as Mont Blanc lifts itself above the Alpine heights. There are a few whose names we instinctively recall when we think of transcendent ability. They are such as Alexander, as Cæsar, as Napoleon. No man thinks of putting them on the same level with ordinary conquerors or statesmen. Beasidas was a great man, but he was not Alexander; Scipio was a great man, but he was not Cæsar; Ney and Massena were great men, but they were fit only to be the marshals of Napoleon. And this, I think, will be seen to be a characteristic of these stars of the first magnitude, that their light shines on the whole sphere of human thought. It is not this or that work which they are competent to do; but whatever it be that is most difficult to man, and yet possible, these men show

themselves competent to effect, when the occasion presents itself. Think, *e. g.*, of Alexander—of that man dying before he was thirty-two, yet, having not only won the most marvellous victories that history records, but effected conquests as durable as they were extensive—yet finding time to master the philosophy and literature of Greece; and while borne along in the whirlwind of victory, still capable of discerning, with the prophetic eye of genius, the spot best suited to establish a city worthy to bear his name—a city whose position was selected with such wisdom that no revolution could overthrow it, no extremity of war, no vicissitudes of commerce, no changes of dynasty, no successions of religion, no extirpations even of races of men have prevented it from continuing, for more than 2,000 years, one of the leading cities of the world. Till his day, Greece was a corner of Europe; after his day, Greece overspread the world—in its language, its literature, its colonies, its kingdoms, its moral and even its political ascendancy.

The intellect of Alexander, then, was wide and various like the empire he established. Still more certain is this of Julius Cæsar, the greatest perhaps of all men. His deeds in war were but a small part of his achievements. He was an orator whom only want of time prevented from excelling Cicero: he was a writer, whose mere notes of his campaigns are among the most valued monuments of history; he was the reformer of the Calendar, and for 1,600 years it remained as he had settled it. The penetration which belongs to superior genius; its insight into character,

not only where individuals are the objects of observation, but whole races of men; its power to seize on what is durable and distinctive, passing by what is ephemeral or what is common to all men—these prerogatives of great souls are strikingly indicated in some remarks which Cæsar casually throws out, that seem, also, in a very memorable way, to illustrate the permanence of national types of character. In speaking of the Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, he mentions that he would not communicate to them certain plans of great importance, which he was revolving, because of their fickleness and impressibility of nature. "For," he goes on to say, "that it was their custom to stop travelers on the road, however, reluctant these might be, to be detained, and require them to tell all the news they had heard; and that the populace in the towns would gather around merchants from abroad, and compel information from them of the countries from which they came, and of whatever was memorable or interesting that was known in those distant lands."

"At the same time they were easily swayed by the rumors which thus reached them, and, on the strength of such intelligence, entered on the most important designs, which they would afterwards find it necessary to retrace up to their very first steps, because they had been acting in conformity with false information, which had been given them in response rather to their wishes than to the facts of the case."

Could a more vivid picture be drawn of modern France—especially of that Paris which concentrates in itself not merely the powers and impulses, but all

the distinctive peculiarities of France? The impressionable, sympathetic, impetuous, inconsistent, daring, cruel, frivolous, licentious, generous, faithless, inquisitive, intellectual Gaul whom we meet with on the page of Cæsar—that medley of great faults and great excellencies—is the Frenchman of the League, of the Fronde, of the Revolution. What an eagle eye was that which sees all these things while he is marching at the head of his legions from one battle-field to another; what a genius, which grasps every subject, the sublimest, the most trivial; what quickness, which enables him to dictate to his secretaries seven letters at a time, on the most important subjects, shaking Rome from the extremity of Belgium; and in ten years subduing Gaul, the Rhine and the Ocean of the North?

Alike in transcendent genius, but scarcely equal, was Napoleon. It is not his marvellous success in war that places him in this grade, it is the universality of his powers; it is not Lodi, nor Marengo, nor the Pyramids, nor Austerlitz alone; but that Code Napoleon, so wise and just, and so adapted to the wants of men that it has survived him and his Empire, and by it he still rules among his enemies; it is that eloquence by which he spoke to the hearts of his soldiers, and stirred them as by the sound of a trumpet; it is that prophetic power by which he announced, nearly forty years ago, the present war in Europe, the life and death struggle between the Republican and the Cossack—for such in essence it is. It is wonderful that such a man as either Cæsar or Napoleon should be born in any country; but how much more wonderful that one country should

produce, even with an interval of eighteen centuries, these, in point of genius, the two foremost men of all the earth.

Nothing, it would seem, but the most perverse love of paradox could induce one to amagine that Oliver Cromwell was the superior of these prodigies of intellect. As a warrior, he never lost a battle; as a statesman, he controlled the diplomacy of Europe, and he died in his own palace—not in exile, like Napoleon, not under the hand of assassins, like Cæsar—but with every enemy prostrate, and leaving his mere name such a terror to men, that no one dared to stir or lift his hand against a single disposition he had made for six months after his bones were laid in the earth.

And it is this success which seems to have fascinated Carlyle, who looks on might and right as equivalent, and has much more faith in trial by battle than by jury, or parliament, or ballot box, or any other human means. His God is, in a sense rather different from that of the Hebrews, the God of Hosts. But, after all, how far did Cromwell triumph? He established no dynasty as Cæsar did, and as perhaps even Napoleon indirectly has done. He could not even frame a government that would work.

He called parliament after parliament, and after a few weeks was obliged to dissolve each one, his object frustrated. The edifice of his personal power and fortunes fell immediately after him.—And we may well ask, what enduring monument of any sort did he leave? There was no improvement in the constitution of his country of which he can be said to have been the author. He found English law in a transition state, between feudality and the modern

commercial equitable system; he found it confused, incoherent, dilatory, and he left it so. There is no Cromwellian Code to rival the Code Napoleon, nor indeed any notable improvement, such as was actually wrought afterwards by inferior men in Charles II.'s day. Science and literature, though like other great men he honored and wished them well, yet received no substantial, practical benefit from him. English architecture received nothing from him but injuries. He reared no monument in stone or marble to the nation's greatness or his own glory; but he permitted some of the noblest which England possessed to be *mutilated*, which he never restored.—These were the castles, and above all, those ancient and magnificent cathedrals, the most precious heirloom of all the national treasures that modern England has derived from the ancestral race, but which to Cromwell's soldiers were doubly odious, as refuges for their enemies, and as symbols of a faith which they abhorred. The cathedral at Carlisle is, as I saw it a few years since, not yet restored from the ruin brought on it by the wanton violence of a time when,

“Priests were from their Altars thrust,
And Temples levelled to the dust,
And solemn rites, and awful forms,
Foundered amid fanatic storms!”

Others suffered irreparable damage, but scarcely any so much as that of Carlisle. For this vandalism, Cromwell must in a great degree be held responsible, as the leading man of the party which perpetrated it, and as having possessed, and yet never exercised, the power to repair its consequences. Indeed, except music, of which he was

passionately fond, he seems to have felt and cherished a thoroughly puritanical contempt and repugnance for all the fine arts.

In this respect, as in many others, how unworthy is he to be compared with those myriad-minded men, who knew not only how to fight and how to treat, but how to adorn life—how to address the souls of their fellow-men for centuries, through solemn and august works which strike upon the imagination and the heart through the senses. Such were the temples and amphitheatres that Cæsar planned. Such were the columns and arches and public edifices that Napoleon constructed. How inferior, too, was he to these men in richness and brilliancy of mind? His oratory was impressive, from his entrance into the House of Commons, because he always spoke with great good sense, and with fiery earnestness; but it is uncouth, prolix, involved, and to a reader even wearisome, having scarcely a gleam in thought or language, of that lightning power of genius by which Cæsar and Napoleon transfixed the hearts of men. And often all the greatness of Cromwell, in his own departments, war and government, though real and intrinsic, has appeared much more striking, because the mediocrity of most of those by whom he was surrounded.

Fairfax was the only one of the parliamentary Generals, besides Cromwell himself, who seems to have had much talent; and he lacked energy and decision; while of the Royalists, Prince Rupert did as much to ruin his uncle's cause, as if he had been bribed by his enemies; while Ormond and Capell and

Hapton and Astley, were merely sensible, gallant gentlemen. Had Montrose, indeed, instead of leading a few wild Highlanders, been at the head of an army like that which fought on the king's side at Marston Moor or Naseby, and the issue been the same, then it would have been impossible to deny that his conqueror was one of the greatest captains the world has ever seen.—As it is, we only know that no equal ever faced him. He was not less fortunate in the period when he began to interfere in the affairs of the continent. The Thirty Years' War was just closed, and Germany lay faint and bleeding from innumerable wounds. Spain, paralyzed by her Church and by her government, forbidden by the Inquisition to think, and thereby losing the very power of thought, stript of her former political liberties, ruled by kings so weak and incapable that they were notoriously under subjection to favorites scarcely superior in mind and energy to themselves—Spain was rapidly sinking to its present state of helplessness and degradation, and presented its unwieldy bulk to an active assailant, as the whale rolls before the harpooner, with a vast surface to wound, with immense riches to spoil, and with no skill or power of defence to repel. France, on the other hand, was full of youthful vigor; but fortunately for Cromwell's ascendancy, Richelieu was dead, Louis XIV. was a minor. It was the interregnum between those two great rulers, that he carried matters with so high a hand over that proud country. Cardinal Mazarine, a cunning, timid man, and doubly hateful to the nation he governed, as not only a foreigner, but an Italian, a country-

man of Catherine DeMedicis, was then at the helm. The country was, indeed, in a most confused state. The great nobles levied war against the king, or fought for him, apparently to pass away the time—changing sides in a moment of pique or ill humor with their associates, or to gain a smile from their mistresses. To a country in this state of disorder, with a ruler constitutionally fearful, Cromwell, with his sagacity, resolution and military fame, had to address himself. No wonder that he spoke only to be obeyed. His reclamations in behalf of the Protestants would not have been listened to so meekly thirty years before, when Richelieu was besieging Rochelle, nor thirty years after, when Louis XIV. was revoking the Edict of Nantz. He bestrode the world like a colossus, because the men around him were pigmies. On the whole, when we examine what he did, we find that his genius was rather destructive than constructive. He pulled down the throne, but he could not build another, nor could he set up a republic; he pulled down first Episcopacy and then Presbyterianism, but he had nothing definite to offer the nation in their stead. He gained no permanent conquest for his country but Jamaica, and that rather by accident than of purpose; he made no improvement in her economical or social interests; and, except the halo of reputation which he shed around her name by his victories on land, and by Blake's at sea, his work for all good purposes died with him. What good he frustrated of course no man can tell. It is certainly possible, that but for him, there might have been an agreement between the king and people; that the

Church might have been upheld; that society might have escaped the absolute domination of the Puritans, and the consequent reaction, the dissoluteness and profligacy of the Restoration.— Looking at the issue of his work, Cromwell cannot be considered even as a successful man; and though undoubtedly great, he cannot be ranked with those mighty minds who have regulated the course of history, and the fortunes of their entire race, and left an indelible impress on the institutions and even the character of mankind. He must be relegated to that secondary, though still very high rank to which we assign the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons, the Henry IV. of France and the Frederick II. of Prussia—men renowned for prowess in the field and wisdom in the Cabinet, but yet mere warriors and statesmen, not those bright universal intelligences, who are competent to win the prize in any arena of human effort. And some such estimate of Cromwell's intellectual proportions even his enemies were obliged to allow the justice of. Self-respect would compel this, for he had conquered them all, and they would scarcely desire to have it thought that their superior was either a coward or a fool. The particular in which they seem to me to have been least just to him, is in the moral aspect of his character. I have already quoted the language of Clarendon, that Cromwell had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared; and Lingard says "his whole life was made of artifice and deceit," and yet these two are among the calmest of the historians opposed to him. A great and very favorable light has

however been shed on his character, since these authors wrote, by the publication of his letters and speeches. In these he speaks for himself, and we see not only his penetration and sagacity, his calm fortitude when the day is darkest and the storm heaviest, and all the other lofty elements of character, but we see the gentleness almost of a woman in his intercourse with those he loves? great consideration for the helpless; warm domestic affections, and other sweet and gracious elements of character, softening and adorning the stern bold man, like flowers blooming on an Alpine cliff. The great question, however, concerning his moral nature, (for a robber may be kind to his wife and loving to his children,) the point on which our whole estimate of his character must depend, is this, was he sincere in his professions of patriotism and religion? These professions were sufficiently loud and obtrusive. Were they the uncontrollable expression of genuine feeling, or were they the utterances merely of a remorseless craft and hypocrisy? It would be very easy to pronounce peremptorily either way, and to offer well authenticated facts in confirmation of either view. But this short, unqualified way of deciding on character, does not suit the complexity of human nature, and least of all men would it suit the case of Oliver Cromwell—a man of large experience of life, deeply affecting his original elements of character, and who, even in these elements was various, and so to speak, many-sided. The basis of the man's moral nature, I suppose to have been a profound melancholy. He shared this temperament with some other men who have

most affected the fortunes of the world—with Mahomet, with Martin Luther, with Dr. Johnson, with some of the ancient prophets, with some of the old saints. This temperament, inclining men to look with scorn and indifference on the ordinary objects of human pursuit, renders them more single-minded, more energetic, and more uncontrollable in effecting the objects they actually take to heart. How can you alarm a man to whom life itself is a weariness, to whom all things appear flat, stale, and unprofitable? Here, then, is a basis for magnanimity. And at the same time, how can you bribe a man, who sets no value on anything you have to offer? This melancholy temperament, then, is allied to sincerity. But there is a class of thoughts and interests, which, if they be considered cannot be despised. They are those which relate to the soul, to God, and to eternity. If we analyze earthly things, they cannot bear it, they shrink away, they become as nothing. But the deeper we search into, and the longer we contemplate those which are eternal, the more grand and vast do they loom before the mind's eye. There is, then, a natural affinity between a thoughtful melancholy temperament and religious sensibility and earnestness. The tendency may be suppressed by intellectual convictions unfavorable to it, as for example, in an infidel age; and where the tendency is not checked, the religion may be true or may be false, to which it is directed; but, independently of these considerations, it is manifest, on psychological grounds, that strong and deep religious impressions are easily made on men of melancholy temperament, and the incidents of history stri-

kingly confirm the conclusion which would itself flow from *a priori* reasoning. Mahomet was such a man. He who supposes him to have been a mere vulgar mercenary impostor, like Theodos of old, or Joe Smith in our own day, does greatly err. There is every reason to believe that he began with the earnest purpose to be what was much needed at that time, a religious reformer; and it is very probable that he was persuaded that God had sent him to do that work. It was not begun till he was past middle age, and had become a man of wealth and social consideration.

The career on which he entered was difficult and dangerous, and one of most uncertain issue. - He had much to lose, and but little to gain, when he arrayed himself against the superstitions and idolatries of his people. No man can reasonably explain his conduct but through religious sincere zeal. But the point to which I wish to direct especial attention is this, that he was one of those men who are constitutionally grave and ever sad; that he was indifferent to what most men value, and given to extreme and protracted meditation on those great problems which our spiritual nature and eternal destiny suggest. He was, from his youth up, a silent, serious man, inquisitive as to those subjects which bear on the future life.

At twelve years of age he came under the instruction of a Nestorian monk, who is supposed to have done much to shape the system of doctrine which he subsequently taught. When he had acquired by wealth his marriage with Cadijah, he neglected his former commercial occupations, and gave himself up, to a great extent, to meditation and prayer.

The babble of the Arabs about camels and caravans, and silks and spices, and wars and forays, could not interest a soul burning with desire to know itself and its destinies, whence it came, whither it went, what its nature. To such a soul, dwelling on thoughts of sin, and holiness, and God, and eternity, the worship and faith of those around him, worship of the black stone at Mecca and of graven images, faith in a multiplicity of gods, and in stars as gods, and in the images as divine; all this seemed as a blasphemous deceit and horrible impiety. Thus he gradually absented himself from society, and seeking solitude in a cavern, would remain days and nights together wrapt in meditation and prayer. There he saw visions and dreamed dreams. There it was revealed to him that there was but one God, and that resignation to His will, was the great, all-comprehensive duty of man. There, it was impressed on his mind, that he was called to go forth and teach others what he had himself, after many painful struggles and anxious thoughts of soul, thus learned. At first, it seems he was doubtful of his own mission, and needed to be confirmed by the assurance of his wife and his friends, that he was indeed the prophet of God. I suppose, then, that his original motives were good; that his first steps were taken in all sincerity, and that his religion, in its primary annunciation, was a great improvement on the low idolatry scarcely above Fetichism of his day and country. That all this was, in the course of time, changed very much for the worse; that in a certain sense, that is true which is often said of him, that he began a fanatic and

ended a hypocrite; that he became infuriated by the opposition he met with; that he was debased by his struggles, and by his very success; that he gradually imbibed the spirit of a warrior, a conqueror, and a sensualist; and that at length he feigned revelations to justify his own character and practices—all this seems to me indubitably certain. But such are the weaknesses and inconsistencies of human nature, that all this is not irreconcilable with the belief that he was originally sincere and earnest in his religious aspirations; and I urge this to show the connection that exists between deep religious sensibility, and that mysterious temperament, lofty, melancholy, ascetic, which he shared with Cromwell and many more of the master-spirits of mankind.

Martin Luther is another. In classing him, then, with these men, of course I do not mean to intimate that he was like them in all respects; not more pure, not more devout. He was in these respects, I am greatly persuaded, their superior; but he was like them in a melancholy which approached almost to madness, and in depth of religious feeling which made him count all the bribes and all the terrors of the world but as the small dust of the balance, compared with the duty of holding and maintaining and propagating his convictions. Luther, it has been well remarked, had a mind intently self-contemplative and profoundly unquiet, which, except the strongest active occupations diverted it, preyed on itself—scrutinized its own faith, feelings, fears and hopes—pried into the mysteries of its own nature, and provoked internal dissatisfactions and struggles. He speaks of his great scenes

of trial, as being throughout life, *internal*. His agonies, his temptations, his colloquies with himself or with Satan, the tenderest controversy, and the most formidable disputant were always *within* him. He fasted, prayed, watched long and vigorously. Often, when a monk, on returning to his cell, he knelt at the foot of the bed, and remained there until day-break. He relates that once, for a whole fortnight, he neither ate, drank, nor slept. At the foot of the altar, his hands clasped, his eyes full of tears, he prayed for peace and found none. One morning, the door of his cell not being open as usual, the brethren became alarmed—they knocked, and there was no reply. The door was burst in, and brother Martin was found stretched on the ground, in a state of ecstasy, scarcely breathing, and well nigh dead. Is it not easy to trace the coincidence between these struggles and those of Mahomet in his cave, and of Cromwell, as Carlyle vividly describes him, “walking with a heavy foot-fall and many thoughts by the bank of the dark and slumberous Ouse, with thoughts not bounded by that river, with thoughts that went beyond eternity, and a great black sea of things that he had never been able to think.” May we not trace these same struggles in all men of whom we know anything, of active minds, and at the same time of this melancholy temperament, in Pascal, in Dante, in Cowper, in Dr. Johnson—“fits of the blackness of darkness, with the glances of the brightness of very Heaven.”

But these struggles do not belong only to men of this class, who do come to some solution, more or less just, more or less satisfactory, of the problems

with which they are perplexed, concerning the soul, and God and eternity; they belong also to those to whom these problems remain forever insoluble, and who sink into unbelief and Atheism. They have been traced for us in saddest but clearest light, by the pens of Rousseau and Byron and Shelley, men who yearned for knowledge and peace, and madly rejecting that which came to them from Heaven, plunged into atheistic de-pair. The great bulk of mankind know but little of these trials; they indeed feel difficulties, for that is inevitable, but they are not much troubled by them, and they readily accept of any proffered solution, and become content. But there is a class of minds naturally disdainful of the petty objects of life, meditative, inquisitive concerning the future, reverential, scrupulous, sometimes morbidly scrupulous, to whom life is a burden, until they obtain some satisfaction to their questionings concerning God, good and evil, the soul and eternity. Such a man was Cromwell. In early life he suffered, they say, from hypochondria. His physician told Sir Philip Warwick that he had often been sent for to him at midnight; that he often thought he was just about to die, and had fancies about the Town-Cross. We are reminded of Luther throwing his inkstand at Satan, whom he believed to be bodily present with him—of Dr. Johnson, after his mother's death, hearing her call him—and of other indications of the perturbed state of powerful souls wrestling with difficulties and temptations. These dark sorrows and melancholies of Cromwell, are valuable as indications of his character. We know better to what order of men to assign

him; and it is any thing but a low or base order. As his admiring biographer says, the quantity of sorrow a man has, does it not mean withal the quantity of sympathy he has, the quantity of *faculty* and victory he shall yet have? "Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness." The depth of our despair, measures what capability and weight of claim we have to hope. Black smoke of Tophet filling all your universe, it yet can, by true heart-energy, become *flame* and brilliancy of heaven. At length his soul found rest in the disclosures and consolations of religion, and never afterwards was he so troubled by melancholy imaginations. Indeed, the civil war soon broke out, and his active spirit was drawn away from its own internal conflicts to the embodied tumults, that raged around him, and amid the din of battle and the excitement of diplomacy, while guiding with a strong hand the car of state, and crushing with relentless energy the machinations of enemies, he had no time to bestow on the dark visions of early life. Yet indications of the same temperament we find coming to the surface throughout all his days, and among those indications, I number his coarse and unseasonable jokes. As opposite colors are said by modern science to be complimentary, one of another, and as magnetism has its opposite poles, so a given quality of character will show itself by two opposite classes of manifestations. Fear is not only cautious, but it is rash. Prodigality is parsimonious as well as profuse, and thus melancholy, while it cannot be cheerful, is both merry and sad. Never perhaps was there a great jester who did not often suffer from deep depression. Where

there is such violent action, there must be corresponding reaction. Thus the two gravest of modern nations, the Spaniards and the English, have most humor. Shakspeare, with his accustomed intimate knowledge of human nature, introduces Falstaff complaining of melancholy. And the actual humorists, Sterne and Swift, were any thing but happy men; while the solemn John n would burst out occasionally into uncontrollable fits of laughter, and Luther's jests are as pungent as his invectives, and his wit scarcely less famous than his eloquence.

It is thus we are to understand Cromwell's coarse and unseasonable jocularity. It was repeatedly exhibited when events were gravest, and his own feelings ought to have been the saddest. Thus when he signed the order for the king's execution, he smeared with ink Henry Martyr's face, who sat by him, and who immediately did the same to him. Was this exuberance of spirits in the very doing so dreadful a deed? Surely not. It was the very tension of his nervous system which thus sought relief. He gave vent to his deep emotions in buffoonery, because he could not suppress them; and to utter them in suitable word or deed would have been discouraging to his followers, already anxious and shrinking from the consequences of their own solemnly pronounced judgment. On another occasion, he ends an interview with Ludlow, by throwing a cushion at his head and running down stairs—not a very seemly and dignified proceeding on the part of so great a man, but done probably in order to avoid breaking out into that torrent of passion and invective which Ludlow's unyielding opposi-

tion was likely to urge him to. On the whole, if I have justly estimated Cromwell, he belonged by original constitution and natural temperament, to a class of men who, of necessity, are in earnest in what they undertake, who are not cheerful and happy in their organization, who look on the mysteries of the universe with a sad and unquiet eye, who are much occupied with these problems, who are not much attracted by the toys and gewgaws of life, who do not live for bread alone, but for the truth which they have painfully discovered, or supposed themselves to have discovered, and for the right, which they desire to see established.

Such men must be in earnest. It is not among them that you find the quacks and impostors of the world, those who cheat their fellow-men for a morsel of bread. Cromwell went forth to do his work, sternly earnest, believing he was called thereto by God; believing that God would own him, and prosper his work. He had much to surrender even to set out on his career. He was past forty years of age when the Long Parliament began to sit—a time of life when men think of rest rather than of untried and arduous fields of labor. He had a family which he loved with an intensity of affection which none but strong natures like his can feel. The shot which killed one of his children, young Oliver, who fell in a skirmish with the Scots in 1648, almost slew his father likewise. Ten years afterwards, not long before his last illness, hearing some one read these words from Phil. 4th ch., 11th, 12th, 13th verses:—"Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be

content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: every where, and in all things, I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he said, "This scripture did once save my life, when my poor Oliver died, which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did." The death of his favorite daughter Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, which occurred not much more than a month before his own, no doubt insured and hastened the latter. A man who thus cherished his children, as an eagle her young, was not likely to expose the precious nest for any selfish object. He went forth to battle because he believed God and his country called him. And certainly there was much in the state of the country to justify that belief.

Charles had been trained by his father in the principles of arbitrary government, and no doubt sincerely believed that he was responsible to God alone for any of his acts. His ministers, Buckingham and Strafford, were accustomed to exercise their powers in the most haughty and oppressive way. The people, on the other hand, felt the impulse to freedom of thought and action which the reformation had imparted, and were conscious of increasing power resulting from rapidly growing wealth and knowledge. What the constitution really was, no one could certainly tell. There was none written, and there were precedents on both sides of every disputed question. Perhaps a collision was inevitable. If implicit obedience were rendered to the king, the government would become a despotism like that of Spain or Russia. If

on the other hand he yielded every point, the monarchy was at end. It is observable that in the beginning of the contest, the opposition were so clearly in the right, that in the earlier part of the long parliament there was almost entire unanimity against the king, Lord Capel being the first to move a redress of grievances, and Clarendon and Falkland leading the party which assailed the court. It must be admitted also, that there was something to justify Cromwell's opposition to the authority of the church as it was then exercised, for it was not exercised either mercifully or wisely.

Archbishop Laud was a pure and devout man, inflexible in his maintenance of the truth as he held it, dying for the church like a martyr of its best ages; but unhappily not only willing to suffer himself, but willing also to inflict suffering on others, and insisting not only on obedience to the faith in its essentials, but an acceptance of the ritual in its merest circumstantials. He was, in short, good and able in his way, but imperious and narrow-minded. He had not in his intellectual vision sufficient perspective. The little and the great were nearly equal in his view; surplices and genuflexions were scarcely less precious in his eyes than creeds and commandments. His face, as preserved to us in paintings and engravings, has in it the lines of severity and obstinacy, and lacks the indications of an expansive understanding; and there is in the correspondence which passed between him and Strafford an ominous repetition of a sort of signal-word which they used, *i. e.* Thorough. When such a man stood before Calvinists, Presbyterians and Independents, representing

Ritualism, Ecclesiasticism, Armenianism, and even strongly, however unjustly suspected of Romanism, we cannot wonder at the virulence with which they pursued him.

It is idle, however, to talk of them as the champions of religious *liberty*. They did not mean liberty for any but themselves. They struggled for supremacy, the supremacy of their own system; which involved the casting down its rival. To accuse Cromwell, then, of hypocrisy and self-interested ends in the battle he fought for the Commonwealth and for Puritanism, is to bring a charge not only without evidence, but against evidence. When this capital point of his sincerity has been settled, there is, really, very little room left for difference of opinion as to his character. He did many things that cannot be successfully defended, but nothing that was mean or base, and not many, probably, that his own conscience protested against at the time. He did massacre the English refugees and the native Irish at Drogheda and at Wexford, but he justified these acts to the world and probably to himself, on the ground that he thereby shortened the war, and prevented a still greater effusion of blood. He did expel the native Irish from their possessions, and compel them to settle in a narrow, remote, and barren part of the Island in Connaught; but in doing this, he pursued the very policy which our government is following in its treatment of the Indians; and his estimate of the wild Irish of his day, was not probably very different, perhaps scarcely so favorable, as that which is common with us of the Indians. He did, in effect, kill the king, for by a crook

of his finger he could have saved his life; but he probably justified this, not only on the alleged ground of the king's attempts on the lives and liberties of his people, but still more on the consideration that the civil war would never cease while the king lived. It is certain, that on the whole, he did not shed blood wantonly or wilfully. He saved the lives of many royalists who were in his power; when threatened daily with assassination himself, he would permit no attempt at the assassination of his enemies. This mercy was, in some degree, owing to his remarkable fearlessness. He refused his consent to a plan to exterminate the Royalists, Clarendon says, from too much contempt of them. While not the equal of Napoleon in brilliancy and grandeur of genius, how immeasurably is he his superior in magnanimity! Napoleon, though almost canonized if not rather deified by a recent American writer, cannot be considered a magnanimous man. He murdered—to use the truest and most proper word—he murdered the Duc D'Enghien, from the fear of being himself assassinated—a fear to which Alexander showed himself so superior, when he took the cup from the hand of his physician—a fear to which Cæsar and Cromwell never yielded, though encompassed by far more real danger. Napoleon caused four thousand Turks who surrendered at Jaffa on the promise that their lives should be spared, to be shot down three days after the capitulation. The massacre at Drogheda is the darkest stain on the memory of Cromwell; but how excusable, how honorable is it, compared with the massacre at Jaffa! It was

done in the heat of battle—no promise was broken, no capitulation violated.—The next day after the storming of the city two towers were taken, from one of which some of his men had been fired at and killed, when it was certain that there could be no effectual resistance. Under these circumstances of great provocation, Cromwell contented himself with killing the officers, decimating the men, and sending the survivors to be sold at Barbadoes. All these were acts no doubt of detestable cruelty, and they have made the name of Cromwell to be a curse and horror to the present day in Ireland. But they were not unprecedented in the stern trade of war. A man taken in arms having just tried to slay his conqueror, is understood to be at his mercy. If he is spared, the greater is the glory of his victor; if he is put to death, he pays the forfeit of that cruel game he has been playing. But at Jaffa, Napoleon invades a country which had been at peace with his, until he and his army land on its shore. He takes a city, whose only crime is, that it is faithful to its duty. Four thousand gallant men are prepared to continue their defence. His own aid and step-son promises them that if they will lay down their arms their lives shall be spared. But it is found that this will not be convenient. Food is scarce, and four thousand additional mouths will increase that scarcity. If these men are turned loose, they may join his enemies still in the field. For two days the matter is debated, at length it is determined they shall all be shot. They were marched in chains to the sea shore, and divided into small squares, and mowed down

by successive discharges of musketry. For hours this was continued, and they who survived the shot were despatched with the bayonet. And yet it is certain that Napoleon did not love bloodshed for its own sake; but he was supremely selfish, and he would break faith, and would trample out thousands of lives, not only to enhance his glory, in which he was like the other heroes in history, but to save himself from some additional cares and dangers, in which, to the honor of human nature be it said, he was not like them. At that same Jaffa, (a name which must have rung in his ears whenever he thought of a judgment to come.) at that same Jaffa on his return from Acre, where he had been repulsed, he is accused of having poisoned some of his own soldiers, to save them indeed from the cruelties of the Turks; and in his conversations at St. Helena, without expressly admitting the fact, he justifies it on the ground of mercy, and says he would have done so to his own son.—But who, it may be asked, brought them into the power of the Turks?—Who, by his previous massacre of his prisoners, had so infuriated the Turks, that they would show no mercy? Can any one imagine Cromwell poisoning his Iron Sides; or Cæsar, pagan as he was, his Tenth Legion? He withdrew from Egypt, leaving his army behind him, as soon as it became certain that the expedition must ultimately fail.—He left his perishing squadrons on the retreat from Russia, harassed by the enemy and sinking under the cold, and himself hastened back to Paris. No doubt his presence was required there, but was it not doubly required in the midst of men whose devotion to him:

was proving their ruin and their death?

In entire consistency with this, he was the first man to reach Paris with authentic accounts of his disaster at Waterloo. He was miles from the field of battle, when his Old Guard made the last effort to save the remnant of his army. It might have been the politic course, but it was hardly the magnanimous one. In his more personal and private relations, he cast from him the wife of his youth and crushed the heart that loved him best on earth, to help forward the interests of his ill-starred ambition. Of all the men of whom history treats, there is perhaps no one, except Lord Bacon, who exhibits such a contrast between his intellectual grandeur and his moral littleness. He was far from being the worst of men; and he certainly was, in brilliancy and extent of genius, one of the very greatest: and, while exhibiting at Lodi and elsewhere, when he considered the occasion called for it, a courage worthy of the army he led, yet was he too selfish to be a hero of the first rank, even when measured by an entirely worldly standard. He could do kind and noble acts in the happiest manner, and accompanied by the most striking and appropriate language—for no one could make a phrase more brilliant than he; but it is difficult to point out anything of this sort that he *did*, that *cost* him much. But, whatever his other faults might be, no one can bring charges of *this sort* against Cromwell. He never forsook a friend, still less a whole army imperilled in his cause. He never left others to endure sufferings or to meet dangers from which he withdrew himself. He was no doubt ambitious; but

it is impossible not to see that it was not ambition alone or principally that made him draw his sword in civil strife.—Higher and nobler objects than anything that centered in himself alone, were in his mind's eye. He fought for the liberty, the happiness, and the glory of his country, and what he believed to be the truth of the gospel of his God. No doubt he wished to be the foremost man in England; but much more did he wish England to be the foremost nation of the earth. On reading to his council a letter of Blake's, relating to the high manner in which the admiral had interposed at Malaga to protect some Englishmen and to punish their assailants, Cromwell expressed the utmost approbation, and declared that by such means they would make the name of Englishman as great as that of Roman was in Rome's most palmy days. But he felt an influence still more elevating, and still more helpful to produce that self-forgetfulness in which magnanimity essentially consists. It was his religious fervor. I am not now inquiring into the purity or the completeness of his creed. No doubt in both respects it was faulty, but such as it was he believed it firmly. It was mainly in this respect that he was the superior of Cæsar and Napoleon. It was the unhappy destiny of these two men to belong to a very irreligious age. They were born into a moral atmosphere that was like the air of a room that has lost its oxygen—such as the Black Hole of Calcutta—and their whole moral nature was paralyzed by it. Cæsar lived when Paganism had become a laughingstock even to Pagans, and he seems to have had as little sense of religion as

could be found in a man of such genius and general sensibility. He had, consequently, little or no moral principle. He did right sometimes, and splendidly right, not because he felt it an obligation, but because it was the impulse of his own noble nature. Napoleon reached manhood surrounded by those influences which culminated in the decrees of the French Convention, which pronounced the throne of heaven vacant, death an eternal sleep, and man, by consequence, to be only a superior sort of beast. Religion was to him, during the busy part of life, only a political engine, by which he worked on the feelings and purposes of men. He professed in Egypt to be a Mussulman, in the same spirit of calculation with which he afterwards made a concordat with the Pope. In the comparative solitude and retirement of St. Helena, when life was waning away, his mind received a sounder and more healthful tone; and in his last days, the sacraments of the Romish church were administered to him at his own request: but even then, he asked for them in an apologetical manner, and as if conscious that he lowered his position thereby. But with Cromwell, religion was a great reality. It was the highest, the eternal relation of things. To be ashamed of it, was more foolish than to be ashamed of living or thinking. To him, God was an ever present being. His providence it was that watched over him; His decree the effectual cause of his victories. His conduct, to be sure, did not always correspond with these sentiments; and when surrounded by the splendor of a court, and living in unaccustomed luxury, he relaxed, it is to be feared, very

much from that strictness of morals, which had characterized the devout farmer of Huntingdon. That jealousy, by which his wife was tormented after he became Protector, seems to have been not without cause. And he must have felt that he had been guilty of many acts of military severity, of political intrigue, and of personal duplicity, which were wide deviations from that path of sympathy, sincerity, mercy and love in which his God had commanded him to walk. Cromwell, then, must be pronounced a hypocrite, if by hypocrisy is meant not acting up to a man's principles; but alas! who could abide that test? In that point of view, looking at poor humanity, we must say with the Psalmist in his haste, "All men are liars." But it may be said, that all religious men do not err to the extent and in the manner in which he erred. This is also true; but it must be likewise remembered, that very few have been tempted as he was. He was no hypocrite in the sense of professing a faith he did not feel. He believed in the reality and necessity of divine grace, and that he had himself experienced it; and this conviction he carried with him as a talisman in all the perils of his subsequent course. And what thoughts does this imply of God, of a judgment, of the worth of the soul, of the effectual mediation of Christ! How often must such thoughts have calmed and restrained that wild, great, vehement spirit, when its own tempestuous energies might have hurried it into deeper guilt than that by which it was actually stained! What a safeguard then did he possess, as well as what a source of grandeur of thought and feeling of

which Cæsar and Napoleon were bereft, by the unhappy scepticism of their respective eras, in which they themselves participated. In the last period of life, by the mercy of God, occasion was given him to cherish these deep-rooted religious feelings, which had so often been smothered and suppressed during his busy and eventful life, by the necessities, combinations and passions of the world—and grace, we may trust, was given him to improve the occasion.

I have already spoken of the strength and vehemence of his paternal affection; of all his children, Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, was the best beloved, and most attractive. She was, says Guizot, a person of noble and delicate sentiments, of an elegant and cultivated mind, faithful to her friends, generous to her enemies, and tenderly attached to her father, of whom she felt at once proud and anxious, and who rejoiced greatly in her affection. When fatigued, as he often was, not only by the men who surrounded him, but by his own agitated thoughts, Cromwell took pleasure in seeking repose in the society of a person so entirely a stranger to the brutal conflicts and violent actions which had occupied, and still continued to occupy his life. She had for some time been an invalid, and in the summer of 1658 he sent her to Hampton court, that she might have the benefit of country air and complete tranquility. Finding her illness increase, he went to reside there himself, that he might watch over her with tender and constant care. Sitting by her side, he heard her give utterance, during attacks of delirium, sometimes to her own cruel sufferings, and sometimes to her grief and pious anx-

ty concerning himself. On the 6th of August she died, on the 24th he was himself ill; then, as he advanced nearer to the grave, worldly thoughts and cares retreated and disappeared, and the dread interests of eternity occupied his soul. He summoned the ministers of religion and other pious friends, who made earnest intercession that his life might be spared. His own prayers ascended with theirs, and the day before his death he was heard to say, "Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace, and I may, I will come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good and Thee service, and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of my death; but Lord, however Thou dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with them the work of reformation, and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too, and pardon the folly of this short prayer, even for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Again during the night, he was heard muttering to himself, "Truly God is good, indeed He is. He will not leave me." In this spirit of humility, of charity toward his enemies, of zeal for God's cause, of trust in His mercy, the great soul of Oliver Cromwell passed away. May we not hope to peace?

DEFECTS IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN..

BY ALMON.

No subject is of more general interest to a community than the education of its youth. Parents spend many an anxious hour in considering the means best adapted to develop the faculties of their cherished offspring, and store their minds with useful information. Learning and ingenuity have been taxed to the uttermost to simplify the difficult, expurgate the useless, and to devise plans to captivate the youthful mind and lure it on to high intellectual culture. The world is flooded with books 'adapted to the capacities of the young,' and the boy of twelve years is now introduced to sciences which his father studied at twenty-four. The facilities of education in no period of the world's history are at all comparable to those of the present; and when we reflect that every one has to a greater or less extent the advantages of the present system of instruction, we might expect that our land would swarm with men as eloquent as Tully, as philosophical as Newton, and as philanthropic as Howard. But it is a plain and stubborn fact that very few, if any such men are to be found. There must be some reason for this; and it surely must be a poser to those who zealously advocate the vast superiority of moderns over the ancients in the art of instruction.—The truth is, we have gained more in show than in substance. If rightly judged, our system will fall far short of what it is represented to be. Take up a prospectus of one of our modern institutions, read it and be amazed! Its Utopian plans promise everything.—Here the hitherto rough roads up the Hill of Science are made smooth and strewn with flowers; and you are to be landed at its topmost pinnacle in the short space of four years. Its sage system of instruction will almost force knowledge into heads incapable of receiving it, and inspire genius and give talents which dame nature has refused. A perfect railroad this to learning, and quite a speedy way to manufacture profound scholars. By such pictures as these, the mass of people is imposed upon, and all is taken in real good earnest. The newspaper puffs are another way by which our citizens have formed a wrong estimate of the educational system of the United States. No school receives a notice of a public examination which does not make every scholar to have performed his part admirably well, and which does not heap such epithets of adulation upon the school, as to make every well-informed man not only suspect, but to feel absolutely assured of its falsehood. If then we set all such testimony aside, and judge from the real advancement of the pupils, we should form a more sober estimate of our schools and school-masters.

It is not asserted that we have made no advances in the art of teaching.—

There have been many and important ones, which deserve all praise. But errors have kept pace with them, and crept into every improvement. A radical change in the views of teachers and parents is necessary before the nation can become distinguished for intellectual acquirements. We may now be called, with some propriety, a *knowing* but not a *thinking* people. Every labor-saving machine that can be invented is dragged in to aid the mind in obtaining knowledge with thought, and so the very multiplicity of our educational resources is perverted to our injury. In former days, when the Latin and Greek authors were studied without note or commentary, pupils made real acquirements and were creditable classical scholars; but many, ay most, of our modern graduates could not translate fluently a chapter in *Cæsar* or the *Anabasis*. How few there are who still cling to the good, old plan of learning the ancient languages with no other aids than the grammar, the lexicon and hard work. Who of us does not feel that his classical education would this day be far more complete but for the use of English editions with copious notes and translations. We are thus enabled to get along rapidly, to cram our heads, and to substitute knowledge for the training of the mind; but it is a plan that will never produce accurate scholars, or great thinkers.

But there are some evils in practical education which may be more particularly mentioned in this connection, and especially those with regard to the training of young children. In the first place, the very early use of books is prejudicial to high intellectual attain-

ments in after life. Every reflecting mind can soon satisfy itself of the truth of this proposition, for it is established by the experience of thousands around us. The smart child often makes a dull boy and a stupid man, simply because his faculties have been dimmed and blunted by the too strenuous efforts to develop them in early life. This is an evil of greater magnitude than most people suppose, and deserves our careful consideration. With parents it should be an object of primary importance to transmit to their posterity sound minds in sound bodies, but nine out of ten would rather their children be intellectual than healthy, precocious than lovely. Hence the mental is cultivated to the neglect of the physical. Because they cannot explore the regions of mind, and detect the essence of matter, they seem disposed to reject the great truth that there is a sympathetic connection, mysterious and inexplicable though it be, between the one and the other. They forget that in early life an excessive development of any organ is made at the risk of the most injurious. They are careful that their children should not eat as much food as adults, but what ecstasy would it produce if the dear little ones should think, and reason, and talk as an intellectual giant? The brain is more delicate than the stomach, and so it is the more dangerous to over-tax the one than the other. A sensible writer in *Blackwood* says: 'A child three years of age, with a book in its infant hands is a fearful sight.' This is but too true. Books have sealed the death-warrant of many a child that otherwise would have become an ornament and a bless-

ing to society. But so great is the desire of parents for their children to appear *intellectual*, that they are hardly out of the nurse's arms before they are initiated into the school-room and started on a course of mental training.—Thus children at a very early age frequently make astonishing developments of intellect. Their minds being stimulated flash out with dazzling brightness, and raise hopes that are soon to vanish like shadows. Let all interested remember that this precocity is the result of a diseased condition of the brain, which nearly always terminates in early death, insanity or imbecility. We often hear the remark of a child that it is too smart to be raised; but very few consider it as anything more than a passing joke. Instead of such training and such sad results, let the boys sport with the donkeys, and play with their balls, hatchets, and hammers; and the girls amuse themselves with their scissors, and dolls, and by sweeping the floor, until they have acquired physical constitutions that will bear without injury the discipline of the school-room.

But this is not the worst light in which a premature use of books is to be viewed. Education suffers little from a precocious development of the intellect compared with the injury it sustains from other causes. One of these is the carelessness displayed by parents in the selection of teachers.—The father is sure to employ the best carpenter and shoe-maker, and even bestows some thought as to who shall 'break' a yoke of oxen, but his actions say that it matters very little who teaches his children. He therefore selects the cheapest schools, and they are

generally worse than worthless. What a mistake! Thus the bodies and souls of children, their happiness, temporal and eternal, are frequently committed to the keeping of men who know nothing of their business. 'The teacher is a good scholar,' says one. Granted; but this is but *one* requisite of him who would train the youth for the manifold duties of life. Along with a good stock of learning, let him have quickness in discerning the characters and capabilities of his pupils; let him have judgment in cherishing what is right and in censuring what is wrong; let him have perseverance in applying the best modes of instruction; and above all let him be sound in morals and religion, so that he may lead the heart to virtue as well as the head to knowledge. In all the range of human employments there is not a more delicate, difficult, or responsible position, nor one that more imperiously demand the exercise of the best qualities of the head and heart, than that of teaching children. Their minds are exceedingly pliable, and how crooked and deformed must they grow when trained by one who is qualified for his position neither by talents, knowledge, temper nor manners. Look at the Common School system in North Carolina. How little credit does it reflect upon the State; how little does it promote the cause of education in her borders? And no wonder when the privilege of teaching is let out to the lowest bidder, and this bidder is not unfrequently defective in the very simplest rudiments of grammar and geography. The Examining Committees effect absolutely nothing. For instance, in one of the adjoining counties a short

time ago, a youth appeared before the Committee for a teacher's certificate.—The statutes of the State were handed him, and he requested to read a few lines, commencing: "Be it further enacted," etc. This young disciple of Plato made a blunder at "further" and a dead halt when he came to the big word "enacted." Closing the book with an imploring look he said, "*I don't believe I can read it. It is a book I aint used to.*" At the risk of having my veracity doubted, I assert that that youth received a certificate of his qualifications, and in a short time was occupying a *teacher's* chair. But apart from the intellectual qualifications of the instructors, the children are miserably provided for. The house is no better than a stable, cold in winter, hot in summer. The seats are hard, narrow, and without backs, and so high that the little urchin's feet will not reach to the floor. Thus the children become wearied in a very short time, but the conscientious pedagogue, thinking that the longer he teaches the more instruction does he impart to the pupils, keeps them there as quiet as possible "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." Often have I heard children with tears in their eyes implore for one day's exemption from this purgatory, 'Ma I don't want to go to school to-day—I get so tired.' Oh! it is cruel in the extreme to bridle down the free and joyous spirit of youth by such unnatural confinement. It wars against healthy and symmetrical growth. It not unfrequently lays the foundation of disease in early youth, which saps life of all its pleasures. It ruins the child's temper, and gives him a lasting distaste to his

books, school-room, and school-master. He thinks of home and its amusements, and the thought rushes to his mind that an education is not worth the price of so much pain. The master may keep his pupils in their seats and *over* their books, but for him to make them apply their minds from eight to twelve hours per day is impossible.—"A child may lead a horse to water, but a legion cannot make him drink." Under such circumstances children contract those very habits, which every man of sense would strive to prevent—the habits of listlessness and inattention. "When a sense of weariness or mental languor takes place, what follows is not merely loss of time, but an *important injury done to the mental constitution*; and it appears to be of the utmost consequence that the time of children should be as much as possible divided between intense attention and active recreation. By a shorter time occupied in this manner, not only is *more* progress made than by a longer, with listless and imperfect application, but an important part of mental discipline is secured, which by the other method is entirely neglected." We learn from the same high authority, Dr. Abercrombie, that "attention is the foundation of all improvement, both intellectual and moral." Hence it is an object of the very highest importance to cultivate the habit of attention in children; but the truth is that no plan could be suggested by which the contrary habit would be better secured, than by the unreasonable length of time young pupils are confined to the school-room. Dr. Jackson of Boston says that four or five hours is long enough; 'nor

do I think,' says he, 'it wise to *confine* children in school, so many hours as I have mentioned. On the other hand, I regard it as *essential* that they should not remain in school more than *one hour* at a time, and during that hour they should not be kept in one position, but be engaged in short lessons and short recitation: so as to give diversity of employment.' This opinion is sustained by the best and most skilful instructors of the land, and it is commended to the thoughtful consideration of those parents, and there are many, who suffer stupid school-masters to impose upon the bodies of their children and ruin their education.

Nearly allied to this and equally reprehensible is the too common practice of making children get their books by way of punishment for some little misdemeanor. Mothers, frequently after having sharply reproved their children, command them to "get their books--sit down and behave themselves." This can have no other effect than to produce an implacable disgust in minds so young for their studies; and cannot, says Dr. Abercrombie, "be alluded to in terms equal to its extreme absurdity."

Another fault of parents, which obstructs the progress of education, is their desire to make men and women of their children before nature intended. The boy is placed at a school that operates on the race-horse principle, that he does best who gets over the most ground in the shortest time. He is rushed along with astonishing celerity from study to study, is graduated and pushed into one of the learned professions,

* * * * * "ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin."

He has a smattering knowledge of every thing, and is a sound scholar in nothing. He has little experience and still less judgment. He has a wrong idea of the responsibilities of a man.—He has a wrong idea of his own abilities, having always measured his attainments by the number of books and sciences he has 'gone through,' and not by the improvement of his mind and the development of his moral faculties. Thus his outfit is poor indeed for a voyage on the boisterous sea of life, and we need not wonder if his little barque be stranded upon the shoals of disappointment, and he himself sink into the pools of pleasure, dissipation and ruin. This, alas! has been the fate of not a few.

The education of girls has been curtailed beyond all reason. They have not had more than time to learn the very rudiments of a sound education before they are taken home and ushered into the gay amusements of the world to fish for a husband. They have learned nothing but a few graces, that serve to captivate the sap-brain fop. Nature designed them for sensible wives, but education has made them senseless coquettes. Let girls be *girls*; and when they leave school let them not only possess a retiring, blushing modesty, the most lovely feature in woman's character, but a cultivated mind and a benevolent heart. Let them be graduated with the degree of F. F. W.—"Fit For Wives." I love childhood, youth, and freshness; and I would not have parents push their children along so rapidly. Let there be more than one step from infancy to manhood,

from the nursery to the world, from the school-room to the legislative halls.

I pretend not to have exhausted the catalogue of faults which at present retard the progress of high intellectual culture in our land, by no means. I have merely commenced an enumeration which might be extended indefinitely. But I am confident that a brighter day would dawn upon us if teachers of the right stamp were always employed. To command the best qualifications in this department let parents act upon the doctrine of equivalents that where much is given much is to be expected in return.

And let every teacher be able to say conscientiously with himself, "Now *my* business is to do what is in my power. to rear up for society intelligent and

virtuous men and women: it is not merely to make good Arithmeticians and grammarians, good readers or writers, good scholars who shall do themselves and me credit—this indeed I have to do; but it is still further, to make good members of society, good parents and children, good friends and associates, to make the community around me wiser and happier for my having lived in it. My labor, in fine, must be, to ingraft upon these youthful minds that love of knowledge and virtue, without which they cannot be happy, nor useful, nor fitted for the greatest duties; and without which indeed all their acquisitions will soon drop like untimely blossoms from the tree of life."

ARION.

Loud roars the tempest on the sea,
The waves are rolling mountains high;
Dark thunder clouds obscure the day,
Jove's lightning flashes through the sky.

Tossed on the billows by the gale,
A ship is dancing in the waves.
The mast is bent, the swelling sail
Within its folds the wind receives.

What man of proud majestic mien
Stands gazing on the low'ring sky?
'Tis Arion, from Tarentum green
To Corinth's harbor drawing nigh.

This noble minstrel, whose sweet song,
Entrances millions by its power,
Has been on voyage far and long;
And brings home treasures from his tour.

What mean those dark and scowling eyes,
Which on that brilliant form are cast?
Those sailors, drawn by the rich prize
Of Arion's wealth, to take it haste.

Along the deck those miscreants tread,
Until before the bard they stand,
Proud Arion boldly turns his head,
And of their purpose makes demand.

"Your wealth," say they, "we wish to have!
We've toiled in vain, for years to gain
Such treasures; now our labor save,
And give it up, refusal's vain!"

"My wealth I freely give" said he,
For that is dross of little worth.
Let me but have my liberty
All that I have, is yours henceforth."

"Oh, no!" replied the pirates bold,
Your liberty we cannot give;
For you would our dark deeds unfold,
If till our landing you should live."

"If you my life intend to take,
Grant me the boon for which I long;
I like the swan my end would make,
And, dying, sing my parting song."

Where is the man who is not moved
By music's sweet harmonious notes?
So with these wicked men it proved,
And they approving, gave their votes.

Then Arion stood high on the stand,
And gracefully he struck his lyre;
Swift o'er the strings he swept his hand,
Enliven'd with celestial fire.

Amazed, the seamen gather round,
Struck dumb, they listen to his strains;
Fierce Boreas, conquered by the sound,
His blast withholds and still remains.

The music swells upon the breeze;
All nature bows before the bard;
And silence reigns upon the seas
Where raving tempests just had warred.

The dolphins drawn by sounds so sweet,
Around the vessel form a ring,
They joyfully the music greet,
While Arion thus begins to sing:

Sing my lyre!
Rising higher; /
Swelling up in streams of sound
Thou wilt never—
More forever
In thy master's hand be found.

Fill the air with notes of sweetest song,
Till the echoing waves the sound prolong.
Father Ocean,
With devotion,
I to thee my wish impart!

Oh, receive me,
And relieve me
From the sorrows of heart!
Willingly to thee I give my life;
On thy bosom I shall rest from strife.

When Arion closed his tuneful lay
He clasped his lyre to his breast;
And head-long leaped into the spray
Upon a billow's foamy crest.

His head sunk down beneath the tide,
The heaving billows o'er him close.
A dolphin came close to his side,
As from his watery grave he rose.

Upon the dolphin's back he leaps,
Who him with friendly air receives
His slippery seat he firmly keeps,
While he the waters swiftly cleaves.

Again he strikes his lyre, and sings
A joyful and melodious air;
Farewell my wealth! for nought it brings
But troubles which the soul ensnare!

"Farewell ye sailors! I am gone;
Soon will I reach my happy home.
I'll ne'er again go forth alone,
Upon the ocean's depths to roam."

And swiftly on the dolphin sped,
Until he reach Tænarus' shore.
He goes back to his wat'ry bed;
But Arion's troubles are no more.

ALEXIS.

BURNS AND THE SNAP DRAGON.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

We left our gallant navigator at the epoch of his escape from the harbor of Tortola, twenty miles at sea rejoicing in his might. The narration thus continues: "that day we fell in with and captured an English vessel bound to Santa Cruz; she had on board between forty and fifty Guinea negroes and some other articles of merchandize. We took out of her seventeen or eighteen of the blackest, who were very anxious to go with us, and released her to pursue her voyage.

Some days afterwards while cruising off Santa Cruz, we sent in a boat and cut out a schooner; her crew had already left and as she was only loaded with mill timber and was not considered worth manning, she was burnt. The Snap then went into a small harbor on the south side of Porto Rico, named Ponce; this was a neutral port belonging to the Spaniards; we were very kindly treated, for the Governor gave us permission to fill water and get what stores we might want. We sold dry goods and some other articles to pay for what we got; bought a very fine long nine of the Governor and in four or five days were ready to go on our cruise again.

We shaped our course for the Spanish Main and soon fell in with an English packet; we exchanged some shot with her, but were forced to give up the chase, on account of the roughness of

the sea. Here we encountered a tremendous gale, which lacked but little of proving fatal to the Snap. We were to the windward of the Gulf of Mexico, when it came down on us; she lost her jibboom and started her cutwater; we lay to under storm sails; Burns never left the deck the whole night, for she wanted watching by such a man as he was, and there was no man on earth that could manage her like him. At four o'clock he called one of his best officers and giving him charge of the deck, went below to refresh himself a little. In a few minutes the wind had shifted two or three points and brought the Snap into the trough of the sea; still the officer of the deck did not see her danger, till a tremendous wave knocked her on beam ends, filled the waist with water and set some of the guns adrift. Burns was on deck in an instant and proved himself equal to the crisis; the guns were secured and as soon as possible the vessel wore round and got on the other tack; the pumps were sounded and three feet of water found in the hold; they were immediately manned but it took us two hours of hard work to pump her out. When day light came it was found that the plank sheer had started more than thirty feet, so that you could put in your finger. As good luck would have it the gale now moderated and our good bark was saved. I am as certain as that I have a soul to be saved that if

it had not been for Burns, the Snap and all her brave crew must have gone to the bottom; for if she had not been got on the other tack she would have sunk in fifteen minutes; all the leak was under water, and wearing her was the only way to bring it above the waves.

We now bore away to Maracaibo to repair damages; we put into a small harbor where were only a few fishermen. We had on board two very good carpenters and plenty of tools and every thing that was wanted. From where we lay to the Governor's house was three or four miles and the commander had to go there to get permission to repair. The carpenters set to work with a will and all hands helped, so in three or four days we were all right and tight again. Meantime the Governor paid us a visit and was treated as well as the nature of our circumstances would permit. We were invited in turn to dine with him.

Having learned from the fishermen that some seven or eight sail of English vessels were up the gulf, trading with the Spaniards, we got under way and stood out after them. There was a fine breeze and at 11 A. M. we fell in with five of them altogether; they soon separated like a covey when a hawk darts in among them, but we succeeded in capturing three, one ran on shore and the other escaped. The prizes were principally loaded with drest skins and dry goods; we took on board the greater part of the cargoes; gave two of the barks to their original owners; manned the other and ordered her to the U. S.

Some days after this we fell in with four sail of large ships, all in company; the Snap was to windward and bore

down on them till our commander was satisfied one of them was a man-of-war; he was in disguise, had his fore and mizzen top gallant masts struck, and a good many old black patches in his top sails. All the others kept well under his lee; there was a spanking breeze and we just hauled off from him, dead by the wind. Now some of those cowardly officers began to grumble, and said they were all merchantmen; you will always find such fellows, plenty of them, anywhere, ready to get into a scrape and never know how to get out. After a little Burns got angry and told them he had as many friends in British prisons as they had and was just as willing as they were to pay them a visit like; and he now would show them that he was not deceived in the stranger; so he ordered the helm hard a weather, and hauled in our weather braces; now says he, "I hope I shall see some of your bravery," but soon you might see some of their fierce countenances change. The chase kept on their course, as near the wind as they could lie, the Snap ran down till everybody was thinking the ship would not show fight. Our shot had struck him several times, but he never replied; all he wanted was to get us close along-side and then make a sure business of it; but Burns ordered his vessel hard by the wind; just then the man-of-war seemed to think it was his last chance and he did show his teeth, and let us know he could bark and bite, pretty savage. He gave us a broadside with grape and canister; but it did not hurt us, and only cut some holes in our sails; he then put up his topmast, set a press of sail, and we soon perceived that he was a first rate sailer.

The Snap had just such a breeze as we wanted, and we cat the ship right out of the wind, but he fore-reached on us; both were heading in to the land, and as the wind increased we had to furl top-gallant sails, single reef top-sails and mainsail, and take the bonnet out of the foresail. It was pre ty tight times; the wind blowing big guns, the sea breaking over us, and a dangerous looking stranger walking right in our wake; he had by this time forereached on us four or five miles, but we were to windward. When he got pretty near land he tacked ship and a squall came off which favored him, so he headed to windward of our bow; the wind still increasing we were forced to furl top sail. Now came the rub which was to weather, the Snap or the ship. Burns had sent all his men below, except just enough to work the vessel; some of the officers wished to keep the Snap away before the wind, but he paid no attention to anything they said; he knew his business too well for that, for the ship would have been alongside in a jiffy. Men and officers were all packing up their baggage to go aboard the stranger, for we made certain we were ticketed for a free passage to England. As good luck would have it, just at the scratch as the two vessels were meeting the wind favored the little Snap, and she weathered the ship about three hundred yards off. Just as the ship got abreast of us, he up ports and gave us another broadside of grape and canister; Burns had the helm himself; the men all lying low, and as the ship fired it appeared as if the Snap dived like a duck, so that nearly all the shot flew over us, only four or five struck our sails.

"Now boys," says our commander, when he saw that none of our spars were goue, "now we are safe." We were so near the ship you could tell the officers from the men, and almost hear the commands they gave. Before he could get another fire at us we flew by him, we were heading on one tack and he on a different one, so he attempted to tack and missed stays; at the same time the Snap split flying jib, and carried away two back stays, but we soon repaired them without loss. Burns was determined to make short tacks, dead to windward; he knew the Snap would not miss stays, and he found that in such a gale the ship would catch him on long tacks; again he ordered her in stays and round she spun beautifully, hard as it was blowing, and she buried in the waves. The ship had now just got on the right tack, but we shot by him again a little farther than before; he paid us his compliments at parting, but it was impossible to hit our hull for that was almost under water. Towards evening it moderated a little, and we put on more sail; at sun-set the Snap was more than two miles dead to windward; dark came on and that was the last we ever saw of our troublesome customer. Nothing saved us that day but the exertions of captain Burn's alone, and his skill in sailing manœuvres. A few days after we captured an English vessel from Curaçoa, which gave us the information that the ship we led such a tight race, was the Fawn, sloop of war, one of the fastest in H. B. M.'s service. She had gone into Curaçoa and reported that she had sunk a Yankee Privateer. I suppose he did think so, after taking three full broadsides at us; but people

make mistakes sometimes on sea as well as land and some of his English friends found it so too, not long afterwards.

For some time after this we cruised off Santa Martha (?); we had some English prisoners on board who were very anxious to be set ashore there; so one morning the Snap stood in about two miles off the port. The commander told the prisoners that he was willing to oblige them, but the Spaniards were a suspicious set of people, and that they and his crew might be taken for pirates. But after some time, a boat was manned, and the prisoners and one of the officers went on shore; the Snap lay just out of gun-shot from the fort. It began to get late in the afternoon, and no boat appeared; our commander grew more and more uneasy, and more certain something wrong was the matter. He did not intend to go in the Snap but finally concluded to send another boat and a copy of his commission; as soon as she arrived she too was taken and hauled up alongside of the first one; the officer and his men were marched off to prison, where they found their comrades. The reason why they had detained the boats and their crews was they said that they thought we were all pirates, and they would not give them up until the Snap came in and showed her proper commission. After a great deal of palavering they agreed to let the last boat come off with only the officer on board; it was now nearly 8 o'clock at night. To go off and leave our men in prison looked very hard; and if the Snap went in we did not know but they might take her and all the rest of us. It was finally resolved never to

leave the coast until we got our men or had satisfaction. The moon shone as bright as day, and they could see us very plainly from the fort; so we stood off as if we had finally gone, and next morning we were so far to leeward that they could not see us. A little after sunrise there came out one of their feluccas, bound down to Porto Cabello, carrying 100 men and some guns to fortify the place. As soon as she got well out from the fort, the Snap made sail in chase; we soon overhauled her, fired a gun and made her heave to; ordered her captain on board the Snap and told him if he did not go ashore and bring off our men and boat, we would hang every man of them. We rigged two gallowses at yard-arms and allowed him two hours to do as he was bid; his boat was very soon manned, and in less than the time we gave him our men and boat were on board. There never was a set of men worse frightened than these Spaniards, and if that plan had not been adopted we never should have seen our men again.

As we now began to get short of water, we concluded to run down to Cartagena for a supply; so we bore away and next morning fell in with three sail. We bore down on them, fired a gun and displayed our colors; they proved to be a Spanish brig of 12 guns, a schooner of 8, both guarda costas, and an English vessel. They all showed their colors, and the brig fired a shot just ahead of us; in a moment we beat to quarters, bore down on her and demanded of the captain what he meant; he replied that the English vessel was under his convoy and he should protect her; Burns asked him what right he

had to protect her as the U. S. and his government were at peace, and the Snap was commissioned to take a l English vessel she fell in with, three leagues from land, and this one was not even in sight of the coast. They had some high words, but the Snap took possession of the Englishman, put a prize master and twenty men on board, and ordered her to keep in company. Next morning we took out of her a considerable amount of goods, and ordered the master to keep off the port, and not to come within three leagues until we came out. The commander left so many men in the prize for fear some of them might desert if they got a chance. We went into Carthagena and immediately got permission to fill with water. Everything was going on well until that cowardly rascal of a Spaniard, the captain of the brig, went into a little port to the windward of Carthagena and reported that we had fired into him and captured the English vessel; all unknown to Burns. Immediately there were three gun-boats sent out in search of the prize; they found her where we left her, and before they got in close gun-shot, Spaniard like, began to fire on her; the prize master was a brave fellow, and soon silenced the whole three. By this time our commander found out what was going on and dispatched a boat and five men, with instructions to the prize master. The cowardly rascals had now got two more boat, and they met and captured our boat; they then again engaged the prize and forced her to surrender; they brought her in, put all the crew in irons and threw them into jail; there was as much fuss among the heathen devils, as if they had captured a line-of-battle ship. Here we were then, in a nice pickle; the Snap under the guns of the fort, surrounded by their men-of-war; no Consul and no friends; now what was to be done? The first thing was to find out the cause of all this; they said we had fired into the King's brig and had captured the prize, in less than

three leagues from land; all this was a lie, the Spaniards told us that they might get the prize, which was proved by the English crew. After keeping us there three weeks, by bribery we got them to give up the prize and release our men. They robbed the vessel of everything they could lay their hands on, among which was \$15,000 in doubloons that we knew nothing about until it was too late, or that would have been taken on board the Snap too. They robbed the men of everything they had, and while they were in prison two of them died.

There was one thing happened that I shan't soon forget. While we were lying there, the Spanish brig had come in and anchored about 150 yards from us. One of our men had tried to run away and he was put in irons; he contrived to get word to the Spaniard that he was a Spanish subject and claimed his protection; so one day the Spanish captain came alongside and demanded him. Some very high words passed between him and Burns who was on deck; the Spaniard drew his sword and Burns caught up a boarding pike and was in the act of staving it through him, when one of our officers prevented him; and the Spaniard left us in a great hurry. This whole affair did not cost the stockholders of the Snap less than \$20,000, besides her detention.

There were fifteen or twenty sail of English vessels in the harbor when we first got clear; when we were already to sail they petitioned the Governor to have an embargo laid on us until they could get out; this was granted them, and we were detained a week. After we did sail we hovered on the coast for some days in hopes of meeting the brig that had given us so much trouble, in which case it would have been doubtful if she ever would carry any more lies; they had told enough to sink her anyhow.

We cruised for some time between Carthagena and Jamaica; one night we fell in with a Spanish brig; the boat's crew that boarded her happened to be

some of the unfortunate men that had been in the Spanish prison. While the boarding officer was below examining the papers, some of them fixed a gallows; and got the rope round one of the Spaniard's neck; they were just in the act of swinging him off, when the officer interfered. He hailed us and said our men would hang every Spaniard on board; so they had to be immediately recalled; and after this no one of them who had been in the prison, was permitted to board a Spaniard.

We ran down to a small island on the Spanish Main, settled principally by English; the population was about 700 and more than three-fourths are blacks; this little spot, Providence, is one of the prettiest I ever saw; they raise nothing but cotton, plenty of cattle, poultry and hogs, and some little breadstuff for their own use. The harbor is a very fine one, has no fort, and from the road where we lay to the shore is not more than 200 yards. The head man of the island was as clever a gentleman as I ever saw; he furnished us with everything we wanted and we paid his own prices, which were very reasonable. If we had only got there one day sooner, we should have got a fine prize, for a few hours before we arrived a pirate went out and it was reported that he had a large quantity of specie on board; he had stolen some slaves and cattle from the inhabitants. The commander let one-third of the men go on shore at a time to recruit themselves; the first party behaved very well and returned at the time appointed; the second found out an old lady that lived up on a little hill, and she had spirits to sell; but they did as well as the others. There were four or five Irishmen in the last party, and one of them was the sergeant of marines, and a saucy scoundrel he was. The *Snap* by this time was under sailing orders, fore-top-sail loosed and a gun fired as a signal; the first luff had been sent after the men and they refused to come; they said they had not got their frolic out; and if the luff interfered they would

heave him down the hill; back he came with the news. Burns, without saying a word threw himself into the boat and ordered them to set him ashore; sword in hand, he walked alone to the little pot-house. The Irish sergeant, his name was Plane, came to meet him and says he, "Captain, now that I am ashore, I am as good a man as you are;" without a syllable Burns cut him down; three or four more came up but he cut and thrust amongst them until the blood ran in streams. He brought them all down to the boat before him, and in less than an hour they were on board the *Snap*. I have often thought of the risk he ran; for those fellows might have thrown him over the cliff and we never should have seen him again; he might very well have taken that captain of marines and his men when he went ashore; but he never stopped for anything when he was angry.

That afternoon we shaped our course for Cape Antonio, and after 15 or 20 days sailed for Havana; here we fell in with an English vessel from Honduras; we took out part of her cargo and gave her up, as she was not worth manning. We now turned towards home. Off Cape Florida we had a slight engagement with the Providence, privateer of ten guns, but she bore away and ran into the reefs, where we did not pursue her; it was afterwards ascertained from some of her crew who were taken that we killed three of her men and unshipped her long gun—this was the reason she ran away.

Next morning we made a large ship ahead; the wind was light and we saw we could not come up with her before dark; it was thought by all hands that she was an English ship from Havana, and it was concluded on that we should dog her until day-light; at early dawn we were half a mile astern, called all hands to quarters, showed our colors and fired a gun; the ship would not come to a showing, so we ranged up in musket shot and fired a shot ahead of her; but she would not heave to. We

now discovered that all hands were at quarters, and that she mounted 20 guns, and then there were some long faces on board the Snap. We came up on her lee quarter and asked "what ship it was;" they answered, "the Fernando, from Havanna to Cadiz." Our commander ordered him to heave to, which he refused to do until we threatened to fire into him; finally he did so and we sent our boat on board and gave him a good overhauling. His papers were all genuine and he was discharged.

We now stood for Beaufort harbor, North Carolina; just before we made

land we spied a sail and gave chase, as we were very anxious to speak some vessel to hear the news; the chase stood in for land; the wind was quite moderate but we soon overhauled her, and it was quite laughable to see them make pretence they were poling when there was 7 fathoms water; all to prevent us from speaking them. We were now near Swansborough, and the chase proved to be an old acquaintance. We both got in that evening. The Snap had been absent more than six months; the crew were discharged and she was put in the carpenters' hands for repairs.

EDITORIAL TABLE.

"Lives there a man of soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land."

Be not scared, reader; we are not Know Nothings, politically at least, nor do we belong to the opposite party of the Antis No; we dabble not in the muddy pools of Politics:

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace,
Unwarped by party rage to live like brothers."

The mere relative positions of the different political parties in our country should be a matter of much less concern, especially to those in pursuit of education, than its general history. To study politics, in the present acceptation of the term, is but to study the follies, the vices and crimes of scheming and selfish men—it is but to study the depravity of human nature. How often do we see men professing and calling themselves patriots, and at the same time stabbing at the very vitality of their country, in order to secure some party or selfish aggrandizement! We behold around us hundreds and thousands of fame-seeking pilgrims plodding their weary way along biggy avenues of political corruption, destined alas to perish by the wayside, unless perchance some mighty torrent of popular favor shall burst in upon them and float them into the pier-heads of newspaper renown. We are in the midst of a perpetual partizan warfare, in which some of our bravest and most talented men are

fighting, strangely enough, now on one side—now on the other. Men are elevated to high posts of honor upon the plea of *availability*, not of merit; virtue receives not its rewards, and talent is despised, except so far as it may subserve the purposes of political trickery—the most obscure are not unfrequently the most fortunate—while the vilest demagogues are sure to be the most successful aspirants. These are some of the lessons taught in the present day schools of politics.

How surprising is it then that so many of the very best minds in the country are bent in that direction. Ambitious young men seem to regard a political career as the only road that leads to fame. It may be the shortest, but it is by no means the surest route to enviable distinction. The politician's fame, it should be remembered, is but a bubble upon the sea, to be broken by the first gale that sweeps athwart its surface. But to rail out against the contaminating influences of political chicanery—to assail politicians with the weapons of abuse—to pluck a single sprig from their dearly won laurels—is neither our desire nor our present purpose. We mean only to say something in behalf of our country's history. Why is it so much neglected? If history be "philosophy teaching by example," is there no philosophy in American history as well as any other? Have we no scope for philosophical inquiry among the many moral, social, political and religious changes which have taken place within our own borders? If

we study history merely as a source of information—merely to store our minds with facts and dates, without stopping at present to make philosophical deductions, are there no facts and dates on record upon this side the Atlantic worthy of a place in our intellectual plunder-room? Have we had no wars, no legislation, no civil or religious controversy? Have we made no discoveries or improvements in science and the arts? Then why turn away from our own history to study that of all the world besides? True, some knowledge of universal history is indispensable to the reputation of a man of even the slightest literary pretension. We would not have American history studied to the utter exclusion of all others; nor would we have the history of all the world besides studied to the total neglect of that of the country in which we live; as is too lamentably the case in the University of North Carolina as well as elsewhere. And what is the reason of this? Where are the arguments in favor of such a course? There are none, “*it’s just a way we’ve got.*” It is a miserable practice we have listlessly fallen into, and one that adds nothing to the well-nigh threadbare reputation of the American scholar. Can the history of America be a matter of less concern, especially to Americans, than that of England, of France, of Germany or any other European country? Why, it is but too common and too just a reproach upon us that we know not our own history. We have among us perhaps some as well informed men as any other country can boast of, but their knowledge is confined principally to the literature of other nations. They know more of Grecian and Roman antiquities than of American biography or history. They know a great deal more about the laws of Lycurgus and Solon than they know about the Constitution of the United States.—Take for example, that portion of the students of our Colleges and Universities who have taken the most thorough and extensive course of reading. They can discourse largely upon the rise and fall of the Roman Empire—give you statesman-like dissertations upon the defects of the Athenian and Spartan Governments; but ask them something about the legislation, the policy and domestic institutions of the American Colonies during their dependence upon the sovereignty of Great Britain—how many different forms of government have existed since the earliest settle-

ments—they will be almost startled by the inquiry. There are numbers among us who can give pompous recitals of the Alpine excursions of Hannibal, the Carthaginian—numbers who can descant most pathetically upon the bloody conquests of Alexander, of Cyrus and Caesar; but ask them about the heroes of the American Revolution, and alas! how silent. Of the sacking of Troy, the war of the Peloponnesus, the battles of Marathon and Leuctra, the dreadful fate of Leonidas with his little band of Spartans at the pass of Thermopylae, they are ready to give you a full and a most glowing account; but of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, of White Plains, of Bennington and the Cowpens—of the famous surrender at Saratoga and Yorktown—they have perhaps never even heard. If you ask who was wounded at the battle of Brandywine, you may be answered *Lamartine!* What celebrated Hessian Commander fell at the battle of Trenton? *Nimrod!* or to come down to a later period, who was the hero at the siege of New Orleans? *Treusch.*

Now the Kings and Queens of England, the order of their succession, and the leading incidents of each reign, are but familiar topics even among Freshmen; but ask who was the first President of the United States? *Nathan Dane.* When did the first Continental Congress assemble?—1492! When was Independence declared? *Feb. 22, 1732.*

But leaving entirely out of the question the discredit which such a state of things must inevitably reflect upon us as a people, we are unable to see the advantage to be gained even when we consider our individual interest. The history of America is fraught with as much valuable information—teaches as many lessons of practical wisdom and piety—furnishes as many examples of profound statesmanship, unsullied patriotism and unflinching prowess—as that of any single nation upon the Globe. If we wish to become statesmen, we need go no further back than to the days of Calhoun, of Clay and Webster to find the brightest examples on record. If we would contrast the life of the true patriot with the awful doom of the traitor and knave, we have only to read American biography from Washington downward;—while the superior military genius of our people has never been questioned.

It may be said however that our history has never been written: this we confess is

but too true to a certain extent, but here it must be borne in mind that the supply of any article will always be in proportion to the demand. If we really desire a greater amount of historical information, and will offer the proper inducements, there will be no difficulty in obtaining any amount. The writing will be done if we but manifest the willingness to read. It is not true however that we have no good histories. Who on this side the Atlantic would give Bancroft for Hume, if either had to be destroyed? And yet, here in the very heart of the United States the latter is read twice as much as the former. The argument is, we ought to read Hume before we do Bancroft in order that we may be the better able to understand and appreciate it. Very good doctrine provided it take not too long to read Hume and other preparatory works. If we wait to study everything in any way calculated to enable us the better to understand American history, we may never be able to take it up;—the meridian, nay even the decline of life may find us totally ignorant of that with which we should have long ago been familiar. If however we think best to lay in our regular supply of mental provisions from foreign stores, let us at least take a semi-annual report of American literature.

THANKSGIVING DAY—Was as usual, hailed with joy by the students of the University. We fear however, that their joy flowed from a suspension of College duties rather than any peculiar emotions of thankfulness. Though the hunt, the good dinner, or the afternoon stroll is apt to make a more lasting impression on our minds than the religious services of such an occasion, yet we think that no one who heard Prof. Shipp's sermon* on that day will soon forget it. The text was Isaiah xxi. 11. "*Watchman, what of the night?*" and a more appropriate and eloquent discourse we have not heard in a long time.

After premising the propriety of setting apart a day of solemn and public thanks giving to Almighty God, and showing the vast difference between the Christian observance of such a day, and the

celebration of a pagan festival in which shouts of "*To Bacche!*" rent the air, he proceeds to recount what there is in the signs of the times that betokens good to man. In the first place he refers to captive Israel in a foreign land, looking with longing, straining eyes for the first ray of mora to pierce the dark night of oppression, which to their fainting spirits seemed to promise no morrow. And as they thought upon the time when God did love Jerusalem,

"When she was all his own;
Her love his furthest heritage,
Her power his glory's throne,"

and how her dwellings were all desolate, and the sacred fire that burned upon her altars extinguished, what wonder that with upraised hands they should cry to the holy seer who stood high upon his spirit-aided watch tower, "Watchman, what of the night?" We have not yet descended into the vale of oppression, but are standing on sentinels of humanity upon the water-tower of civilization, while from earth's expectant millions rolls up into our ears the thrilling cry, "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night!" What then are the signs of promise?—What is there in the moral horizon indicative of a higher destiny for man? The speaker then enumerates as favorable signs of the times, the facilities of intercommunication which are making the most distant nations sit down together as sisters, and are bringing into the great family members which a few centuries ago were not known to exist; the free spirit of inquiry and rational research which pervades the civilized world; the practical aspect which science and learning have assumed; the sympathy which is felt for the social condition of man, and which is establishing benevolent institutions for the relief of human suffering; the conviction of the necessity of revealed religion to the permanence and well being of society; and lastly, the efforts that have been made for the spread of the Gospel, and the approaching triumph of Christianity. After an able discussion of the points and the inferences drawn from them and after showing how the church has withstood all the attacks of Paganism, Romanism, and Infidelity, he concludes by depicting in most eloquent language her future glory. "It is true the waves of op-

* We regret that Prof. Shipp has declined furnishing a copy of his sermon for publication at the request of the students. We think that it would be very creditable both to himself and the University.

position have dashed about her face, but they have burst again in the hallow murmurings of despair! It is true the lightnings of persecution have flashed around her summit, but they have gone out again in an eternal night! It is true the hammers of Infidelity have rolled through her very heart, but they are lulled again into the whispers of the passing breeze. And now behold the church! she smiles at every attempt at invasion—she rises above the gathering storm—she springs from the flame of persecution, and with the cross on her summit, and the banners of holiness streaming from her dome, she awaits the coming of that day when rising from the wreck of nature and the crash of worlds, she shall ascend to the Paradise of God, and there amidst the songs of angels be welcomed to the joys of her Lord. Ages may yet elapse before man's high destiny shall be relieved, and clouds and storms and starless nights may again and again obscure the horizon of his hopes. But we have faith in man—faith especially in God. May the brighter omens that bid earth returning festival afford increasing cause for thankfulness, till the mighty chorus of Heaven and Earth shall be ushered in, *"The Kingdoms of the world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ!"*

"Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are,
Traveler, o'er yon mountain height
In the glory beaming star.
Watchman does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveler, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman will its beams adore
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler ages are its own,
See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to caw,
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn,
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Sun of God is come!

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES.—Both the moral and literary circulations of College are flooded with counterfeit coin.—

To detect and expose the moral counterfeits would be an endless, and we fear a bootless business; we shall therefore only touch upon one of the literary ones which seems to pass very freely, and almost without suspicion, but which must sooner or later cause woful disappointment to those who are unguarded enough to let it enter into their intellectual treasure house. We refer to the notion so prevalent in College—that it is necessary for a student to "keep up with the times."

When a student gets this "kink" into his brain he deems it absolutely indispensable to read half a dozen newspapers, a dozen reviews, and novels, "Travels," and biographies innumerable. He must be acquainted with all the sayings and doings of all the fast literary men of Europe and America, must swallow the indigestible scribblings of a host of would-be wits and wise men who seem determined to convince the world that they are as great fools as their readers; and worst of all he must cram down the insipid and myriambic of numberless portasters whose only chance of immortality would have been to live in the days of Pope and write their way in o the Dunciad. Such delectable stuff constitutes the intellectual food of him whose ambition it is to "keep up with the times," and he "well read in the literature of the day;" and verily a most wretched dyspeptic must he become unless he has the mental stomach of a hyena or an ass. Even if such a person attains the object of his ambition, what has he altered? Are his manners more elegant because he knows with whom the Emperor of France danced at the last court ball? Can he appreciate Shakespeare any better for knowing who composed the audience at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, and who the actors were? Or does he know anything more of human nature for having read the latest of those yellow-backed alarions, which but for such readers as himself would fall stillborn from the press? A "well-read man" of this description not only gains nothing by his labor, but inevitably acquires the pernicious habit of reading carelessly, hastily, and inattentively whatever he takes up. Such a student rarely troubles himself with Livy or Thucydides Kent or Stray; and whenever it is absolutely necessary to prepare a lesson, he finds it impossible to apply his mind, and the recitation hour

THE

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is certain to find him admirably prepared for a "rushing." But this is not all; when he goes out into the world he soon discovers that instead of gathering rich stores of intellectual wealth during his College course, he has only heaped up a mass of worthless and worse than worthless dross.

Now the folly of such a course must be apparent to any one who will think a moment. It is but trite to refer to the advice of Mr. Calhoun to a young man who requested him to prescribe a course of reading; yet we would say to every student who would do justice to himself and the friends that send him here, give the greater part of your time and attention to your text books, and if after that you can spare time to read, devote it to something of real value which may be laid up in the mind for future use.

We remember being very much struck by a remark of one of the professors to a boy who was reading a novel in the recitation room—"What book is that you are reading, Mr. G——?" "The 'Cabin and Parlor, Sir.'" "Life is too short, Mr. G——, to read such books." The fact is that for the greater part of our current literature is emphatically "of the day," and will live no longer than the producers intend. A "coëtes scribetur" seems to have seized the present generation, and if we may use the term, an equally pernicious "coëtes legitur." Every man must write a book, and every body must read every book that is written; it is therefore by no means surprising that bad books and worse readers should abound. Most of the publications of the present day, like Pindar's razors, are made to sell; and the great success of such writers as Headly and Abbot proves that they know how to turn human folly to account. For a man then to cram his mind with the productions of the money-seeking book-makers of the present day is worse than absurd. Yet this is exactly what the "well-read man" above referred to must do. We have but one Washington Irving, one Bancroft, and one Prescott; but we have scribblers and book-makers innumerable.

We would by no means advise our friends to keep themselves entirely ignorant of the great drama that is at present enacting. The great events that are now transpiring, the stupendous political and moral revolutions now in progress, should

be subjects of deep thought and reflection not only to the statesman, but to every private individual; but what time for studying the philosophy of modern history has he whose chief end is to keep up with the gossip of newspaper correspondents, and be the first to read the last new novel?—We venture the assertion that nine-tenths of the would-be literati in College know a great deal more of P. T. Barnum than of Patrick Henry or Thomas Jefferson; and as for the forces by which the vast machinery of government is kept in motion, and the great principles by which the mighty community of nations is governed, they never trouble their novel-fed intellects with any such unimportant matters. In conclusion, we hope that this "ill weed" which has attained such a luxuriant growth among us may be forthwith plucked up by the roots.

PATRICK HENRY.—The career of this great patriot and statesman, is one full of interest and pleasure to every reader upon this side of the Atlantic. With his name are connected, and intimately, the first and most important resolutions and transactions in favor of American Independence.

Born at a time when the colonies enjoyed all the rights and privileges of British subjects, and were proud to own "Old England" as their mother, he never would under any circumstances permit their immunities to be infringed by a proud and haughty Parliament. But as soon as he saw it to be their intention to strip by piece-meal, as it were, his countrymen of all the attributes of freedom and equality, he rushed, though then looked upon by the Tories and aristocracy of the land as a common rustic, and unworthy of their consideration and attention, into the midst of his countrymen, and proclaimed with a prophetic voice, and in language as if tinged with the inspiration of Heaven, that their liberties were in danger—that the British Parliament, to which they were accustomed to look as the stronghold of their liberties, had conspired to grind them down into the dust, and place them under a despotism as cruel and wretched as any that had ever disgraced the annals of the world. He painted to them with the taste and ingenuity of a Raphael the honors of an unequalled submission to, and acquiescence in the tyrannical acts of a merciless parliament, and on no occasion, whether in the legislative hall, or on the hustings in his native

county, did I ever see to urge the colonists to resist the encroachments of George III. and his parliaments.

Patrick Henry, both in the cabinet and in the field, was the moving spirit of the American Revolution. He it was, that collected a corps of the brave sons of Virginia, and compelled the mean and cowardly Dunmore to replace the powder, that he had by his followers taken under the cover of night from the arsenal at Williamsburg. It would be useless indeed, to attempt to narrate the many brave and heroic actions of this great and good man. His history is the Revolutionary history of Virginia; his early efforts in the cause of freedom are known and admired by all. He contended not only for his native colony, but for the good of all; he knew no North, no South, no East, no West, but looked upon all as brothers engaged in a great cause, upon the decision of which depended the happiness or misery of themselves and succeeding generations. Imbued with such principles, he buckled on his armor, and preached in such strains of eloquence as would have made the veriest coward in Christendom fight with the bravery and coolness of an Achilles. Nor was it in vain. But the proud hosts of Britain, that came down upon us like a mighty avalanche, were repulsed and discomfited, and soon taught that to *resist* to suppress freemen, and to *suppress* were very different things.

The name of Patrick Henry, the Apostle of Liberty, will remain enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and be ever mentioned with veneration and respect, when those of Kings, Priests and Warriors shall have been erased from the pages of history. Yes, the name of the forest-born Demosthenes, whose motto, like that of Brutus was, *Longa servientibus aera, mihi que esse judicabo Romanam, ubicumque liberum esse licebit*, will ever be encircled with a halo of glory in the galaxy of the great men of the world.

CARD PLAYING.—This is a custom prevalent in this and other colleges in the State, and are decidedly deleterious to the best interests and happiness of those who resort to them for the acquisition of knowledge. Nor is it one of such a character as to be easily suppressed by the vigilance of any Faculty. It is in the power of the young men alone to put down this evil. "Lead me not into temptation" is the

prayer of the good young man when he joins College; but when the card table is drawn out before him, the serpent replies, "Thou shalt not surely die." He indulges. Mark it! This is perhaps that young man's first step to ruin. Now there is no custom that deserves to be more severely censured. One great evil is that it destroys our time. Let us look at this. The average age of man is now estimated at thirty-two or three years. "The cradle rocks us near the grave." The young man comes to college at the age of from sixteen to twenty—he remains four years. It is but fair to inquire, how is this time to be spent. For the first month perhaps he studies very well. But he begins to extend the bounds of his acquaintance, and is soon found *playing cards*. It very soon becomes a habit with him, and every night or two he must take a game. One-half of each Saturday is, out in the same way, and the other half is totally smothered in sleep. And thus is the time which he should devote to his books and to moral culture, not only thrown away, but actually converted into a means for working out his own destruction. Now begin to count up, and see what becomes of the four years in which he should prepare himself for the multifarious duties of life. A just calculation would be startling. Out of the six hours per day allotted to study, say he plays away two, *one third of the time*. At this rate he would waste sixteen out of the forty-eight months of his allotted time in college.

But a idea from the loss of time and money, what is the effect of such conduct upon his moral and intellectual character? Having the *data* we may argue *a priori*, that if he have any moral character, it will be destroyed; if he have intellectual capacities they will not be developed; if he have a pious mother, her heart will be broken; if he be of family distinction, that will be disgraced; if he have riches, they will flee away; if he have friends, they will forsake him; and alas! finally he must go down to the grave amid the crowding sorrows and tortures of an ill-spent life, hopeless, penitenceless, friendless, comfortless and unwept.

The evils of this custom might be traced and enumerated to a much greater extent, but we deem it unnecessary; for it is due to the reputation of this Institution to state that card playing, so far as our knowledge extends at least, is not a very general practice here; and such a thing as playing for money we have seldom known. There is

a good deal of time lost in "whistling" for amusement nevertheless.

COLLEGE NEWS.—During the past month but little has occurred in College worth noting. The excitement in regard to elections appears to have died out by mutual consent, the candidates doubtless having counted their votes and become satisfied as to the result. We never saw a man of mature years electioneering for an office of emolument and honor, spending weeks and months in hoodwinking the people, dazzling but to blind them, who did not appear to us to be a good impersonation of presumption. Much more does it look like an exhibition of folly and vanity for young men whose business it is to train their minds by constant study, to waste their time and spend their money in seeking an office of heavy expense, a great deal of trouble and but little honor. The present indications therefore, we regard as a good omen, the dawning of a better day. If College elections could be conducted with just as much zeal as their importance demands and no more, they would unquestionably be a faithful source of pleasure, if not of profit. Nothing is better calculated to give a zest to college life; nothing more enspiriting to a young mind. But when in our over-estimating eagerness to see our favorite elected we generate bitterness of feeling and discover the cords of friendship; when we lay aside the character of students and clothe ourselves in the armor of politicians, we not only brutify the intellect but we deaden the moral sensibilities thereby incapacitating ourselves for weighing calmly and deliberately arguments having a moral character. We rejoice, and we know that we are not alone, that this party spirit which has so long been brooding like an Arch-fiend over our little world, has at length in a great measure been dissipated.

Since our last issue our village has been honored with a visit from General Cary, the great Temperance Lecturer. Seldom indeed has it been our fortune to listen to a better speaker. Eminently gifted with all the elements of an orator he unites the closest logic with the most brilliant displays of rhetoric, and while he convinces the judgment he delights the imagination and captivates the fancy. His object is to wake up "Old Rip" on the subject of Temperance. Whether he will be successful or not remains to be seen.

We wonder why we are not favored with more lectures at the University.—Many whose idiosyncrasy prevents them from engaging in close, connected study would acquire a vast amount of knowledge in this manner during four years.

In regard to sports we note a considerable falling off in number during the past month, caused partly by the lectures of General Carey, and partly by the growing unpopularity of Chapel Hill-whiskey. We are not given to boasting, in fact it is contrary to our creed, but we will wager our hat that we can take the prize in any country on the meanness of our "Bulld-face." At our next State Fair we propose to exhibit some provided the Commissioners are sufficiently interested in the matter to award a premium for the *best-worst specimen*.

EXCHANGES.—We note with interest the changes that take place in our State papers. The *Wig and Abovate* has been succeeded by *The Salisbury Herald*, printed by *Bell and Jones*. The Herald is neatly gotten up, and makes a very favorable impression upon the understanding as well as the eye. Mr. Bell, the senior editor, graduated at this institution a few years ago, and is a man of decided ability and promise.

The *Warrenton News* has started on a *Semi-Weekly* career in a fine dress and with good prospects of success.

We have received one number of the *Oriental* published in San Francisco California. It interested us no little, one side being printed in Chinese characters, and the other containing some good reading matter.

The *Elsworth American* is our only exchange from the State of Maine. By the way, we thank the Editor for his handsome notice of our last No.; and if he should ever wander South, we would be much pleased to receive him at our "editorial sanctum," and form his acquaintance.

Raleigh Pennant, where is it? We have not had a copy in a long while. Is it dead? If it is, "quietus in pace;" if it is still in existence we hope it will be so to us in times past.

The *Wilmington Herald* has ceased to make its appearance. What is the matter? It was one of our most valued exchanges and we exceedingly regret its loss.

The *Post* has been discontinued. Mr.

Cooke gives two reasons for this step, first that it has never proved a source of profit to him; and secondly, that he wishes to bestow all his attention to the editorial department of the Carolina Cultivator. As the Post was the only exclusively literary journal in N. C., excepting our Magazine, it *ought* to have been liberally sustained for the credit of the state, if nothing else. But when we know that it was really what it purported—a valuable Family Newspaper, we can but sincerely lament that North Carolinians should let it die for want of sustenance. We are glad however, that the State will still enjoy the advantages of Mr. Cooke's talents and energy. The Cultivator is now the best Agricultural journal we have, and no doubt it will henceforth prove itself still more worthy of public confidence and support. So mote it be.

EXCHANGES.—The *Collegiate Recorder*, for July is just at hand, but we are pleased to think this a decided improvement on former issues, and by far the best number of the Recorder that we have seen. We wish it all success.

William's Quarterly for September is out in good time and good taste. It contains near one hundred pages of well selected and quite creditable matter. It has quite a variety of articles, some of which are much better than what is usually found in College Magazines. It certainly deserves an extended patronage.

Our newspaper exchanges are too numerous to mention singly; but we have the pleasure of returning our thanks to them all for their punctuality. Sometimes they fail, but this is not often. If the Magazine does not reach any of our subscribers or exchange papers, we are sorry for it, and if informed of the fact, will make the correction, if possible. We try to avoid mistakes, we hope therefore to be excused by those who do not receive the Magazine in proper season; and we hope moreover to receive plenty of very carefully prepared articles for the future well-being of the N. C. U. M.

The "*Gun*," from Emory and Henry College, edited by *Texas* and *Georgia*, is a small sheet, devoted to the *Noble, Beautiful* and *Keen*. We imagine that it was gotten up merely "for the fun of the thing," and so we are not surprised that it cultivates the *Keen* to the total exclusion of the *Noble* and *Beautiful*. It perpetrates some good jokes, but the *Gun* it-

self is the best of them all. We hope it will *shoot* this way again!

This number completes the fourth volume of the University Magazine. To those who have kept pace with its history—those who have been interested in its success, and who have observed with any degree of anxiety the many struggles it has had to pass through—the many and constant disadvantages with which both the editing and publishing have been attended—it will be a matter of satisfaction at least to know that its prospects are now brightening on every hand.

The number of subscribers are increasing—the facilities for publication are at length quite ample—while its friends in every quarter seem to be taking a deeper and a more active interest in its welfare.

That it has been productive of much good here and elsewhere none we presume will deny. In what measure it has been instrumental in bringing to light important matter relative to the early history of North Carolina—in arresting from the grasp of oblivion the chivalrous and patriotic deeds of our revolutionary ancestry—none can better judge than those who have read it. How far it has succeeded in raising the standard of college literature—in exciting a laudable emulation among the writing portions of college—those who have had best opportunities for judging can testify. That there is no further room for improvement in this last respect, it were pitiful arrogance to assume. That much of the history of our State is still unwritten—that many interesting and important facts in connection with her colonial and revolutionary history have not yet been brought to light—is beyond the possibility of a doubt. Why then may we not hope for increased success? Why may we not expect the friends of the Old North State everywhere, and especially the friends of the University, to rally to our support, to give us not only their patronage, but also their *bona fide* assistance in procuring historical, and such other matter of whatever kind as may tend to dignify and enhance the character of North Carolina history and literature? To those who have already been so eminently serviceable in this respect we return our most sincere thanks; and when the history of the present generation shall be written, their names, we doubt not, will stand high on the list of State Benefactors.

We trust that others, stimulated by their good example, may "go and do likewise."

To our subscribers all, but especially to our fellow-students, we deem it a fit time to indite a few remarks on the subject of our "internal policy."

From the great rush to the Post Office on the forthcoming of the Magazine, and from the disappointment and anxiety manifested when its appearance happens to be delayed, we feel warranted in the belief that you esteem it highly—whether as a source of simple amusement or of instruction, we will not stop here to conjecture. Be that as it may, we feel that we hazard nothing in saying, many of you would rather pay twice the amount of subscription than that the publication of the Magazine should be discontinued. All would miss it—all deplore its loss. We would therefore beg leave to remind you that a *little ready cash* is an indispensable requisite for its healthy and vigorous existence. As for the matter that goes into the Magazine, that costs nothing. It is the privilege—nay, the duty of every student who may feel himself competent, to contribute something to its columns, in order that the burden may not fall too heavily on a few. But we cannot have it published for nothing. Remember that subscribing merely is not sufficient—money *due* and money *paid* are very different species of capital. To ail in arrears then, we would say, in the emphatic and scripture-like language of our friend of the Argus, "*Pay that thou owest.*" When you return at the beginning of next session with a "pocket full o' rocks," don't forget, in settling off your small accounts, to call at No. 7, W. B., and "square up" for the Magazine.

And now, reader, having sinned against the rules of etiquette somewhat in doing you, we offer by way of palliation the following! beautiful selection of *didactic* verse—read it.

"'Twas on a cold autumnal night,
A dismal one to view,
Dark clouds obscured fair Venus's light,
And not a star appeared in sight,
As the thick forest through
Muggins—as usual—"blue,"
Bent homeward, "tacking" left and right;
When all at once he "brought up" right
Against an old dead yew;
At which he "rounded to,"
And "squaring off" as if to fight
Said with an oath I shan't indite,
"—— Infernal scoundrel you!
Light—and I'll kick you black and white:
Just then above him flew

An owl, which on a branch did light,
A few feet o'er the boozy wight,
And then commenced "To who
To who—to who—to who!"
"Quoth Muggins—"Don't you think to fright
A fellow of my weight and height,
With your *ter who—ter who*,
Your cursed bugaboo!
And if you're Beelzebub, its quite
Unnecessary you should light—
For Muggins ain't your "dues,"
For money matters are *all right!*
The Printer's paid up honor bright!"
Thereat the owl withdrew,
And Muggins mizzled too.
But there are other chaps who might,
Be caught out some dark dismal night,
Who *h'ven't paid what's due!*
They know—to who—to who!"

By the time this number issues from the press most of us will be preparing to return once more to the bosom of our friends. It is pleasant indeed to be permitted, twice a year, to greet our friends, after having "bid a temporary adieu to the dull monotony of the recitation room." Many a joyous hour do we contemplate spending ere hoary December shall have passed away. We, the seniors, are peculiarly situated; this is the last regular vacation we are to have. How shall we spend it? When we go forth again we will enter the world as citizens and men. One of the "six" has just been startled by the information from some intelligent gentleman of his acquaintance, that a man is required to give a bond for his good behavior, &c., before he can get license to marry!—says "he expects to employ most of his vacation in *drawing up bonds.*" He doubtless wishes to create the impression that his name will be transferred from the title-page of the Magazine to the Hymenial of some Newspaper. But we have no time to discuss such trivial matters now—we snatched up our pen merely to scribble off a *good-bye* to you all. We would like to say something more, but examination week is upon us and our hearts are already away—("yes, and I think some of you must have sent your *minds* out to look for them, to prove the way you translate this Greek!"—"say Professor—short memory, sir.") "Nough said." Hacks are rolling rapidly in—good bye, good bye is echoing through every building—doors slamming—keys rattling—books falling—jugs breaking, nothing in them—larkies stepping up, hat in hand, "Massa, dat little y'owe me, please sir—go to h—, no time to talk to you now—

good bye again—good bye to all. Look here, Bob, I expect to stay in Wilmington a few days, if my report gets home before I do I wish you would take it out of the office before Pa gets it. Will you Bob? now don't forge—hush! here comes four or five fresh to shake hands with the Editor, great honor that. Good-bye fresh, don't strut too large in vacation, nor grow too exstic at the idea of having rubbed your coats threadbare again st the college walls. Keep constant ly in mind your *whereabouts* in college. Christmas gift to you all! Don't forget that now, will you? We are o-p-h.

—
DIALECTIC HALL, Nov. 25, 1855.

WHERZAS, By an awful decree of Almighty God, our late esteemed fellow-member, John P. Wall, has passed from time to eternity, therefore,

Resolved, That while we bow with submission to the will of him who hath the power to give and to take away, we deplore the fate of one who has been so untimely cut down in the morning of life and in the vigor of youth.

Resolved, That of his benevolent disposition, his generous heart, his amiable and endearing traits of character, we who know him best are the witnesses; and as we esteemed him while living, so we revere him now that he is dead—as we loved him so shall his memory be kept fresh in our hearts.

Resolved, That the untimely fate of our lamented brother is to us a propitious monitor, and reminds us that none are too young, none too pure to die; yet it is a consolation to know that “the wintry blast of death kills not the buds of virtue.” He lives in our affections though his spirit is gone.

Resolved, That we offer our condolence to the family and friends of the deceased, and would commingle our grief with theirs at the common altar of love.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon our records, a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the Argus, Standard, Pee Dee Star and Univ. Magazine for publication.

J. EVANS, JR. }
A. C. AVLRY, } *Committee.*
C. O. DOWD, }

OBITUARY.

Died, at his residence in Clatham county, on the 22d of September, Mr. JOHN J. BALDWIN. The deceased was a member of the present Junior Class in their Freshman year. Though his stay with us was short it was pleasant; and there are many here who can bear ample testimony to his affable manners and noble disposition. He has left a bride of nine months, and a large circle of friends whose only consolation is that he has exchanged earth for heaven, and passed beyond the regions of care and sorrow.

The following tribute of respect is from his fellow-members of the Dialectic Society.

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DIALECTIC HALL, Oct. 18, 1855.

Almighty God, in his wisdom, has seen fit to remove from earth our late fellow-member, JOHN J. BALDWIN, and thus to cut short his earthly pilgrimage in early manhood;—in view, therefore, of the many excellencies of character which endeared him to us, be it

Resolved, That, while we bow resignedly to this mysterious dispensation of Providence, we do sincerely lament our loss.

Resolved Secondly, That we tender in all humility our condolence to his afflicted family, and more especially, to his aged parents, and youthful bride, for their irreparable loss, and unite with them in deploring a fate by which so much promise, and so many hopes have been blighted in an untimely grave.

Resolved Thirdly, That these resolutions be entered upon our records, that a copy of them be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the University Magazine, and Spirit of the Age for publication.

A. H. MERRIAT, }
J. H. COBLE, } *Com.*
N. H. WATSON, }







